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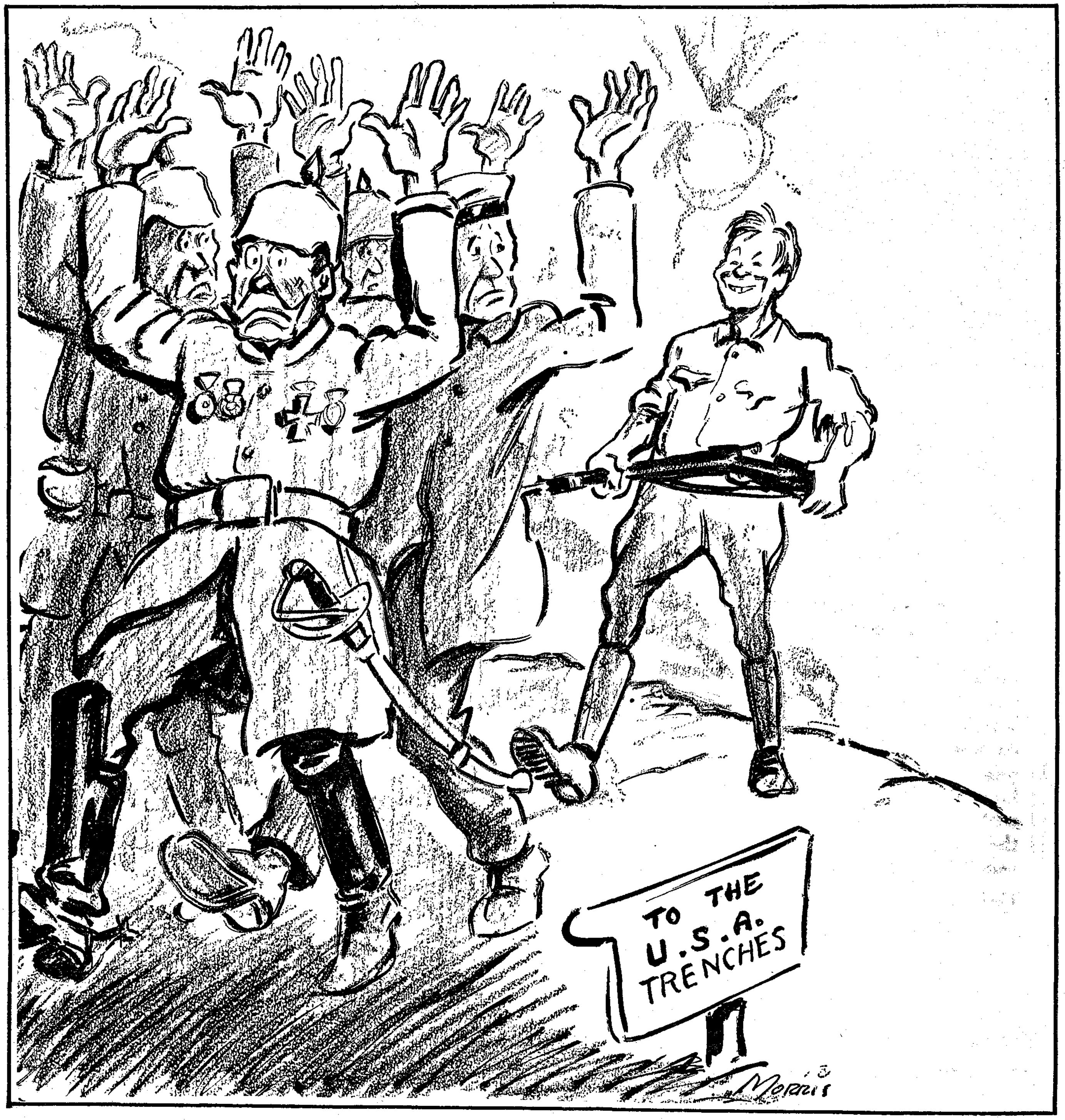

WHEN THE FIRST GERMAN PRISONERS WERE TAKEN BY OUR BOYS.

PRIVATE BILL JOHNSON, OF PODUNK, U. S. A.—"If only mother and my best girl could see me now."

—Morris in the New York *Evening Mail.*

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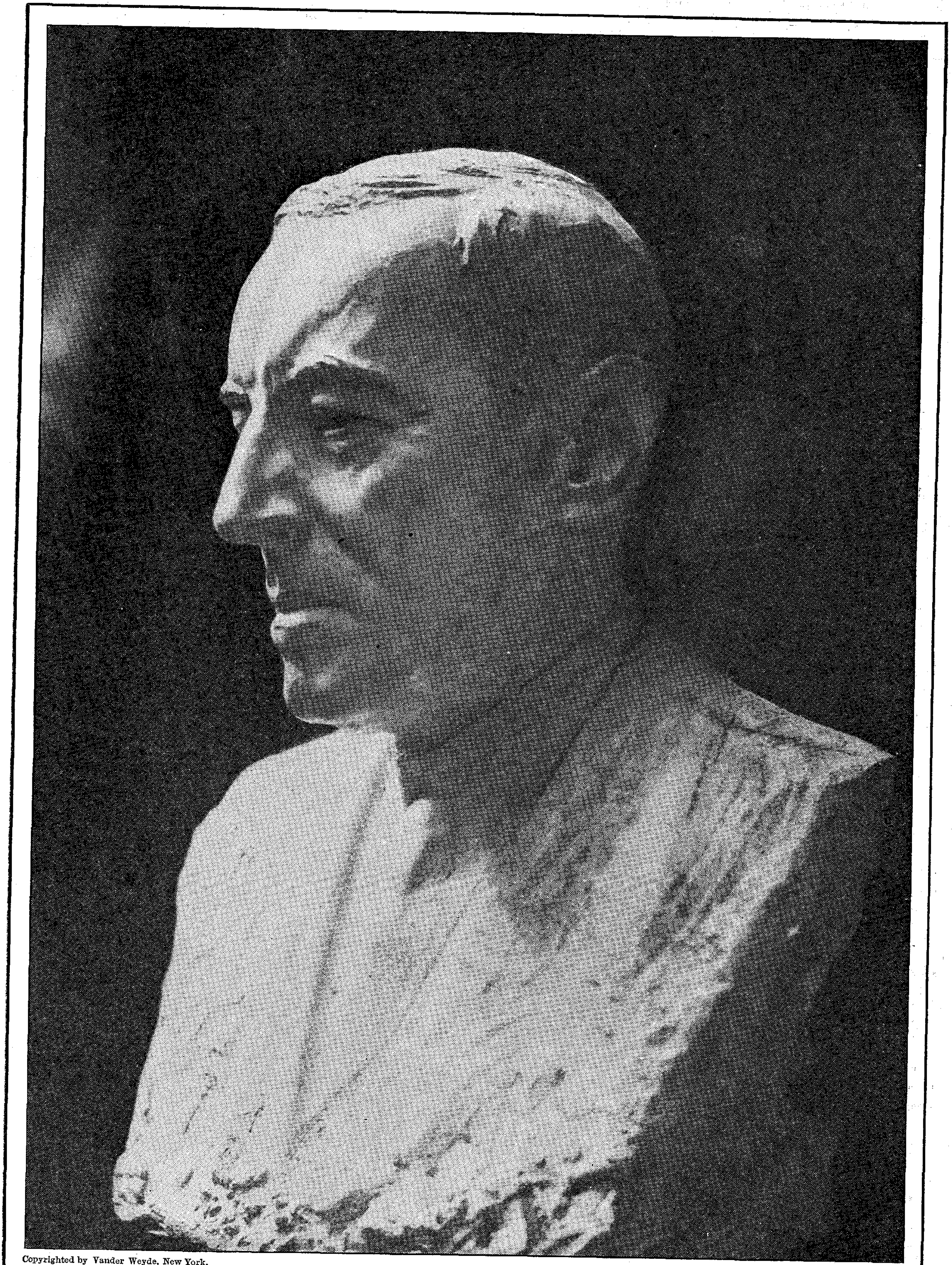

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THE PRESIDENT—A BUST BY JO DAVIDSON.

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

GERMANY DEVOURING THE LITTLE NATIONS

WHILE HIS TURKISH PARTNER turns again to the wholesale murder of Armenians the Kaiser, contemplating with satisfaction the heavy bag of little nations that is the reward of his sportsmanlike prowess, permits himself "to live again one of those great moments in which we can reverently admire God's hand in history." Moreover, with "gratitude toward God" in his heart, he faces the future "firmly trusting in the sword." The phrase, "no annexations and no indemnities," was still on its lips when Germany closed its mailed fist over Russia's Baltic provinces, Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, and Roumania, and now the same clutching menace seems to be moving toward Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. "None of the little states now being carved out of Russia will have a chance of real independence, whatever political camouflage may be resorted to in order to make a pretense of leaving them free," says the Chicago *Evening Post*, which adds: "But the blackest, bloodiest feature of this work of subjugation is seen in the deliberate effort to eliminate national spirit and annihilate national virility as a preliminary to forcing a made-in-Germany independence upon those states that are most reluctant to receive it from such a source." "Germany still knows nothing but the right of might, and the war against the German official state of mind has just begun," remarks the Chicago *Herald*.

Peculiarly tragic, our press agree, is the case of Roumania, forced by Russia's collapse to accept any peace terms that the Central Powers offered. Her farewell to the world as an independent nation, says the New York *World*, is: "Do not think too ill of us; we could not help ourselves." "Roumania is a victim of the Russian revolution, just as she was a victim of Russian treachery when she was induced to enter the war and was then betrayed to the enemy by the Czar's ministers," says the St. Louis *Star*. Imperial Russia failed to supply her with promised munitions and military aid and Revolutionary Russia attacked her because she forbade fraternization between her troops and the Teutonic soldiers. Moreover, as the Springfield *Republican* notes:

> "Further resistance was under the circumstances impossible for Roumania, not because it lacked an army, but because it had no longer support or even a base of operations. Since the defeat of 1916, in which a great part of its territory was lost, it has depended upon Russia for support and supplies, and in cooperation with Russia its army could have continued to give valuable service, like the Belgian Army under like conditions. When the Ukraine, on the one side, made peace and, on the other, the Bolsheviki in Bessarabia made civil war, the ground was cut from under Roumania's position, and the treaty of peace now reluctantly signed is the inevitable consequence."

In their preliminary form—and German terms have a way of becoming more drastic with each amendment—the peace terms are:

> "1. Roumania cedes to the Central Allied Powers Dobrudja as far as the Danube.
>
> "2. The Powers of the Quadruple Alliance will provide and maintain a trade route for Roumania by way of Constanza to the Black Sea.
>
> "3. The frontier rectifications demanded by Austria-Hungary on the frontier between Austria-Hungary and Roumania are accepted in principle by Roumania.
>
> "4. Economic measures corresponding to the situation are conceded in principle.
>
> "5. The Roumanian Government undertakes to demobilize immediately at least eight divisions of the Roumanian Army. Control of the demobilization will be undertaken jointly by the upper command of Field-Marshal von Mackensen's Army group and the Roumanian chief army command. As soon as peace is restored between Russia and Roumania the remaining parts of the Roumanian Army also will be demobilized in so far as they are not required for security service on the Russo-Roumanian frontier.
>
> "6. The Roumanian troops are to evacuate immediately the territory of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy occupied by them.
>
> "7. The Roumanian Government undertakes to support with all its strength the transport of troops of the Central Powers through Moldavia and Bessarabia to Odessa.
>
> "8. Roumania undertakes immediately to dismiss the officers of the Powers who are at war with the Quadruple Alliance still in the Roumanian service. The safe conduct of these officers is assured by the Quadruple Alliance. This treaty enters into operation immediately."

These, remarks the Detroit *Journal*—

> "Are not terms imposed by a nation which for three years fought a 'war of defense.' They are not the terms of the nation which conceded the principle of 'no indemnities, no annexations.' They are the terms of Germany stript of her hypocrisy, standing confessed before the world for the shameless gorging and greedy vulture she is. No garment so heavy that can cover her nakedness."

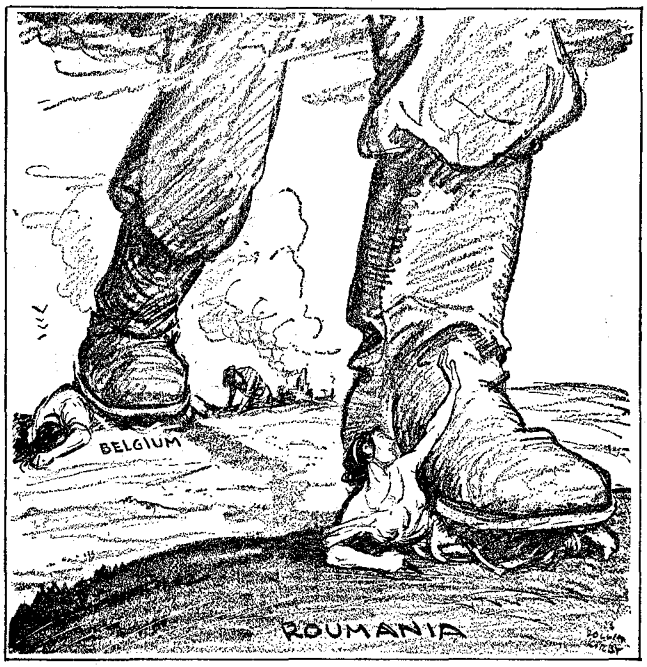
"The plight of Roumania under the peace terms imposed upon her by the Central Powers excites only sympathy as compared with the disgust created by the capitulation of Russia," remarks the Springfield *News*, and the Baltimore *American* sees in the ravage of this Balkan nation "the latest chapter of ruthlessness that exposes the whole grisly falsity of all Germany's protestations of desire for a peace that would comport with the rights and interests of all concerned." "Roumania's peace is not a peace at all; it is a high-handed outrage," affirms the Philadelphia *Press*, which adds: "The bitter dose that Roumania has been compelled to swallow is but a taste of what the whole world will have to swallow in the incredible event of a German triumph." And in the New York *Globe* we read:

> "Belgium, Servia, Roumania, and Russia! Read of the annexations effected or projected at their expense! Read of the barbarity shown to their helpless populations! Read of how economic agreements are forced on them which turn them over to the exploitations of the capitalists of Germany! Then realize, you who are still asleep or are dead of soul or confused of intellect, the nature of the struggle in which this country is engaged. With letters of fire it is written on the heavens what the war is about. Civilization is in danger. Democracy is in peril of crucifixion. Not more certainly was Rome engaged in a death-grapple when Hannibal was at her gates than is freedom to-day. The issue far transcends nationality or territorial claims or economic arrangements. Everything is at stake.
>
> "There is need to suspend minor disputes—to devote ourselves with singleness of purpose to the task of overcoming the greatest menace that has ever threatened mankind. On this country and on Japan are laid a heavy responsibility. Our resources and those of Japan constitute the last reserves of imperiled freedom. Our resolution must become hard—our willingness to endure great sacrifice unflinchingly must be made manifest. We have the power, and it is time to judge as they deserve to be judged all who would weaken our determination by emphasizing minor divisions among our own people or among the Allies."

The sting of Roumania's peace terms, remarks the Buffalo *Express*, lies in the provision that she shall support the transport of Teutonic soldiers through her territory to Odessa, for, "This will have the effect of making Roumania a virtual ally of the

Germans and filling the country with German and Austrian troops."

"Not content with taking Roumania's life, Germany forces her to kiss the hand that slays her," remarks the Charleston *News and Courier.* "With the possession of Odessa"—which German troops have already entered—"the Black Sea will become a German lake," remarks the New York *Times,* which goes on to say:



THE PROGRESS OF KULTUR.

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

> "Constanza, the port of Roumania, passes, as it were, under the Imperial flag. The Turks recently reoccupied Trebizond. Germany a few days ago staked out a claim to Batum, the Caucasian seaport. Already the hunger of the Turkish forces is being relieved by shipments from Odessa. In due course, unless Germany can negotiate peace with the Western Allies on her own terms, campaigns will be organized to drive the British from Asia Minor and to wrench Saloniki from the Allied forces in Macedonia. The possession of Saloniki would reduce Greece to vassalage and shake Great Britain's hold on Egypt."

The future which the Kaiser sees, notes the Boston *Transcript,* "is one of the sword and nothing else":

> "Great armaments, perpetual armaments, alone can maintain such an aggression as this. By the step to Odessa, the two Kaisers defy not only their enemies, but the growing sentiment of the whole civilized world in favor of the reduction of armaments and the basing of territorial domain not on military conquest, but on the nature and will of the peoples."

And in the New York *Tribune* we read:

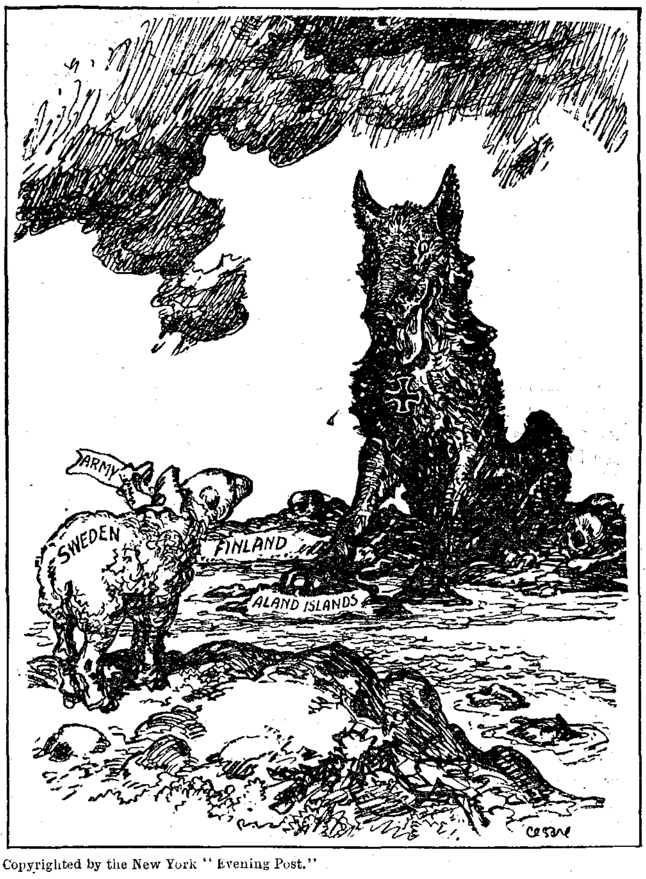
> "German plans for the spoliation of Eastern Europe have taken shape with spectacular suddenness. They are not yet completely rounded out; for Austria-Hungary's claims on Servia, Montenegro, and Albania remain to be liquidated, as well as Bulgaria's claims on Servian and Greek territory. We now see the Teuton plans, however, in all their nakedness. They translate into reality the wildest dreams of the wildest Pan-Germans. Gorged with her Eastern booty, Germany is now the most formidable Power bestriding the world. Yet there are people in this country and in England who still talk about the hopeful possibilities of a peace of accommodation with the military autocracy which has just brutally sheared Roumania and broken Russia into fragments."

Turning to what were once the Baltic provinces of Russia, we may infer the fate of all of them by that of Lithuania, of which we read in a Copenhagen dispatch dated March 13: "From official German sources it is learned that the project to form an independent state of Lithuania has been abandoned, and it is now planned to annex this territory to Prussia." The Kaiser, in a telegram congratulating von Hindenburg on the "glorious conclusion" of the war on the Eastern front, remarks that "our Baltic brethren and countrymen are liberated from Russia's yoke and may again feel themselves Germans." Which moves the New York *Evening Post* to remark:

> "Who are these Baltic brethren that are to have full liberty to determine that they are Germans? In Courland the Germans are less than nine per cent. of the population. In Livonia they are eight per cent. In Esthonia they are less than that. In Lithuania they are less than two per cent. But the majorities, ranging from ninety-one per cent. to ninety-eight per cent., will learn to feel themselves German, or the Kaiser will know the reason why."

Germany's intention to absorb Finland has been apparent for a considerable time, remarks the Des Moines *Register,* noting that Finland also has signed a peace treaty with Germany and that the Finnish Government has asked the Kaiser to appoint Prince Oscar, his fifth son, King of Finland. German troops have landed in Finland, in the neighborhood of Abo, a port opposite the Aland Islands. Says the New York *World:*

> "There are few Germans in Finland; few Russians except officials. There are 350,000 Swedes; and Sweden is bound to Finland by cultural ties, by a common religion and by neighborly trade relations. Sweden has a legitimate interest in Finland's independence, and that interest and fear of Russian aggression have made its ruling classes pro-German in the war.
>
> "Germany's interest in Finland is selfish. In 'Pan-German' maps the Baltic is a German lake; Sweden, Norway, Denmark, as well as Holland and Belgium, are marked for inclusion in the future world Power. In the immediate present there is a heavy war-traffic of passengers and freight by Haparanda-Tornea from Bergen, Trondhjem, and Narbik to be interrupted, and the Aland Islands, long a subject of Russo-Swedish dispute, are to be occupied 'temporarily' by Germans as the key of the Gulf of Bothnia."



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GERMANY TO SWEDEN.

—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post.*

The Aland Islands, over whose public buildings the German flag is now flying, are thus described in a Western paper:

"The Aland Islands, nearly eighty in number, are at the junction of the Baltic Sea, the gulf of Finland, and the Gulf of Bothnia, and only thirty miles from Sweden. Their total area is only 468 square miles, and their population is about 19,000. The largest island, Aland, is 25 miles long and 22 miles broad, and its principal harbor is so large and fine that it could shelter the entire Russian Fleet. No wonder Germany considers these islands a fine base from which to conduct the Prussian campaign for the subjugation of liberty-loving Finland.

"When Russia acquired the Alands from Sweden more than a century ago the transfer was made with the consent of the European concert of Powers, but under the proviso that they must never be forfeited. Their strategic value is as great as that of Helgoland."

But not satisfied with these acquisitions, Germany is now casting covetous eyes on the neutral nations of Scandinavia. Thus in a London dispatch we read:

"The newest display of German policy has come in the form of a sudden broadside of denunciation of the Scandinavian countries by German newspapers and publicists, such as Count zu Reventlow of the *Tageszeitung*. From the similarity of the articles it is evident that they are directed by one mind, which mind apparently is that of the German Government.

"The articles accuse the Scandinavian countries substantially of being accomplices of the Entente and warn them that therefore they can expect no consideration from Germany. The reason for this policy is plain to diplomats here.

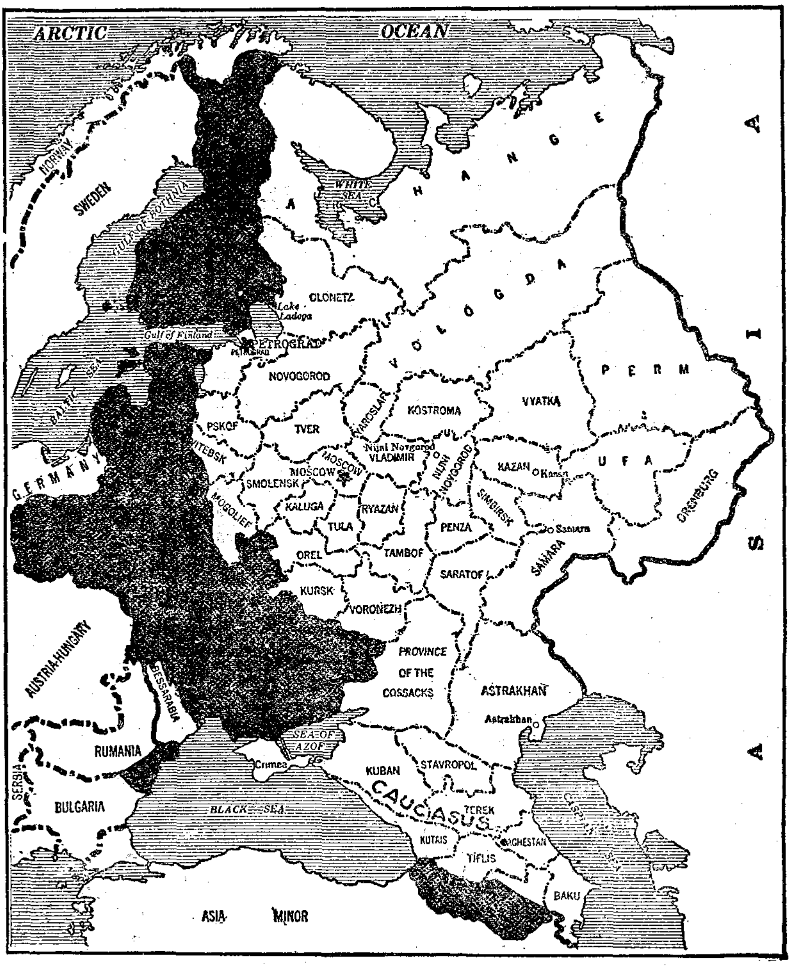
"Germany's dealings with Finland thus far seem to be designed to make Finland a minor German kingdom, with the Emperor's son, Prince Oscar, on the throne, and to make another Helgoland of the Aland Islands. This scheme is a direct blow against Sweden and, in a less degree, against Denmark and Norway, and is in line with the German Emperor's boast that the Baltic lands have been made permanently German. . . . . . .

"The latest German move appears to be a familiar one. Germany feels that she is now in a position where she is so strong in the north that she need no longer cultivate the friendship of the Scandinavian countries, and that she may make whatever damaging arrangements she desires and threaten them. It is the same procedure she followed when she began bombarding undefended British coast towns like Scarborough, explaining her action on the ground that they were fortified. She now attacks the Scandinavian countries with the excuse that they are unneutral.

"The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says that the Norwegian newspapers minimize German successes, and that therefore there can not be any more talk of Norwegian neutrality."

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* quotes a telegram from Bern as saying:

"The intervention in Finland, the occupation of the Aland Islands, the attitude taken as regards Norway and Denmark, all seem to belong to the same plan, laboriously worked out, to establish German domination over Scandinavia. Pan-Germanism is developing and spreading in every direction."



From the Des Moines "Register.'

GERMANY'S NEW EASTERN EMPIRE.

Black areas represent territory occupied or controlled by Germany, which will be incorporated in *Mitteleuropa* if Germany wins the war. From north to south, this includes Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, Poland, Ukrainia, the Dobrudja, and part of Transcaucasia. These conquests open the way to India.

GERMANY'S "FREE ROUTE" TO INDIA

"WE SHALL NOT MERELY OCCUPY INDIA. We shall conquer it, and the vast revenues that the British allow to be taken by the Indian Princes will, after our conquest, flow in a golden stream into the Fatherland." These words, from a speech delivered by the Kaiser to large private gatherings of business men in various German cities more than a year before the beginning of the war, are quoted by August Thyssen, one of the greatest steel and coal magnates of Germany. Not only do they give an added significance to the announcement, issued last week by the German semiofficial agency, the Wolff Bureau, that "we have acquired a direct free route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan"; but they should also give food for thought, as the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, to "those Indian patriots who are plotting to deliver their country from the British oppressor into the hands of the German emancipator." As *The Record* sees it—

"For this wealth of India which Great Britain left in the country the Kaiser coddled Abdul Hamid and formed a business partnership with Enver and Talaat. For this he promoted the Bagdad Railway, which should carry him far toward India. For this he formed an alliance with the Turk in the hope of using the latter to drive England away from the Suez Canal. For this wealth of India, neglected by England, he plunged the world into the Great War."

And now, agrees the Washington *Herald*, another phase of the German plan unfolds, and it becomes evident that "the Kaiser means to strike at India through Russia":

"The arrow pointed at India through Bagdad and the Persian Gulf has a blunted head now, for the British are established in Mesopotamia; but if Wilhelm II. can bury a knife in a flank of the British Empire via Turkestan and Afghanistan, then, indeed, one of the aching ambitions of his heart will have been achieved.

"Can he do it? Sowing sedition and revolt among the Hindus has long been one of his favorite sports. He has new opportunities for indulging in it now. A Turco-Prussian occupation of Odessa, which now seems inevitable, followed by the disintegration of the Russian armies in the Caucasus, which already is partially accomplished, leads to new possibilities on the map. Either through northern Persia, or the route north of the Caspian, through trans-Ural Bokhara and the ancestral stamping-ground of the Tatars, Germany can send her seditionists and her experts in propaganda pouring over the Himalayas—if the British permit her to do so. It is unthinkable that Prussian armies will ever attempt an invasion of India through this route. However, the Turks are going to have a free hand north of Bagdad; and their forces, officered by the German

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SOME OF OUR WOUNDED RECUPERATING IN A PARIS HOSPITAL.

This is the first photograph to be received in this country showing our men wounded in the recent fighting. They are, from the reader's left: F. Haley, New York City, wounded at Cambrai; J. C. Geiger, Kansas City; W. H. O'Neil, New York City; Charles Geiger, Chicago; E. W. Darland, Petersburg, Ill. Darland's leg was shattered at Cambrai, and he was captured, but was rescued by the British in a counter-attack.

General Staff, may be sent upon an expedition against India which will change the entire Asiatic status.

"'We have acquired a direct free route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan,' says the Wolff Bureau. It makes no comment about India; but a dispatch from Peking some days ago stated that the Turk and German propagandists were active among the Mohammedans in the province of Sinkiang, which is to the northeast of Afghanistan and abuts the northern frontier of India. Here is a sufficient reminder of the German purpose. Also the peace terms forced upon Russia at Brest-Litovsk took away from Russia districts in the Ciscaucasian region through which it would be possible for the Germanic allies to gain entry into Persia, and an advance through Persia would meet with only nominal opposition."

If the treaties of peace being forced upon Russia and Roumania are allowed to stand and Germany remains undefeated, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "she will in truth have possession of a road to India that will give her domination of Asia as well as Europe and pave the way for the conquest of the rest of the world." We read further:

"The first link in this gigantic scheme is provided by the Roumanian treaty, which takes Dobrudja from Roumania and gives the Teutons control of the railroad and Black Sea port of Constanza. While Bulgaria is to get the Dobrudja, the Central Powers are to maintain this route 'for Roumania.' The next step toward India is made possible by the terms of the Russian treaty, which wrest control of the Caucasus from Russia. This provides a rail route from Batoum on the Black Sea to Baku on the Caspian, via Tiflis. Across the Caspian the line is direct from Krashovodsk, in the Transcaspian province, to Bokhara, with a branch from Merv to Herat, in Afghanistan, a few hundred miles from the Indian frontier.

"This is the route, altho the German statement claims that the last section of the newly acquired route is via Persia and Afghanistan. This may be due to present conditions in the Transcaspian province, but Germany undoubtedly expects to secure the railroads in this province, as she hopes to fall heir to all the other roads built by Russia in Central Asia. For the present, however, the overland route through Persia and Afghanistan will serve for the purposes of a boast. It is the German answer to the effective balking of the Teuton Berlin-Bagdad scheme. The new designation is Berlin-Bokhara."

All of this, adds *The Herald*, makes clear the importance of the Japanese-Siberian situation. "Japan must hold Asia safe against the junker tentacles," and must even become the master of Asia, "if that course is necessary to defeat the Teutonization of it." "If we do not organize Asia against Germany, Germany will organize Asia against us," declares the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, which adds:

"It is necessary for the existence of the United States as a free Republic to beat Germany at all hazards.

"The most pressing peril at present is the Hohenzollern-Prussian peril. The yellow peril can wait. . . . . .

"If we have more soldiers in America than we need in France we can easily send one million men to Vladivostok, there to make a junction with the Japanese. The route would be comparatively easy. It is not far from Seattle or the ports of Canada across to Vladivostok, taking the northern route. The distance from Yokohama to Vancouver is 4,280 miles. The distance to Vladivostok is shorter by 1,000 miles.

"The United States could land enormous supplies of men and provisions in Siberia out of Canada and Alaskan ports more easily by water route than the same could be transferred to France across the Atlantic."

"It is not generally realized," remarks Lord Robert Cecil, British Minister of Blockade, "how tremendously serious the German penetration of Russia really is, or what a gigantic scheme of world-conquest the Germans now have undertaken." He argues that "the Japanese alone can act effectively in the present crisis." And he goes on to vouch for their trustworthiness in the following words:

"If they are entrusted by the Allies with the duty of going to the assistance of Russia against Germany, I am sure they will carry out the task with perfect loyalty and great efficiency.

"From the outset of our alliance with Japan she has carried out with great fidelity all her obligations as an ally. We always have found her scrupulously loyal in the performance of her obligations."

"The appearance of Germany as an Eastern Power, following the triumph of her intrigue with Turkey and the overthrow of Russia, is the most serious political development of the day," remarks the Boston *Transcript*. And the New York *Tribune* affirms that the astounding collapse of Russia "has opened up vistas which the most imaginative of the Pan-Germans would have regarded four years ago as little better than a seductive mirage." This paper goes on to say:

"The German alliance with the Turk and the Mohammedan will now begin to bear fruit! With the hundred and fifty millions of Russia under her heel, with a route opened to the back door of

India, with her submarines blockading the Mediterranean, with the difficulty of England's sending a considerable army to the East, she feels assurance that there is now no hindrance toward her next and vaster enterprise.

"India is her goal.

"With a 'free route' for her arms, an Indian uprising is probably the next on her program. One does not need to read far back into history to imagine something of what this might mean.

"This is not to say that such a result could be achieved next month or this year. Or even next year. But every month of the appalling inability of the United States, through lack of ships, to make effective its vast resources to help in forcing a decision on the Western front, makes nearer the realization of Germany's dream.

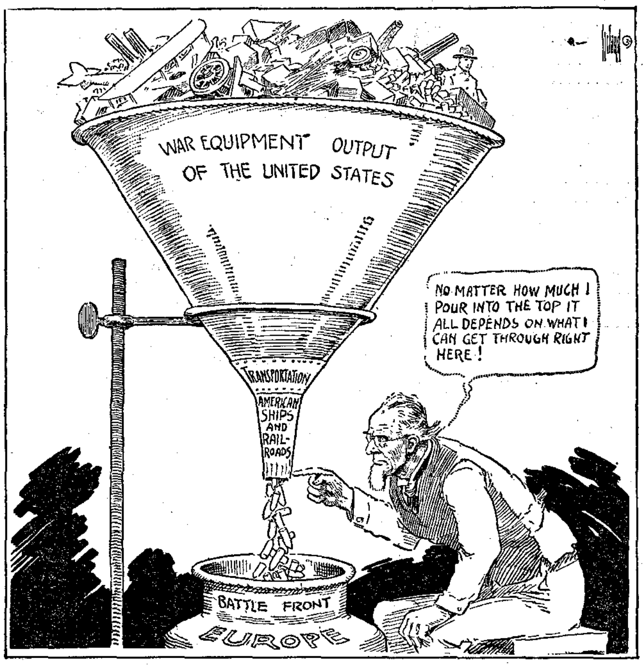
"In the face of this situation we balance and quibble over the question of engaging the active aid of Japan.

"That nation alone has the equipment, the organization, the men actively to oppose the advance of Germany into the East. It alone at this time can offer any effective check to the Mohammedan hordes which Germany may rouse to aid in her assault upon India.

"The only other possibility is China. Japan has intimated her willingness to invite China to cooperate in the defense of Siberia. China could be an aid. It is in no sense a first-class Power.

"Is it to be our policy to make Japan at this time an ally or give it a rebuff?

"It is now in reality a world-war. The pawns in danger are no longer in Europe."


WAR EQUIPMENT OUTPUT OF THE UNITED STATES
NO MATTER HOW MUCH I POUR INTO THE TOP IT ALL DEPENDS ON WHAT I CAN GET THROUGH RIGHT HERE!
TRANSPORTATION
AMERICAN SHIPS AND RAILROADS
BATTLE FRONT
EUROPE

PROBLEM OF WIDENING THE NECK OF THE FUNNEL.

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

But while Germany can show a "free route" to India on the map, in reality this freedom is largely illusory, remarks the New York *World*, which continues:

"Who is to lead the way for the Germans into India? The Turks? They have proved a weak reed on which to lean. Even the Russians, when in the fighting mood, were able to drive the Turks back in their own territory. Are rebellious native masses to threaten the British rear in India? For nearly four years the Germans through every agency they could command have striven to foment sedition and incite uprisings in India, and their schemes have been blocked. They should require new armies to occupy Persia, take control of Afghanistan before they can knock at the gates of the mountain-passes to India. The free direct route lies through a mountainous region, without railroads or military roads, where transportation for a formidable German army, if it could be spared, would prove almost impossible. And to Germany the seas are irrevocably barred by the Allies' navies.

"India can not be taken by picturesque phrases or geographical excursions in Berlin. It calls for a solid feat of arms, for which the German people in the present situation have neither the strength nor the heart."

But the menace to civilization is there, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and "there is only one way to block it":

"Germany must be beaten in the field and the treaties with Roumania and Russia annulled. Otherwise the specter of Prussian Imperialism will spread in time to all of Asia as well as over Europe, and, thus entrenched, this hemisphere will be the next to fall under the Prussian yoke. For the moment, however, the Berlin-Bokhara scheme must remain a dream, for the simple reason that, no matter what gains Germany may make on land, her power for imperialistic domination is circumscribed by being cut off from the sea. Germany may have found a route over which to bring raw materials to her industries, but she is still shut out from the world markets, without which her industrial existence is doomed. But the German dream can not be allowed to come true if civilization is to survive."

TO SPEED THE PARTING "U"-BOAT

IT TOOK JUST ELEVEN DAYS for the United States transport *Leviathan*, formerly the *Vaterland*, to make a recent round trip between New York and France. This meant that American navigators and the American engineers who so quickly repaired the engines damaged by the Germans had increased the ship's capacity for speed. Germany did not expect us to restore the damaged vessels until too late. She does not expect us to beat her *U*-boats and repeople the sea with ships until too late. But here again America expects to break a speed record, despite handicaps. Our Navy is given full credit by the British Admiralty for its contribution to the campaign by which one *U*-boat is sunk or captured for every one built. It is doing its part to give each hostile submarine about one chance in four or five to return to its lair, and thus bears its share of responsibility for the British prophecy that the *U*-boat may be conquered by August. But this is not enough. Will not June be better than August, it is asked in the press. And, after all, we are told, the needs of the Allies for more ships are but little affected by the fluctuations in antisubmarine warfare. The continual cry is for more ships and for greater speed in building them. Our editors have been repeating General Pershing's call to "make a bridge of ships to France." Frederick Palmer tells us that "the outline of a ship is burned on the heart and brain of every officer and man in France." The plain fact that one New York editor "would like to proclaim from the housetops and the hilltops is that unless we can build ships in unparalleled quantity WE SHALL NEVER GET INTO THE WAR." An Illinois daily, calling for "more speed," soberly warns us that "we are in danger of being swamped by the German menace, which we so boastfully declared could never defeat us." A weekly magazine charges that America is too slow; it declares that "for every one ton of new ships built in 1917 by all the Allies and by all the neutrals, the submarines sank more than two tons," and further asserts, as a Pacific coast newspaper summarizes the lengthy magazine article:

"That all the tonnage now afloat in the world outside of German waters amounts to but 30,000,000 tons, that the Germans are sinking this tonnage at the rate of seven million tons a year, that the efficiency of existing tonnage in the transatlantic trade is cut in half by port congestion, that while we are saving grain millions of bushels are rotting and being eaten by rats in Australia for lack of ships to carry it where it is needed, and, in short, that the defeat of Germany depends on ships, and that at the present rate of building and sinking we are not defeating Germany, but are being defeated by her."

The most thorough and accurate analysis of world-shipping which has been made, according to Washington dispatches, was given to the public at the end of last month by the National Committee of Patriotic Societies. It shows the losses in shipping during the war, the extent to which those losses have been made up, and the additional demands for shipping made necessary by the sending of a United States Army to France. Some estimates of the tonnage necessary to keep each combatant in France are much higher than Secretary Baker's and are made use of to prove that the actual ship shortage is greater than appears from the subjoined table:

TONNAGE IN 1914 AND SUBSEQUENT ADDITIONS

World's shipping (except German and Austrian), Aug. 1, 1914	42,574,537
Additional ships built August, 1914–December, 1917	6,621,003
German and Austrian vessels taken by Allies	875,000
Total of tonnage of 1914, plus subsequent additions	50,070,540

LOSSES SINCE 1914

From August 1, 1914, to December 31, 1917

Losses due to ordinary wear and tear and shipwreck	1,600,000	
Losses of Allies due to mines and submarines	8,900,119	
Loss of Norway due to mines and submarines	1,031,778	
Losses of other neutrals due to mines and submarines	400,000	
Total losses		11,931,897
Balance—Actual tonnage now available		38,138,643

THE SITUATION NOW

World's shipping in 1914	42,574,537
Actual tonnage now available	38,138,643
Decrease in three years and five months	4,435,894
Add two tons constantly in commission to maintain each man in France (Secretary Baker's estimate, 1,500,000 men × 2)	3,000,000
PRESENT ACTUAL SHORTAGE	7,435,894

The original United States Shipping Board program called for the building of 6,000,000 tons of shipping this year, but, according to the Washington dispatches, "severe winter weather, labor troubles, transportation difficulties, and inability to maintain a steady stream of material for building have all militated against the program, and together are responsible for an aggregate cut in the estimated production of at least 2,000,000 tons, bringing the estimates from 6,000,000 to 4,000,000, and probably lower." But the steady rise in this year's launchings, thinks Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, will give a monthly production of about 2,000,000 tons by January 1, 1919. January launchings were 16 ships with a tonnage of 112,500; February launchings, 15 ships with a tonnage of 77,950; March launchings (estimated), 35 vessels with a tonnage of 220,591. The actual output for the year is said to depend on the ability of Government and labor officials to keep labor working to a maximum production and on the speed with which new men can be trained and assimilated in the shipyards. We are reminded by one correspondent that "the Shipping Board is using every resource to bring man-power to a maximum, and the Labor Department drive for a reserve of 250,000 ship-builders is being continued with vigor. Over 200,000 men, believed to be competent ship-workers, have been enrolled."

In recent statements made to the press, Chairman Hurley has given several reasons for his belief that it is still possible to complete the 6,000,000-ton program this year. He is confident that the 130 yards, 700 ways, and 500,000 men under his direction can turn out 1,600 ships. We are now, he says, "progressing and hitting our stride." "All the world's records in ship-building were smashed recently when the shipyards in Seattle turned out an 8,000-ton ship in sixty-four days," and Mr. Hurley hears that Eastern yards "are preparing to beat the Pacific-coast record." In 1916, according to the Shipping Board's figures, our ship-building industry produced 600,000 tons of cargo vessels; in 1917, about 1,400,000. Mr. Hurley explains that much of the energy and capital under the direction of the Board has been expended in building new shipyards and new manufacturing organizations. He admits that the wooden-ship program has been seriously delayed because of the inability to get the large timbers necessary to build the ships of the Ferris type. On the other hand, the Shipping Board has "plenty of steel-plates and shapes for the entire program" of steel-ship construction. In fact, there is a surplus of this material, and the Shipping Board is planning to make a trade whereby this country will receive 300,000 tons of Japanese shipping in return for 150,000 tons of steel plate. Some of Mr. Hurley's reasons for the hope that the maximum program can be carried out are thus printed in the New York *American:*

> "Lloyd's, in its special report to me about a month ago, reported that if we worked ten hours a day, with the shipyards that are now under construction and that are complete, we should turn out 3,712,000 tons dead-weight of steel tonnage, and if our lumber program can be carried out and we can get the large timbers, we should have 850,000 tons dead-weight of wooden ships.
>
> "If we can put three shifts in each yard we can increase that materially. The labor question is being well cleared up. We are going to give the workmen in the shipyards an established national wage within the next week or ten days. After that we hope the laboring men of the country will feel satisfied that we have granted pretty nearly everything they have asked."

To further speed up the ship-building program, newspaper editors and others suggest that wooden ships of another type than the Ferris, not requiring such large timbers, could be built much more quickly. They also suggest that it might be well to pay more attention to the possibilities of concrete ships. Government control of yards is urged in cases where there has been difficulty with labor or where there has been suspicion of graft, indifference, or profiteering.

The Portland *Oregonian* is inclined to think that unless there is some unlooked-for speeding-up, the ship output this year will not much exceed 3,000,000 tons. Since this would be only enough to transport and supply our Army, it would provide nothing to replace losses by submarine activity. Or, looking at it in another way, it would make good about half the loss by submarines in 1917, with no addition for our war-purposes.

The writer of a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun* similarly points out if last year's rate of sinkings by submarines were kept up "the Allies will have a net loss of available ships of something like 4,000,000 tons at the end of the year." But he goes on to call attention to a very important fact—

> "It must be realized that the rate of sinkings is being curtailed steadily under the influence of British and American defensive and offensive measures against the *U*-boat. Officials are confident that this rate of diminution will be maintained. If it is increased appreciably and there are no serious delays to the building program, they foresee at least an even break in the year on ship availability."

Thus speed in sinking *U*-boats is no less important than speed in building new ships, and the acceleration of the Allied offensive against the *U*-boat is emphasized in many dispatches from London. High British naval authorities are said to believe that next August will show beyond question that the German submarine has been overcome.

In Washington, according to the newspaper reports, there are officials who expect decided results against the *U*-boats as early as May or June. In the Mediterranean, where we have heard less of the antisubmarine campaign, fifteen *U*-boats were sunk in February by American and Japanese war-craft, and the Japanese naval attaché at Rome believes that practically all of Austria's submarines have now been accounted for. Sir Eric Geddes and other British naval authorities are most optimistic when they consider the fight against submarines, but are less cheerful about the success of the British ship-building program. To quote that part of Sir Eric Geddes's recent speech in the House of Commons which applied to the destruction of German submarines:

> "I have no reason to depart from my opinion that the submarine is held, but not mastered. Submarines are being destroyed in increasing numbers, and as our methods develop the numbers will further increase. There is a growing reluctance on the part of the German crews to put to sea. The chances of a submarine returning from a voyage in the waters around England are one in four or one in five. For some months we believed we and the Americans have been sinking submarines as fast as they are built.
>
> "The efforts of the British Navy and the navies of its allies are being steadily developed and a large program of antisubmarine

craft and devices is being pushed forward. . . . The convoy system has been a real success. Since it was adopted 35,000 ships have been convoyed with very low losses."

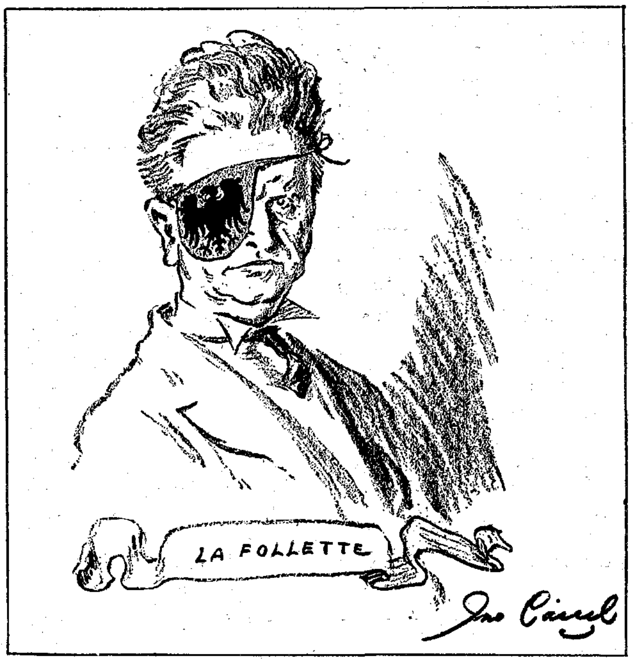
But while the First Lord of the Admiralty noted the steadily improving figures of loss of tonnage by enemy action, he declared:

> "Instead of a rise in ship production we have a serious drop. Why? The main fact is that owing to labor unrest and strike difficulties the men in the yards are not working as if the life of the country depended on their exertions. The employers are perhaps not doing all they could. . . . We had hoped that before the end of the second quarter of this year the output of tonnage would overtake and pass the enemy's destruction. That is still possible, but only if we pull together."

While there have been protests from both employers and employees in Great Britain against some of Sir Eric's statements, we find that the First Lord has been far from alone in calling attention to the disappointing work of British shipyards. Sir Joseph Maclay, British Shipping Controller, has asserted that the submarines are still sinking "considerably more than twice the number of ships that are being turned out in the British shipyards." Sir Joseph has told us that British workmen have been loaded with war-tasks until they are "war-weary" and he concludes that the speeding up of ship-construction for the Allies must in the future be done chiefly on the American side of the Atlantic. Baron Inchcape has called for the publication of more information about ship-building losses in order to make the British public appreciate the gravity of the situation, for "our tonnage is being sunk at a rate of which the people have no conception." Sir John R. Ellerman, one of the leading shipowners of Great Britain, has been quoted as saying that the output of shipping in Great Britain since the war began has not been enough to replace the losses by marine causes alone.

In a London dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Arthur S. Draper reminds us that the British authorities, while giving out the number of ships sunk, have not published the tonnage losses, in order to conceal the latter from the enemy. Thus it comes about, according to Mr. Draper, that the German people probably know more about *U*-boat sinkings and tonnage losses than the British. He thinks that while "the Germans grossly exaggerate Allied shipping difficulties, the British take a too optimistic view." German statements on this subject, as quoted in *The Tribune* and other papers, put the total Allied shipping destroyed last year at 9,000,000 tons and the total destruction of Allied and neutral shipping "doing service for our enemies" at more than 14,000,000 tons. It should be stated that while there have been no authoritative reports from Allied officials, the total losses of last year have been generally estimated at 5,000,000 tons. The German writers also declare that "in spite of every means of defense, the arming of ships, aeroplane-guards, convoys, and diversion of traffic, the enemy has not succeeded in mastering the submarine menace as they have often hopefully announced they would." One of these German press articles asserts that the United States cannot make good the Allies' maritime losses, and concludes that "the *U*-boat warfare will finish the work which it undertook to do."

LA FOLLETTE CONDEMNED AT HOME



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A BLACK EYE!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

LA FOLLETTE'S IRON CROSS came at last "in the form of a blistering resolution of censure" from the legislature of his own State. And, so the Adrian *Telegram* in adjacent Michigan observes, the decoration was conferred, not with the haste so characteristic of the Kaiser's wholesale gifts of iron crosses, but "deliberately and formally" by a legislative act "reflecting the mature judgment of the people of Wisconsin." That this act does reflect the judgment of the people of the State is affirmed again and again by the Wisconsin papers. Thus, *The Wisconsin State Journal*, of Madison, declares: "The legislature is the voice of the State. Its action was justified." The Grand Rapids *Leader* avers that "the legislature unquestionably reflects the majority sentiment of the State." That thirty-five members of the legislature voted against the resolution condemning the Senator is explained by the Racine *Times-Call* as due to the fact "that they were blinded by their feeling of personal devotion to a man who has made a great record of constructive legislation in the past." The Superior *Telegram* regrets the opposition of these legislators as showing that a thoroughly loyal State has a "legislature tinctured with what most of the people regard as disloyalty." However, it would give us to understand, "that tincture is very likely to be removed at the next election of a legislature." The greatest source of pleasure to many a Wisconsin editor is the legislature's making it so plain to all the world that, in the words of the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, "loyal Wisconsin does not approve the action of the Senator in failing to support the Government in matters vital to the winning of the war." In Milwaukee *The Evening Wisconsin* rejoices over the reestablishment of Wisconsin's reputation for loyalty to the nation in the present war. That Wisconsin as a State is actually loyal, protests the Milwaukee daily, "there never has been any doubt on the part of people who know Wisconsin"—

> "Wisconsin's loyalty has been shown by the contributions of her people for the support of the American Red Cross and the Knights of Columbus and the Y. M. C. A. in their respective activities on behalf of the soldiers; by liberal subscriptions for Liberty bonds, and by the number of Wisconsin enlistments for service in the Army and the Navy, as well as in other ways. But there were doubts abroad in various quarters aroused among other things by the official course and the public utterances of Senator La Follette. It was widely asked how Wisconsin could be loyal and not in some formal way express disapprobation of the stand of her United States senator."

These doubts have been answered, says the Green Bay *Press-Gazette*, and all that now remains is for the people to ratify the action of the legislature by electing a loyal successor to Senator Husting in the special election of April 2, "and the record will be straight." *The Press-Gazette* looks forward to seeing Wisconsin's fair name "set right before the nation and before the 'free peoples of the world'; it has been a hard fight, but every step forward is that much nearer the goal of unassailed and unassailable loyalty." In like manner *The Daily Commonwealth*, of Fond du Lac, commends the State legislature for acting as it did, but reminds its readers "that there is work ahead for every loyal citizen of Wisconsin." Yes, says the Ashland *Press*, the Wisconsin Assembly "did a good job" when it finally passed the resolution of condemnation. But the editor from northern Wisconsin points out that La Follette himself forced the matter on the legislature. As this writer tells the story:

> "A Loyalty Resolution was agreed upon in a caucus which gave La Follette a dose of the 'thunders of silence.' It did not mention his name. This resolution was passed in the Assembly and was about to be passed in the Senate when Senator Huber, one of La Follette's henchmen, started reading into the record a commendation of La Follette. The senators immediately saw red and went to bat, with the result that every remark, and every statement, and every act in opposition to our Government by our senior senator was made a part of the record. Then the amendment censuring him by name was passed. This passed the buck right up to the Assembly. It started a battle, but thank God, the Assembly came through clean."

The Senate, by a vote of 26 to 3, and the Assembly, by a vote of 53 to 32 a few days later, passed the resolution, which "goes to the President and to the speaker of the House and the President of the Senate," and according to the Eau Claire *Telegram*, "also goes forth to the whole country as glad tidings." It reads:

> "The people of the State of Wisconsin always have stood and always will stand squarely behind the National Government in all things which are essential to bring the present war to a successful end, and we condemn Senator Robert La Follette and all others who have failed to see the righteousness of our nation's cause, who have failed to support our Government in matters vital to the winning of the war, and we denounce any attitude or utterance of theirs which has tended to incite sedition among the people of our country and to injure Wisconsin's fair name before the free people of the world."

Now, declares the Racine *Journal*, Wisconsin has declared itself on La Follette and "it is up to the Senator to respond" to the sentiment of Wisconsin's loyal people. Here are the two ways by which he can do this, in the *Journal's* opinion:

> "Either change his attitude and return to the ranks of the American people,
>
> "Or
>
> "Quit his seat in the United States Senate.
>
> "He should do one of the two things without greater delay than is required in the doing.
>
> "If he chooses to do neither, the Senate of the United States, in response to the demand of the people of Wisconsin, as exprest through their representatives in the State legislature, should lose no time in ousting him.
>
> "Senator La Follette represents neither Wisconsin nor his country in the Senate, and, in a trying time such as we now are going through in this country, he is out of his sphere in the Senate."

This call for action by the United States Senate is repeated by a large number of newspapers outside of Wisconsin, and is vigorously exprest, for example, in the editorial columns of the Portland (Me.) *Argus*, New York *World* and *Globe*, Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Telegraph*, and Chicago *Evening Post*.

In the debates in both Assembly and Senate at Madison, Senator La Follette had his earnest defenders. In the Senate La Follette's record was praised and his enemies excoriated by Mr. H. A. Huber. Senator Huber's speech is reprinted at length in *La Follette's Magazine* (Madison). There is a conspiracy against La Follette, it is asserted, and back of it "have been all the war-profiteers that have so recently created a stench in the nation that smells to high heaven." La Follette's opposition to conscription is set down as in accord with the wishes of his constituents. Senator Huber asserts that events connected with the raising of our great draft Army have shown that La Follette was right on this question. Subsequent events, particularly in Russia, we are told, must make "those supposed patriots" who condemned Senator La Follette's peace resolution of last August "look silly and feel foolish." Mr. Huber claims that Senator La Follette's record in Washington is "a record in support of the Administration war-program, with the exception of the Draft Bill, not excelled by any member of Congress in either house." And we read further:

> "In the face of this record La Follette has been slandered and libeled as no other man of his time. The truth has been supprest; his action misrepresented; words put into his mouth he never uttered, nor even thought; he has been accused of being disloyal, pro-German, guilty of treason, of promoting sedition, accepting retainers from the enemy, and of being a yellow streak.
>
> "The fact is that he has been true to his people, true to his Government, and has been the most able exponent of the wishes of the common man either in or out of Congress.
>
> "The fact is that he has faced ruin of his reputation; accepted disgrace, opprobrium, hatred, and scorn; sacrificed money and friends to be true to his constituency and his convictions. . . . . . .
>
> "Yet I think he must take consolation when he reads the resolutions condemning him, that not one comes from an organization of laboring men—not one comes from an organization of farmers. The yeomen of the land, the workers in factory, mine, and shop know Bob La Follette and they have faith in him. Their faith has never been misplaced; it never will be misplaced."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WE are waiting to hear Germany say that she invaded Russia to protect the Bolsheviki from Japan.—*St. Louis Star.*

THE Germans continue to indicate that in their opinion a lootless peace would be a bootless peace.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

IN the saving of daylight we can set the clocks ahead, but what are we going to do with the sun-dials?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IT has long ceased to be remarkable that so small a country as Japan could be victorious over so big a country as Russia.—*Washington Star.*

INVESTOR HOHENZOLLERN, Emperor and King, purchases five million dollars' worth more of Krupp securities. Who wants war?—*Wall Street Journal.*

LOOT, the great harmonizer, has temporarily silenced all protest in Germany and all antagonism between Germany and Austria-Hungary.—*Chicago Herald.*

WHAT makes us madder than anything else is the person who stands by his country in this crisis all right but acts as if he were making a great concession.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE Kaiser must be a little uneasy about the ethics of the Russian raid since he is willing to put the responsibility for its overwhelming success up to God.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"ANOTHER sad thing is that 80 per cent. of the Russians will be unable to read the history they have made."—*Toledo Blade.* H'm. Just offhand we would say that's where they are mighty lucky.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

IF the President were to reply to von Hertling that the Potsdam crew are a pack of liars, and that the Allied purpose is to beat their heads off, it would not be diplomacy, but it might enlighten the undeniably common people of *mittel* Europe.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE German idea seems to be both rule and ruin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PEACE propaganda here is only another brand of poison-gas.—*Wall Street Journal.*

WE'LL say this for Hoover: He's killed off a lot of incipient cases of indigestion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

VON HERTLING is putting it mildly when he says the world merely is "prejudiced" against Germany.—*Newark News.*

DEAF in one ear, he can hear his country calling; blind in one eye, he can see his duty, and he will do it.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

IF only the Kaiser and the rest of us would talk less about "Trust in God," and consider the question of his trust in us!—*Wall Street Journal.*

WASHINGTON, with his early announced inability to tell a lie, probably stands out in Berlin as the supreme type of American inefficiency.—*Chicago Herald.*

THAT a German General is publishing lessons of this war to be learned for the next one is a big reason why this one has to be fought to a finish.—*New York World.*

"MAN is made out of clay," runs the motto of the Hopkinsville (Ky.) *News*, a negro paper, "and, like a meerschaum pipe, is more valuable when highly colored."—*Macon Telegraph.*

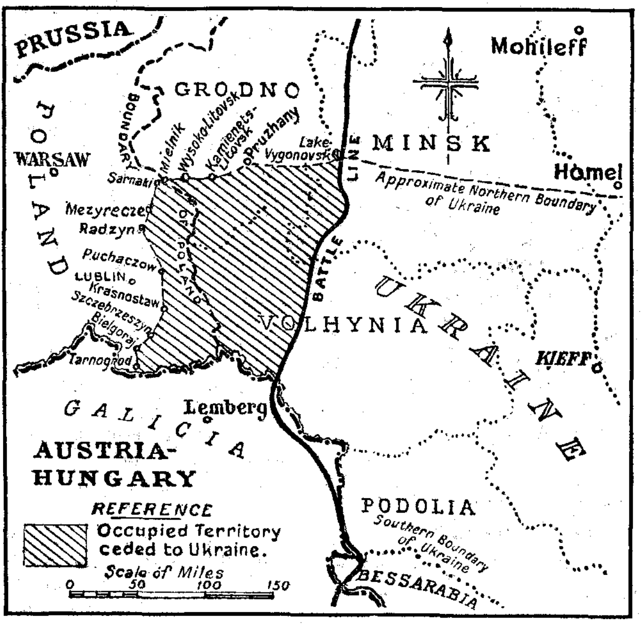
IN spite of the scarcity of farm-laborers, this department predicts that the crop of book-agents selling complete histories of the war will be as numerous this year as ever.—*Emporia Gazette.*

A LOT of people have been nervous because Japan was only about four thousand miles away, and now they are surprized that Japan shows some anxiety when Germany is approaching her front-door.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ANOTHER PARTITION OF POLAND

A PECK OF TROUBLE for the Teutons seems likely to result from the peace they have engineered with that somewhat shadowy republic of Ukrainia, for while the Austrians and Germans are waving flags and ringing such church-bells as do remain to celebrate the event, the Poles are raising a merry little rumpus which is causing some heart-searchings both in Berlin and Vienna. It will be recalled that in making peace with the Ukraine the province of Cholm, a vitally Polish piece of territory, was ceded to the new republic, and a howl of protest went up from all over Poland. How the Poles felt about it can be seen from the description the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* gives of how the news was received in Lemberg. Its Lemberg correspondent writes:



From the London "Times."

POLAND'S LOST PROVINCE.

> "A national protest took place here against the handing over of the Cholm region to Ukrainia. All parties, from extreme conservatives to extreme Socialists, took part in it. Vast crowds went early in the morning to the churches. All officials left their work. Schools were closed. Stores, factories, theaters, post- and telegraph-offices were all shut. The municipality and all kinds of corporations and societies were represented in a procession of protest. Peasants flocked in on foot from the surrounding districts, for the railroads are not working. And after the religious services public demonstrations were held at which speeches of angry protest were made. There were no disorders."

The same journal tells us how the news was received in Vienna, and how unpleasant the Poles are making themselves:

> "The somewhat non-political enthusiasm, stimulated from official and unofficial quarters, to which people here abandon themselves and to which they gave expression by a thanksgiving-service attended by the Emperor Karl and the Court in St. Stephen's cathedral, is gradually passing. The people here realize that after this singular end to the war in Russia, no one knows if and by whom the Polish question can be solved.
>
> "Meanwhile, the Poles here are daily taking care that their anger shall not pass unheeded. In Krakow, horror at the alleged ravishment of the Cholm district was so great that on the same morning on which the city of Vienna bedecked itself with flags and bunting, many houses there hung out black banners at their windows in token of mourning. All theaters and picture palaces were closed, and the depression was as wide-spread as if the war had been lost. In Vienna to-day the Poles in the upper house officially intimated to the Government that they were going into determined opposition. The few old conservative elements who would like to remain politically faithful were completely outvoted by the leading nationalists."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* tells us that the Polish cabinet in Warsaw, "whose acceptance of office had indicated their agreement with the policy of the Central Powers," immediately resigned, and the reflex action was immediately felt in Vienna. The paper proceeds:

> "The report in the Warsaw papers that the Polish regiments in the Russian Army have offered to place themselves at the disposal of the Polish cabinet in Warsaw is causing serious anxiety in political circles in Germany. Just at the moment when the whole Polish nation in Poland, Austria, and wherever Poles reside, is opposing the Ukrainian peace, such a formation of a Polish army is especially significant.
>
> "The position of the cabinet in Vienna has been greatly shaken, but no other ministry would change the situation, as the difficulties arise from the whole system. It is not a cabinet crisis, but a state crisis. Is it still conceivable that the Austrian Kaiser will be elected king of a now embittered Poland? If not, what will be the future of Austria-Hungary in that quarter?"

The Pan-German papers of course are expressing great irritation with the Poles, and the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* peevishly refers to "the bad taste" of one of the Polish members of the Reichstag who "referred to the Polish character of the German province of Poland." The Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts*, however, thinks that some one has blundered, and writes:

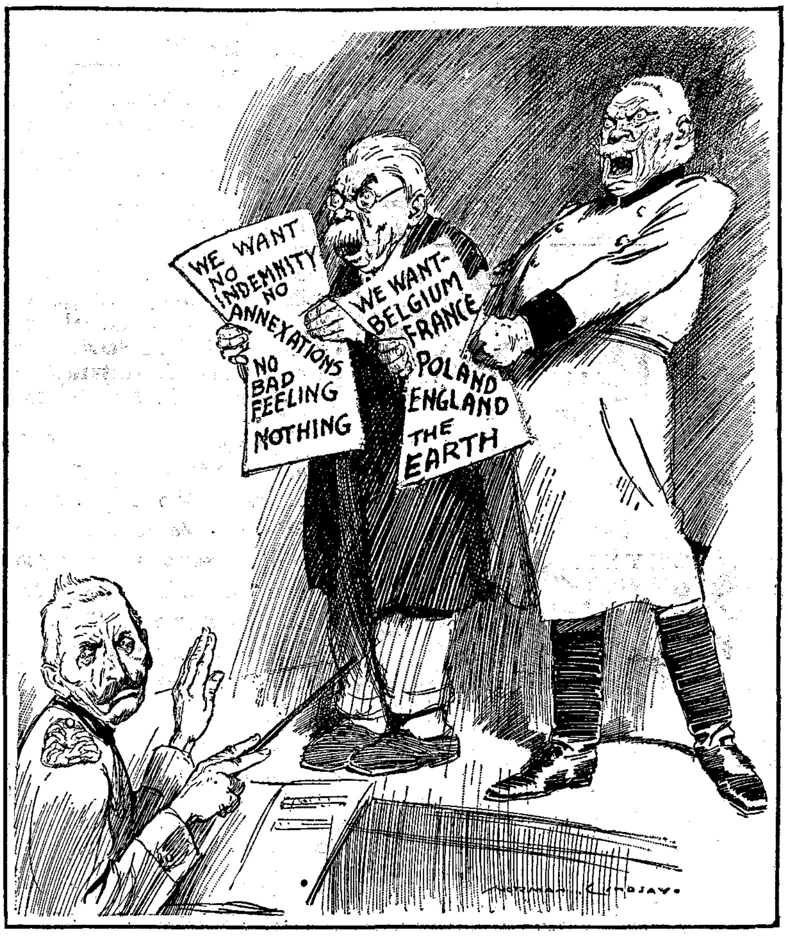
> "Poland used to be our friend; now she is our enemy, and German annexationists have caused this change of opinion. In Berlin there have been for a long time two movements—one demanding that the whole of Poland be joined to Germany, and another desiring only part of the country, with two million inhabitants, to be incorporated in the Empire. Rumors are now current that German rule is to be extended to the Baltic provinces. The German Government will really have to give an explanation of this in the Reichstag.
>
> "The policy of the Central Empires regarding Poland has become bankrupt, and we have again shown the impossibility of cutting up the Russian cake so as to please all the children. Most difficult to please, naturally, are the Poles, whose national appetite is simply excessive. They seek an outlet to the sea as impetuously as they do the acquisition of territory in the east. When told they are to be united with Galicia, they want in addition a very considerable portion of German territory inhabited by Poles. All this is merely an effort to Balkanize the East and so create a caldron from which new wars will come."

The Westminster Gazette remarks of the gift of Polish land to Ukrainia:

> "Herr von Kühlmann announces that the cession of Polish territory was an unfortunate necessity, which had to be yielded for the greater immediate advantage of getting grain. Seidler explains that it is not a necessity and has not been yielded at all. The Polish province has not been incorporated in the Ukraine, and its destiny is still to be decided by 'a mixed commission.' This chapter is far from closed. The cynicism and perfidy of these proceedings have kindled the wrath of the Poles and reawakened the spirit of the other nationalities, and Austria is immediately plunged into fresh internal difficulties. . . . . . .
>
> "More inconvenient still, Poles, Slavs, and Czechs join hands for a common protest in Austria-Hungary, and the Prime Minister has to report to the Emperor that with their forces combined against him, he has no majority in the Reichsrath, and in consequence tenders his resignation. That can not be accepted, for the only alternative Government which could secure a majority would be an anti-German and antiwar Government, and a dissolution of the Chamber would only aggravate

the position. . . . There is already difficulty about the new kingdom of Poland and its attachment to Austria, and the Pan-German papers are asking angrily what they are to get out of it."

The editor of the London *New Age* has a few caustic things to say about the morality of his fellow Socialists in the Ukrainian Rada, who are willing to satisfy their nationalistic ambitions at the expense of Poland. He writes:


WE WANT NO INDEMNITY NO ANNEXATIONS NO BAD FEELING NOTHING
WE WANT- BELGIUM FRANCE POLAND ENGLAND THE EARTH
NORMAN LINDSAY

THE DISTRACTED KAISER.

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney, N. S. W.).

"For the humbling of the self-complacency of some of our pacifists, we should like to call attention to the behavior of Ukrainia. This province of Little Russia had for long been groaning under the tyranny of the Czar when the revolution offered it a chance of freeing both itself and its neighboring Slav confederates. Common sentiments, based upon a common race and a common aspiration, would, you would have thought, have united Ukrainia with the other liberated provinces of Russia, and together they would all have at once allied themselves for the maintenance of both the revolution and their independence. The Socialist Rada, or governing council, of Ukrainia, tho as full of impeccably fraternal sentiments as a bushel of Mr. Lansburys, had other plans, however, when it came to the point of practise. As victims they were nothing but what was high and noble; but, with a little power in their hands, their song changed. From offering every possible resistance to the revolutionary central governing body of Russia they proceeded, wholly in their own interest, to offer every encouragement to the anti-Russian policy of Prussia; and in the end they have not hesitated to sign a peace embarrassing in the highest degree to their Slav brothers and correspondingly convenient to their common Teutonic enemies.

"Nor is that all by any means. Not only have the Ukrainian Socialists accepted an independence at the discretion of Prussia—a name rather than a substance—but they have accepted slices of territory carved out of Poland and Russia to incorporate with their own, thus adding to the shame of surrender the disgrace of annexations. And all with their eyes closed by greed to the Prussian motive of such generosity: the chronic embroilment of the three Slav provinces of Poland, Ukrainia, and Greater Russia! There is an example, we say, of the depths of treachery and stupidity to which Socialists can sink when they rise to power. It should serve to compel our own brothers to a little self-examination."

"SMOLDERING FIRES" IN PRUSSIA

CONSIDERABLE IRRITATION is exprest in Bavaria at the increasing arrogance of the Prussian military clique, which, as the war goes on, seeks to interfere more and more in the internal affairs of the other federal states of the German Empire. No love has ever been lost between the slow, easy-going Bavarian and the haughty, hectoring Prussian, and even the necessities of war have not "made them good bedfellows." The Prussian press are furious with Dr. von Dandl, the new Premier of Bavaria, for having exprest in the Bavarian Diet the official thanks of the Government to the Socialists for "having taken over control of the strike movement and so guided it into quiet paths." On the Bavarian side the Munich journals point to the fact that owing to "the sensible cooperation" of the Bavarian Government and the Socialist party, the recent industrial difficulties in southern Germany have been amicably settled. The situation, they say, is far different in Prussia. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* says that altho Berlin succeeded in suppressing the last outburst of strikes, the fires are still smoldering and a new outburst may be expected at any moment. This is due, says the Munich journal, to "the stupidity of the military," and it continues:

"In view of the policy pursued in Berlin and other large towns in the north of Germany, our limited intelligence is silenced, for we are unable to understand how the settlement of strikes can be promoted by forbidding the strike-leaders to hold any meetings, by closing their headquarters, and by issuing threats that the men will be called up for military service. Hitherto our idea of army service had given it a character other than that of a threatened punishment of the unruly. But the ways of certain military commands are marvelous. . . . . .

"We trust that the favorable effects that the Government has produced upon labor in Munich will not be disturbed by mistakes in Berlin. We hear that Prussia intends to have recourse to the militarization of all munition-factories. At the same time we hear, much to our satisfaction, that Bavaria has no intention of employing this two-edged sword."

The same paper has a long editorial on the hurried visit paid by King Ludwig of Bavaria to German General Headquarters, and stresses the fact that this visit is due to the reaction of war upon internal conditions in the Fatherland, and intimates quite clearly that Bavaria does not intend to be destroyed by any possible upheaval in Prussia. It concludes in this pointed manner:

"The strike movement, which has happily been disposed of, has once more displayed clearly the peculiar quality of our Bavarian methods of government. We know that these methods are severely criticized in the north, where ruder breezes of conflict blow. But the methods are our methods and they have justified themselves by their combination of firmness with an intelligent readiness to give way and with the South-German manner of living and letting live.

"When people in a great neighboring house omit to quench in due time a smoldering fire—perhaps in order that they may test a fine new extinguisher of which they expect marvels—that is no reason why the adjoining house should treat in the same method any sparks that may blow across. A general conflagration must be prevented, especially as experience teaches that the damage done by water is often many times as great as the damage caused immediately by the fire.

"If the King during his visit to Headquarters were to speak in this sense, he could be sure of the agreement of the enormous majority of his loyal Bavarian people. Our people have the fullest appreciation of the German necessities of this war against the foreign enemy . . . but they have no appreciation of any violent remedies alien to the South-German character in the treatment of symptoms of sickness in the domestic body politic. In accordance with her historical development and internal structure, Bavaria must refuse to adopt any such methods.

"If King Ludwig at Headquarters dissipates in good time any illusions which may arise about these matters, he will render an inestimable service not only to Bavaria but just as much to our great German Fatherland. In order to stand against the foreign enemy, there is more need than ever of internal unity."

Vorwärts, the Berlin organ of the Socialist majority, tho now a somewhat tame sheet, puts in a vigorous protest against the illogical way the militarists are behaving, and especially does it condemn the prohibition of all trades-union meetings:

"The President of the United States has represented the German people as living in hopeless subjection to a dominating military caste. The German press strive in patriotic zeal to prove that Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George are the real autocrats. Suddenly this military prohibition comes crashing into the well-mounted scenery. It is at least a blunder in stage management, which is quite tragi-comic in its effect. Moreover, the matter has another side. The German Government has recognized Russia's revolutionary Socialist Government, and has negotiated a peace with it, yet at the same moment the right of public meeting of Socialists in Germany is taken away by the military!"

Quite apart from the industrial question, there is friction between Prussia and Bavaria on matters military. Bavaria has her own army, and is proud of it, and is apt to resent any Prussian interference. This is piquantly illustrated by the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten's* military correspondent's ire at General von Manteuffel's proposals. In the Berlin *Tag* the General discusses whether "the three Bavarian corps"—this is the favorite Prussian method of getting the Bavarian "goat," by insinuating that the regiments of the Bavarian Army are merely a part of the Prussian Army—can be permitted to remain after the war and have a separate staff college at Munich. The *Nachrichten's* military correspondent falls upon this proposal tooth and nail, and remarks:

"We confidently expect the Bavarian Government to reply by an unmistakable 'Hands off!' to any attempt to violate our treaty rights. It is hardly necessary to explain that this is not 'particularism.' We are combating only the expansionist aim of a Prussian particularism which ignores and denies our rights. After its loyalty to the Empire honorably proved, and after the enormous casualties which it has suffered, and suffered cheerfully, in behalf of the Imperial idea, Bavaria has no need either of Prussian reforms or of attempts to take away its independence. Hands off, Mr. General, take your reforms elsewhere!"

JAPAN'S POLICY AFTER THE WAR—An outline of Japan's policy in the future is given by Dr. Arata Ninagawa, of Doshisha University, in the Tokyo *Japan Magazine*. He scouts any idea of a *rapprochement* with Germany:

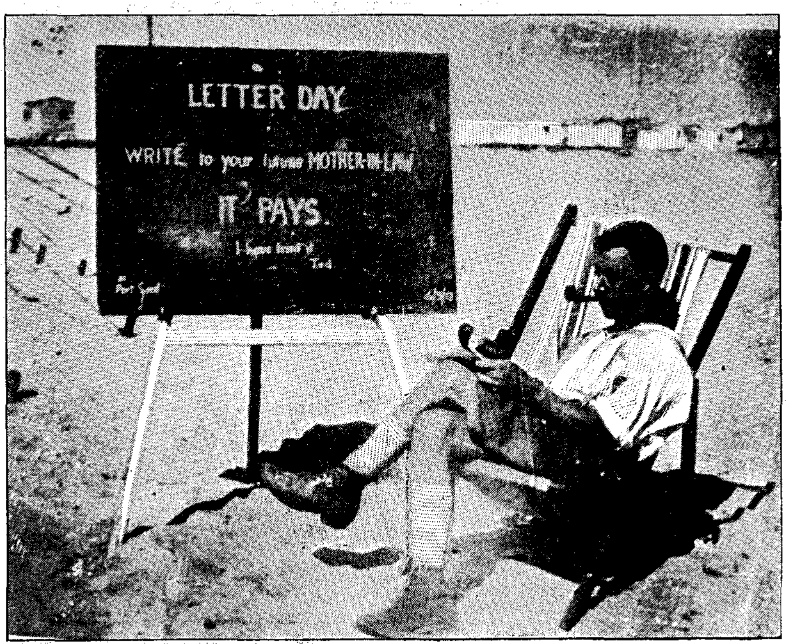
"Very likely after the war there will be those who advocate an alliance with Germany, a view that prevails among some Japanese even now during the war. But there is no doubt in any rational mind that it is best for Japan to hold to her present alliance with England and retain the friendship of the Allies, even for economic reasons and China's sake, if for no other. This I firmly believe to be her best policy.

"Some regard the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as the diplomatic pivot, and think Japan's relations with other countries a matter of indifference. If she maintains her alliance with Britain she can afford to separate from others or not, as she likes.

"Of course, Japan should remain in her friendly alliance with England as long as possible, but she must see to it that she is equally friendly with France, Italy, Russia, and America as well. This should be done by agreement or some other means, so that there may be no doubt in case of emergency. International friendship can not stand on treaty alone; there must be a real mutual understanding."

NO RUSSIAN FOOD FOR GERMANY

THE REAL SECRET of Germany's determined march forward into Russia, despite the peace she signed with the amiable Trotzky at Brest-Litovsk, lies, says *The Westminster Gazette*, in the fact that Germany needs food and knows Russia has it. Competent observers, however, tell us that Germany is going to be badly disappointed on this score. First, because there is not anything like the amount of food in Russia that Germany thinks there is; and, secondly, that even if there were food in abundance, the Germans do not possess the means of transportation to get it back into the Fatherland. Dr. Harold Williams, the Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, tells us that the food situation in Russia is bad and is going to be worse:



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MAKING SURE OF PEACE.

The time-worn mother-in-law joke had no terrors for Ted, as he takes pains to inform the world. He found that a future mother-in-law is a good person to have on your side, and tells all the Tommies in the desert campaign beyond Egypt.

"The fact is, everything is overshadowed by the food problem. After a few days, when the bread daily ration was half a pound, it was reduced to three-eighths. Now it is one-eighth only, and such bread! Its principal ingredient appears to be straw, its color varies between khaki, green, and brown, with occasional imitations of field-gray, now one of the commonest colors in Petrograd. Food riots are frequent, and occasionally sanguinary. Prices are grotesque, even at the present rate of exchange.

"Bad as the food situation is now, it is bound to get considerably worse before long. There is going to be very little sowing done this year. Lenine's land legislation and revolutionary propaganda generally are reducible in effect to the simple advice to the peasants, 'Help yourselves.' The results have been to break up the large estates, with a consequent return to the more primitive methods of cultivation, struggles between rival villages and between rival inhabitants of the same village, and wholesale insecurity.

"I hear on good authority that seed grain is practically unobtainable in the northern and northwestern provinces. Russia can not avoid at least one terrible year of plague and famine.

"The Ukraine has food, but just at present it is not clear who is going to get it."

Basing his views on his personal experiences in Russia last year, Mr. Raymond Recouly, in the Paris *Figaro*, tells us that Germany may be able to get grain from the Russians if she commandeers it, but the peasants will not sell. He tells us there is a not inconsiderable amount of grain to be had, and writes:

"In the central and southern provinces of Russia there is no question that there are large stocks of grain not far behind the lines. The Russian peasants have not sold their harvests since the beginning of the war to any large extent, for as the war has been prolonged and the life of the people has become more and more disorganized, the dislike of the peasants to sell their stocks has increased.

"This is because the peasant's harvests represent to him a real value, while all he has been offered in exchange has been paper money constantly depreciating in value, with which he has been unable to buy any of the things of which he has been so much in need, such as clothes, shoes, and agricultural implements. If he can't buy anything with the money he gets, why should he sell his grain? That is the way he argues.

"To this must be added the crisis in transportation, the difficulty of moving the grain from place to place when it is sold. Last year I crossed Russia twice . . . in certain railroad buffets, at Petrograd for example, there was no bread, or at least it was a hard, black bread almost uneatable. Sixty miles farther along the peasants were offering whole basketfuls of sweet, white bread for a few pennies. The same thing is true all over Russia—starvation in one place and plethora next door."

Mr. Recouly asks in what position the Germans and Austrians will find themselves with regard to the Russian food-supply, and thinks that they will benefit but little. He says:

"The disorganization of the railroads is worse now than it was a year ago. The Germans are confronted with great difficulties in their own transportation system, and they can not work miracles. They are in no position to remedy the Russian troubles, for the thing they lack most is material—rolling stock—and rolling stock is as much lacking in Germany as in Russia. The question of transportation, therefore, will be as great an obstacle for the Germans at present as it has been heretofore for the Russians themselves.

"Moreover the peasant who refused to sell his grain for Russian paper money will be no more ready to sell it for paper bearing the Kaiser's effigy. Kaiser or Czar, it is always paper, and what he wants are goods—clothes and shoes. And the German who has neither of them himself can not supply the Russian. . . . Hence it is not probable that Germany will be able to get a great amount of grain from Russia unless she resorts to commandeering."

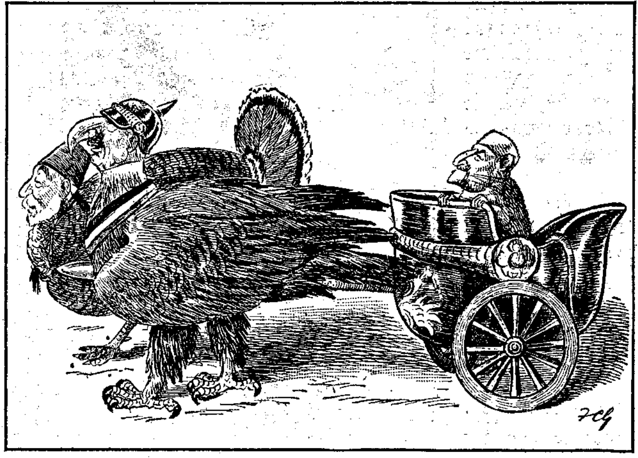
The London *Everyman* goes into the question at some length and assures us that the stories of great grain surplus in the Ukraine is a myth, and when once that myth is exploded there is going to be trouble in the Central Empires, particularly in Austria. It says:

"This prospect of Ukrainian supplies is clearly the last remaining buttress of Austrian morale; but no sooner has peace been signed than the expectation of speedy relief is discouraged in the Austrian and German press. The transport difficulties are so formidable; the grain is such a long way off; it is stored in the provinces beyond the Dnieper; it can not flow in regularly before the autumn at earliest. But if that is the German and Austrian semiofficial view, we may give some credence to informants on our side who tell us that the Ukrainian stores exist in Utopia alone, and that the date of their arrival in the Central Empires will be protracted to infinity. We have presumptive evidence for this in the economic paralysis all over Russia, which began, not with the Bolsheviki, but at the outset of the war. The Central Governments are gambling with their people's temper, and if these inferences about the food-supplies prove correct in a few months' time from now, it is impossible to overestimate the political reaction that will follow in the Central European camp.

"And even if the food is there, and the Central Empires can wait for it, it is by no means certain that it will come their way. There are hungrier mouths in Petrograd than in Vienna or Berlin, and if the Ukraine goes Bolshevik these mouths will claim the Ukrainian corn."

PREMATURE JOY FOR BULGARIA

Almost infantile exultation over the magnificent accomplishments of Czar Ferdinand is found in the Bulgarian press. It seems that that mighty and courageous monarch has, by the might of his arm, so scourged Russia that peace once more reigns. The victorious Bulgarians are perhaps rejoicing a little prematurely, for the peace that Russia has secured from the Teutonic alliance has a suspiciously warlike look and the Bulgars may find that the peace dove they are now cherishing so tenderly in their bosom has got quite sharp claws. But while it may be a bit of a fraud, it is none the less hailed with joy by the press of the Bulgarian capital. For example, the *Écho de Bulgarie*, in recording the scene in the Bulgarian parliament, writes:



THE TRIUMPH OF FERDINAND.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

"The Sobranje received the Premier's declaration with enthusiastic applause, which came from every section of the Chamber. The news spread like lightning throughout the capital and caused the most profound joy among all classes of the population.

"The Bulgarian people is to be congratulated on concluding the first peace, and more particularly a peace between Bulgaria and Russia, a sister nation to which we are bound by so many ties in the past, both recent and remote, and for which we still preserve all those feelings of attachment and gratitude which have persisted in spite of Russia's former brutal, greedy, and blind diplomacy.

"The peoples of the Entente, which is now bled white, are already beginning to demand compensation for the time lost since peace was general."

Preporetz, the organ of the Bulgarian Social Democrats, indulges in this burst of self-congratulation:

"One fact dominates the whole situation. War between Bulgaria and Russia is over. We have ceased to shed the blood of our brothers on the field of battle, and now, after all this bloody slaughter, peace and friendship reign once more between the liberators and the liberated, the Russians and ourselves.

"Would to God that the reconciliation of these two related races could be the first step toward a general reconciliation of all the belligerents, so that history could once more record that the light which illumines the world has shone out of the East."

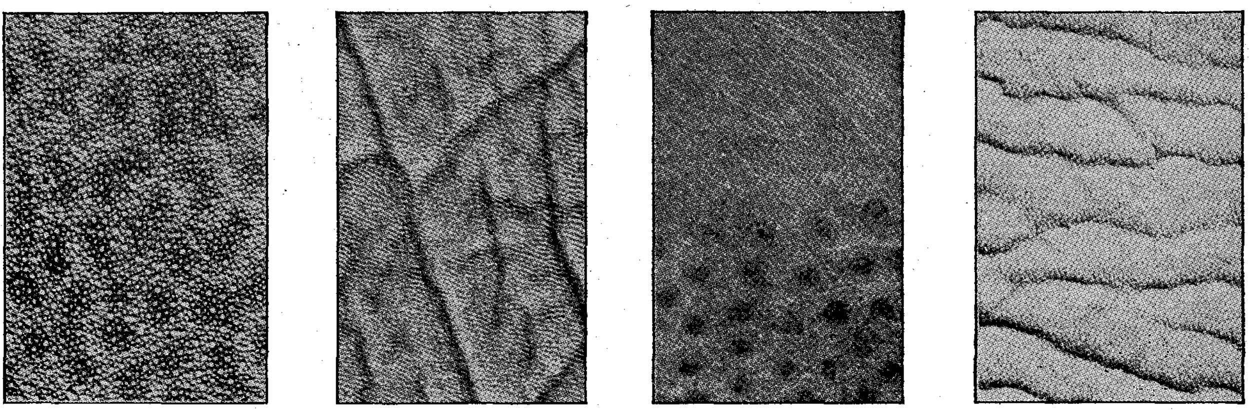
The military organ, the *Voenni Izvestia,* is surprized at the rapidity with which the peace with Russia was actually concluded, a fact which the *Narodni Prava* attributes to the generosity of the Bulgarians. Quite convinced that a general peace is bound to follow, the *Mir* writes:

"The first peace is concluded. It is between Bulgaria and Russia. This of course means peace between Russia and our allies. The more the Entente persist in their wrong-headedness, the more they show themselves the instigators of this continuous warfare, so much the more will the friendly relations between the Central Powers and Russia grow, and in the future the Germans and the Russians will become equally as good friends as we were with the Russians after our liberation."

The *Dnevnik* is a little exercised that no provision concerning the Dobrudja is made in the terms of peace:

"It is true that the treaty of peace did not contain any special clause concerning the Dobrudja, but from the fact that the two parties—after the clear explanation of our claims—have found it possible to restore completely harmonious mutual relations we must suppose that the Russians have accepted our viewpoint. That is to say, that in all that concerns the Dobrudja we refuse to recognize any 'separation by violence.'"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION


Illustrations by courtesy of "The Forecast," New York.

MOTTLED SHARK-SKIN.
A handsome variety.

WALRUS HIDE.
Long in use in northern Europe.

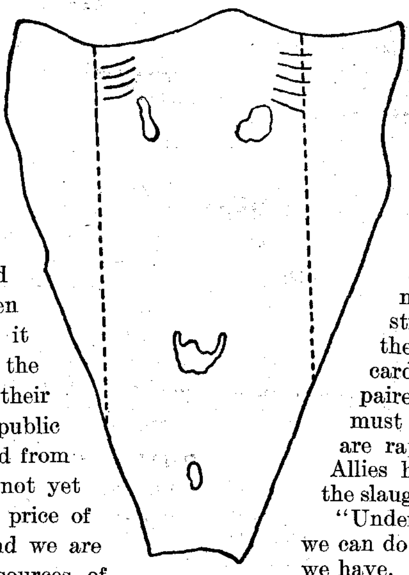
OSTRICH LEATHER.
First specimen for trade purposes.

SEA-LION HIDE.
A soft, velvety leather.

FOUR NEW LEATHERS FOR YOUR NEW SHOES.

SHOES FROM STRANGE SKINS

WHEN THE YOUNG MATRON of next year tells her maid to bring her shoes from the closet, we may expect the latter to make reply somewhat in this wise: "Do you mean the low ones of codfish-skin, ma'am, or the high ones of walrus hide?" "Nonsense, Betty! The ones I want are the ostrich-leather boots." All these odd varieties of leather, and others too, are likely to make their appearance in the shoe trade very shortly, if the scarcity of ordinary skins continues. Francis Hume Nichols, writing on "Boots and Shoes from Strange Sources," in *The Forecast* (New York, February), reminds us that in Germany leather is now reserved for army use. Civilians wear shoes with wooden soles and leather or cloth uppers, or simply the wooden sole held on by strings. During last summer it became fashionable to go barefoot, and the Government had to warn people to harden their feet gradually before venturing thus on the public thoroughfares. Many cases of tetanus resulted from the undue exposure of tender feet. We have not yet been driven to such extremities, but the price of leather and footgear has risen enormously, and we are seeking both leather substitutes and new sources of leather. Says Mr. Nichols, in substance:


THE SKIN OF A SHARK.
Shark-skin has long been in use for sword-grips.

"The skins of aquatic animals offer a practically undeveloped resource, and it is not unlikely that before long we shall be covering our extremities with the skins of the man-eating shark and the sacred codfish. They are experimenting with these skins at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and expect soon to give us shoes made from them. If we have not heretofore utilized the skins of aquatic animals for leather-making, it is not because they are not perfectly well adapted for such use, but only because the skins of land-animals have been so plentiful that it was not worth while to bother with those of the sea. Primitive peoples make extensive use of these materials, and also of the internal membranes of sea-animals, such as the throat lining, the stomach, and the intestines, and among civilized folk many of them have been extensively used for fancy leathers, because of their beautiful markings. We may anticipate, therefore, that shark and codfish shoes will be entirely unobjectionable in looks and wearing qualities.

"The present scarcity of leather is affected by the same conditions that have led to the scarcity and high price of meat. Both products were growing scarcer before the war, and since the outbreak of hostilities there has been an enormous destruction of the world's stock of food-animals, together with an enormous increase in the demand for meat and leather. The condition has been aggravated, too, by the lack of shipping facilities.

"The demands of warfare for leather are enormous, for not only must the millions of fighting men be shod, but there is a tremendous demand for harness, gun-slings, pistol holsters, bayonet scabbards, and aviation suits, which are sometimes composed almost entirely of leather, as well as for many minor purposes. Early in the war the destruction of leather was enormous, but to-day the waste is considerably less. In England, discarded army shoes are now cleaned and repaired. Nevertheless the destruction of leather must still be very great and the sources of supply are rapidly diminishing. The food-animals of the Allies have been reduced by 33,000,000 head, and the slaughter is still going on at an ever-increasing rate.

"Under the circumstances there are three things that we can do: We can make better use of the leather that we have. We can utilize the skins of aquatic animals. And we can use any available leather substitutes.

"Since there is no question of the excellence of aquatic leather, it is likely that there will be a considerable development of this source of supply. One company, which manufactures leather from the skins of sharks and other fish, besides turning the other parts of the animals into human food, glue, gelatine, oil, chicken scrap, and fertilizers, has established itself in Pittsburg, and announces that it will shortly open branches in Seattle and Florida. It states that there is as much value in a shark as in a cow, and that the cost of taking the animals is trifling compared with that of raising cattle. Another company has been catching white whales in Alaska for the purpose of utilizing them for hides, meat, and oil. The hide of this animal is one of the best of all skins for leather-making, because of its durability, strength, and pliability.

"When it comes to sole leather it has been impossible to find any satisfactory substitute. A number of composition materials have been brought forward, but they do not allow the foot to breathe; they are not practicable except for low summer shoes, to which the air has easy access. At a recent exhibition of leather substitutes in London a flexible wooden sole was shown, but this hardly commends itself. The most hopeful contribution to the problem was made some time ago, before, in fact, there was any problem of the kind, by the Pratt Institute, in the form of a process of treating sole leather which doubles and almost triples its durability. The new shark and codfish shoes are to be made with these indestructible soles.

"Two other valuable suggestions for saving leather have been made by the Council of National Service of the Shoe and Leather Industry. One is that low shoes should be worn as much as possible, and the other that branding of range cattle should either be discontinued or limited. At the present time it is estimated that a loss of from four to five million dollars a year is entailed by this practise, and the money loss is less serious than the loss of leather. Some cattle change hands many times, and each change means a new brand. Some of these brands are so large that they can be seen for a long distance.

"The trade papers point out that there has been a falling off in the demand for civilian shoes, both because of their high prices and because people are trying to help win the war by economizing on leather goods. When the seriousness of the situation is fully understood no doubt there will be more such economy. To save leather is scarcely less important than to save food."

WHEN THE SUN EXPLODES

A THEORY that suns grow internally hotter as they shrink and cool externally is accepted and applied to our own luminary with somewhat startling definiteness by Benjamin O. Baxter, writing from Chicago to *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn., February). We are told, says Mr. Baxter, that our sun is of advanced age, as ages are reckoned among suns. Like all other things in creation, he adds, suns are brought into existence, and pass away, or pass out of the class of celestial objects known as suns, or stars. He goes on:

"Man has learned to distinguish age among stars by the color of their light. A white star is a young star; perhaps only a few hundred millions of years of age since it gathered from clouds of hot gases into globular form and started out as an independent sun. Yellowish light denotes middle age, and red or crimson indicates mature age; which, as viewed by humanity, would look like several short eternities.

"We are also told that all stars, which are merely distant suns, are shrinking as they cool and contract, and the theory was advanced by George Henry Lepper that while the volume of the star diminishes through contraction the heat of the core increases with the pressure brought to bear on it, and that when this pressure reaches the limit the pent-up materials explode, and the star, or sun, is reduced to a cloud, or puff of fog, called nebula.

"When we consider the extent to which suns contract we are able to form some idea of how much the core is squeezed. Earth is about 93,000,000 miles from the sun. There may have been a time when the sun was large enough to fill up all the room clear out to where we are, or farther. If so, it has contracted 93,000,000 miles from each side, which would give the hot center twice 93,000,000, or 186,000,000 miles less of room; so if we have any suspicion that the center of the sun contains any of the ingredients of which dynamite is made we might allow ourselves to get into 'hot water' wondering how long it can stand the pressure, considering that our sun is already growing old and perhaps subject to a decline of his powers of resistance.

"Is our sun in danger of blowing up? We may reason not, because we have never seen one explode. On the other hand, we must remember that suns are not made in a hurry, and that they take their own time about what they do, and that while man's knowledge of suns covers only a few thousand years, their ages could not be exprest in any manner intelligible to the human mind. Still we must draw the line somewhere, and altho our sun may have weathered the celestial storms of an eternity, that very fact may prove that the time for some variation may soon arrive. Our sun is said to be a variable star, and variables of a certain class are those stars which are due to explode!

"When our sun explodes, what else will happen?

"If a little ripple among the superficial layers of the sun, known as a sun-spot, 93,000,000 miles away, upsets the operation of electrical utilities on earth, how much of a jolt will we get when the whole sun is instantaneously resolved to a cloud of gas composed of stone, iron, and other substances even heavier and harder, but so hot that they are reduced to vapor, and so elastic that from their sudden release they expand to the limits of the solar system, a region 556 billions of miles in diameter.

"In such a maelstrom I apprehend that earth and the other planets and satellites would each flash once like the firefly, and be lost in nebula. Will astronomers kindly enlighten us?"

NIAGARA ALREADY SPOILED

IT IS USELESS to try to preserve the natural beauties of Niagara, says Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical expert of the General Electric Company, writing in *The Electrical World* (New York, February 23), on "Mobilizing Niagara to Aid Civilization." Those beauties have mostly vanished already, he thinks, leaving in their stead ugly hotels, towers, and steel bridges. This being the case, we ought to use every bit of Niagara's power, which is "urgently needed by the State and nation." There would then be no water pouring over the cliffs, at least on week-days; for on Sundays and holidays, Mr. Steinmetz promises us, it may be "turned on" for the benefit of tourists. The "starting of the falls," when the weekly "turning-on" process first begins, will, he asserts, be a sight well worth seeing. He writes:

"The unprecedented and acute shortage of power which now confronts us and threatens seriously to interfere with the efficient prosecution of the war again turns our eyes to Niagara, where water capable of producing millions of kilowatts rushes uselessly over the cliffs.

"At the same time we must realize that the present situation is not unexpected, nor was it unavoidable. The emergencies of war-times have merely made a sudden and acute condition of a situation which has been coming on for a long time and would sooner or later have overtaken us. We thus turn again to a fuller use of Niagara's power, too late indeed to get the fullest benefit of it in our present emergency.

"In the discussion of the development of Niagara's power *versus* the preservation of the natural beauty of the falls two features have to be recognized:

"(1) The falls are doomed in any case, and sooner or later, with the increasing power demand of modern civilization and increasing shortness of power, self-preservation will force us to use Niagara to the fullest extent; that is, let the falls run dry.

"(2) It is too late to preserve the natural beauty of the falls. That could have been done a hundred years ago, but not now, when there is no place at or around the cataract where one's sense for nature's wild beauty is not offended by the sight of some ugly modern hotel, some tower, or steel bridge.

"About fifteen years ago I proposed a plan which, while using the full power of the falls, would preserve their beauty to the sightseer. At that time the suggestion was not taken seriously—the demand for the power was not then so urgent as to-day—and therefore I repeat it now.

"Suppose we permit the complete development of Niagara's 10,000,000 kilowatts, more or less, for electrical purposes, let the falls run dry, but on every holiday and Sunday have the power-houses shut down, the power-consumption reduced to the minimum possible—say 10 per cent. of the full capacity—and so have the falls running again in their ancient grandeur. We could thus satisfy the demands of modern industry and at the same time satisfy the lovers of nature; and, more than that, we would then see a sight which can be seen nowhere else in the world—the starting of the falls, when on Sunday morning the water would first begin to trickle over the bare cliffs and then gradually rise to be the giant falls of old.

"As the Government controls the falls, it would involve no serious difficulty, probably not even require legislation, to give the license for the unlimited use of power with the condition that during Sundays and holidays the power-consumption must be reduced to 10 per cent. of the maximum.

"In considering the full development of Niagara's power we must remember that some hydraulic engineering work will be required to insure uniformity of the flow of water, for Niagara fluctuates in its quantity with the shifting of the winds on Lake Erie. However, the cost of such a development per kilowatt would be insignificant. It probably would mean a movable dam across the Niagara River at Buffalo, to restrict the flow when the lake was high and open it wide when the lake was low."

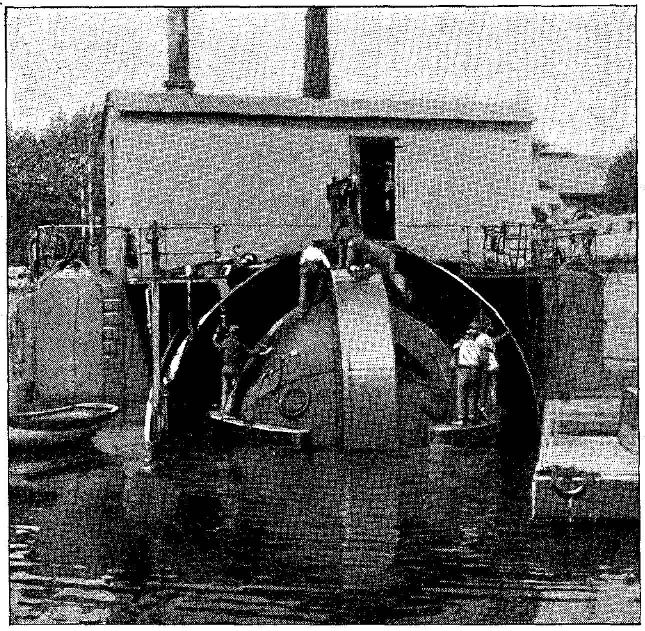
A GIANT TUBE TO TEST SUBMARINES

HOW THE NAVY now finds out whether submarines may safely sink to great depths where they will be subjected to enormous pressure is told by Robert G. Skerrett in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, March). Rumor says, as reported by Mr. Skerrett, that many of Germany's submarines have been carried to the bottom by reason of inherent weakness. Hastily built boats have sprung aleak and foundered simply because the defects were not discovered before sending the craft out upon active service. He goes on:

"The Italians shrewdly anticipated the results of war-time pressure in turning out in haste a large number of underwater torpedo-boats; and Maj. Cesare Laurenti cleverly designed a testing dock which would make it possible to subject a submarine to the physical stresses of submergence at any practicable depth without risking the boat while in deep water. That is to say, the submersible could be tested in harbor, right at the building yard, where her constructors could make sure that she was absolutely sound in hull. The United States Navy also uses the Laurenti dock to determine the fitness of its submarines for sea.

"How can this be done? The hulls of these vessels must be sturdy enough and tight enough to withstand the searching pressure of the sea 300 feet down below the surface. Laurenti's novel dock consists mainly of a long steel tube which is capable of resisting a pressure from within corresponding to a crushing force at any prescribed submergence, only the dock always remains at the surface. One end of this tube is permanently sealed, and the other can be closed by a great, globular caisson or gate. By swinging this gate aside, when the dock is in proper condition, a submarine can be floated into the tube, settled upon keel blocks, and otherwise held from shifting when the gate is sealed.

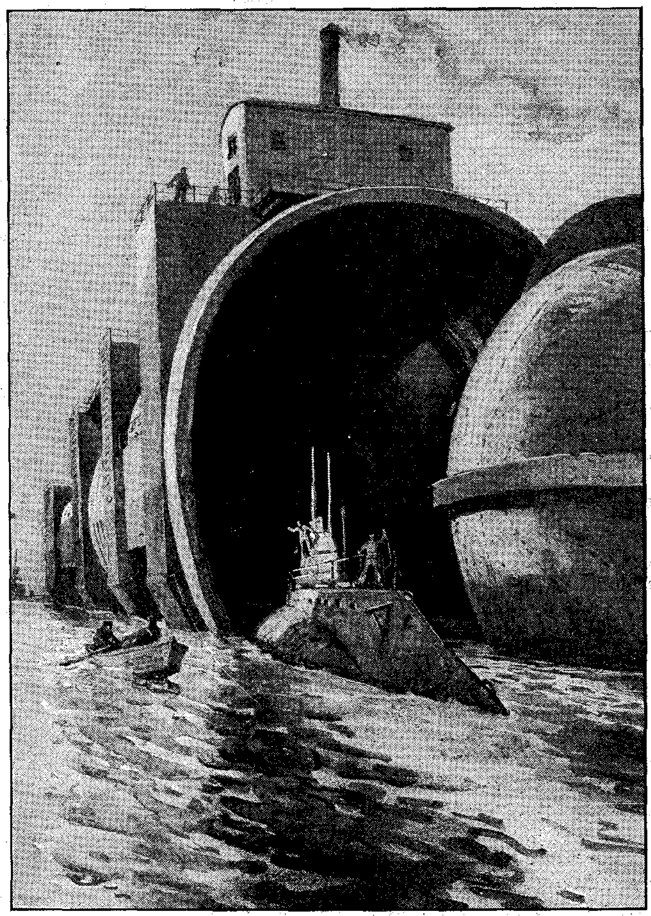
"The cylinder is completely filled with water. The submarine is then subjected to external pressure just as she would be if lowered deep into the sea. But there is this difference; her crew are inside of her and stationed where they can watch for leaks and observe certain instruments that show how much the hull yields to the exterior water-pressure, and whether or not the structure returns to its original lines when this pressure is relieved. The testing pressure is gradually raised by means of powerful pumps on the dock. They try to force more water into the already filled cylinder, and thus the submarine is subjected to a crushing force which can be raised to correspond with that at any assumed depth.



THE GREAT GLOBULAR DOOR IS TIGHTLY CLOSED WHEN THE SUBMARINE IS WELL INSIDE.

"During the test, the observers in the submarine are in telephonic communication with the people in charge of the pumping plant, and should anything go wrong or a grave leak develop, the pressure can be lowered instantly and the great tube drained in a few minutes. Thus, while imitating the conditions of a deep submergence there are none of the dangers that might be met if the boat were out at sea.

"In the last few years, underwater torpedo-boats have been modified in order to meet changing military needs. The Laurenti dock makes it possible to try them out before going into actual service."



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

A TEST TUBE FOR SUBMARINES.

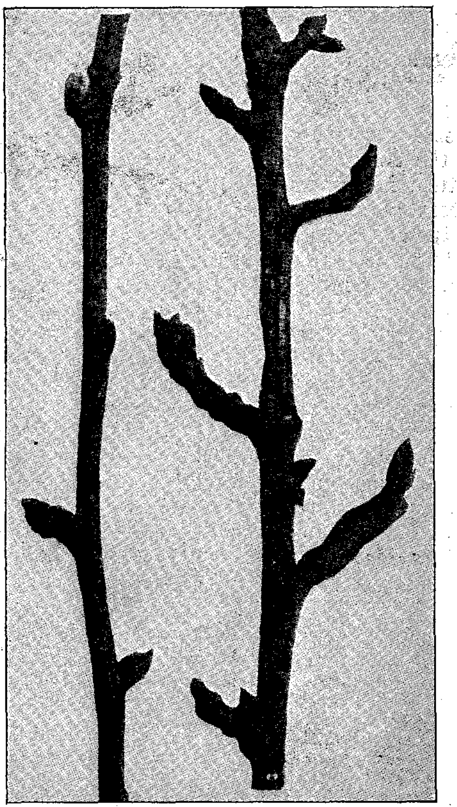
The submarine enters. The great door closes. Water under any desired pressure is forced in, and defects are revealed.

DETACHABLE ENGINES FOR SHIPS—An "economic ship" whose propelling machinery is detachable so that it may be moved from hull to hull is proposed by H. de M. Snell, a British engineer, as noted in *The Times Engineering Supplement* (London, January 25). Mr. Snell estimates that one set would serve for three hulls, or even for five or six in the case of coastwise or cross-channel traffic. We read:

"For propulsion he would employ electric drive, the current being derived from alternators worked by oil-engines or steam-turbines. The motors and reduction gearing would remain permanently in the ship, but the generating plant would be held in place by mechanical attachments, which could be secured or released in a few seconds, and would collectively be able to resist a working stress of over 1,000 tons. A pamphlet dealing with the proposal shows designs for four different ships ranging in carrying capacity from 1,200 to over 10,000 tons. In some cases the 'electromobile,' as the power unit is termed, contains accommodation for officers and engineers in addition to the machinery, and is sometimes placed amidships and sometimes on the poop. Its transference from one hull to another would be effected at the terminal ports by means of pontoons. Among the advantages Mr. Snell claims for his scheme are that it would mean a large saving in capital outlay for a given carrying capacity, with a reduction in the interest charges and in the cost of wages of officers and crews; that it would effect a great saving in the time and labor required for construction, particularly in the case of the machinery; and that the area of the machinery exposed to damage by submarine or mine would be reduced to a minimum."

LEAF-BUDS AND FRUIT-BUDS

THE BRANCHES of fruit-trees in spring are covered with buds, some of which are to give rise to leaves, others to blossoms, and later to fruit. Which are the leaf-buds and which are the fruit-buds? Is there any way of telling them apart? In response to a query from a correspondent, the editor of *The Rural New-Yorker* (New York, February 25) gives directions for distinguishing bloom-buds from leaf-buds. Referring to the accompanying picture, the writer bids us notice on the branch shown at the left, which is that of an apple-tree, that its buds include two large ones borne upon short branches or spurs, and that these are thick and rounded, with blunt points. These are the buds which are to bear flowers and perhaps fruit the coming season. He goes on:



From "The Rural New-Yorker."

LEAF- AND FRUIT-BUDS OF APPLE AND PEAR.

The apple-branch is at left. In general, the fruit-buds are the largest. The accompanying article explains other differences.

"It will also be observed that below, between and above the two flower-bearing buds, are a number of smaller buds. The largest of these are less than half the size of the flowering buds, while the smaller ones are only about one-sixth the size of the flowering buds. These are the leaf-bearing buds. Those between and below the flower-bearing buds are much larger than those on the upper half of the twig, and are borne on very short spurs. These short spurs are of two or three years' growth, and will probably make fruiting spurs the next growing season. Those on the upper half of the twig were formed last year. They are small and lie close to the twig. Some of these buds will probably develop into fruit-bearing spurs in three to four years, while others will probably develop branches, and some may never grow.

"At right is a branch taken from the Kieffer pear. The tree from which it was taken is old, and has been bearing heavy crops for years. Of late years, however, it has borne heavily only on alternate years, last year being its off year. It will be observed that it is thickly set with fruiting spurs. The flowering buds of the pear are thick, like the apple, but are quite sharp-pointed. The leaf-buds, much smaller, are sharp-pointed and stand out from the branch or spur at considerable of an angle. The flowering buds are always borne on short spurs, and invariably at the terminal, and usually but one to each spur, tho occasionally a spur will be found with more than one. Most of the spurs have one or more developed leaf-buds a little below and opposite the flower-bearing bud.

"Peach-buds are formed on the previous year's growth of wood, and are easily distinguished from the leaf-buds. Upon examination of a twig it will be observed (if it is well set with blossom-buds) that the buds on the twig are mostly sets of twos and threes. The left bud is quite small, sharp-pointed, and is situated in the center of the twig. When there is but one bud it is invariably a leaf-bud, but when they are in sets of two and three, the blossom-bud is at the side of the leaf-bud when in sets of two, and at each side of the leaf-bud when in sets of three. Upon examination it will be observed that small or leaf-buds lie very close to the twig and point toward the end, while the blossom-buds stand out prominently, at more or less of an angle from the leaf-bud twig. The blossom-bud is thick and about the size and shape of a plump grain of wheat, which makes it very easily distinguishable from the small leaf-bud. The peach-tree may go into the winter with an abundance of bloom-buds, but that is no guaranty that it will bear a crop, or even bloom the following year, as it frequently happens that every fruit-bud will be winter-killed and drop off in the spring.

"In the plum and cherry it is more difficult to distinguish which are the leaf-buds and which are the blossom-buds. The character of the buds is to be determined more by their position than by their form. The fruit is borne on spurs of varying ages and lengths. The old, long spurs, if they have terminal buds at all, will produce only leaves, but the short side spurs will produce blooms, while the young, short spurs will often produce both leaves and bloom on their terminals, and in small clusters of three or more. The Japanese plums differ somewhat from our native and European sorts in that they make short spurs or clusters of buds at short intervals on the young branches, each cluster of buds invariably having a leaf-bud or two in the center of the cluster."

A POWER-PLANT AT A MINE-MOUTH

FOR YEARS engineers with large vision have dreamed about the electrical transmission of power from cheap coal burned at the very mine itself; but with no practical result until very recently. To-day projects for colossal generating stations supplying the industries of a huge territory loom large and are beginning to come to realization. The first great system of the kind to undertake the fulfilment of its mission in the United States is the Windsor plant, in the center of the manufacturing district concentrated in eastern Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and the adjacent corner of West Virginia. This power-plant at the mouth of a coal-mine is described in *The Electrical World* (New York, February 9), which says on its editorial page:

"From a physical standpoint the location is an exceptionally good one, too, inasmuch as an ample supply of good coal is available from a mine adjacent to the station. To-day it has a capacity of 60,000 kilowatts in two huge units, with four more to be added in the near future, two of them within the current year. . . . . . .

"The whole conception and execution of the project are on the basis of great output produced with the utmost economy, and it is estimated that from its situation at the mouth of the mine the plant even now releases to the railroads for other service about four thousand cars, thereby freeing locomotives, tracks, and terminals. The significance of this figure, considering the dire lack of transportation facilities, is obvious. When the present plant is completed it will be one of the very largest central stations in the world, either steam or hydraulic, and can not fail to produce important industrial results in its territory.

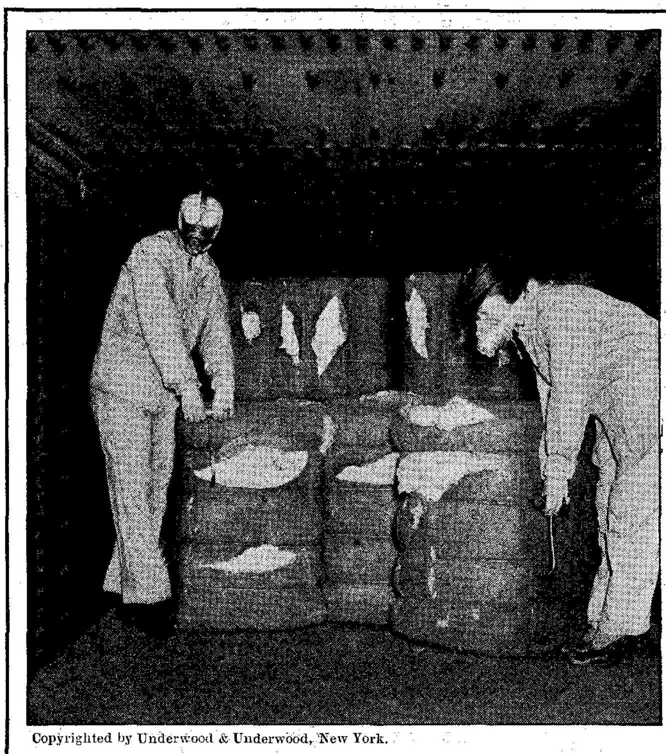
"It is interesting, too, inasmuch as it is owned in common by two companies, the Central Power Company and the West Penn Power Company. It is probably the first case of two independent companies thus operating a joint generating plant, and the idea of physical union has been carried even beyond this so as to include some of the transmission and distribution facilities. The two companies had each considered building a plant, but found that the joint enterprise would cost not much more than half the sum required for the two separately, owing in no small measure to the great cost of the condensing system. . . . . . .

"The experience of the last few years has very plainly shown that save under exceptional circumstances an economical steam-plant can give hydroelectric stations a hard rub in the matter of cheap production of energy. Great sections of the country can be reached from commensurate hydraulic sources only by very long transmission lines, and if these are to be undertaken the ultimate ends of efficiency would be best served by turning the hydroelectric systems to the service of regions destitute of coal and permitting the latter to meet their own needs and reach out to adjacent territory, as has been done in this admirable pioneer system."

CUTTING OUT THE MENTALLY UNFIT

THE MENTALLY UNFIT are not wanted in the military service of the United States. Neither are those who, altho outwardly fit, are sure to go to pieces at the first shock. Evidently the ability of the recruit to resist mental strain is an important factor in his fitness for service. How this ability may be tested is told by Dr. John J. B. Morgan, of Princeton University, in an article contributed to *The Scientific Monthly* (New York). Since this article was written intelligence tests have been adopted by the War Department, and Dr. Morgan is now employed as a psychological examiner; but he gives it as his opinion that mere tests of intelligence will not furnish information with regard to the likelihood of applicants to break down mentally under the special strains of active service. Neither will any kind of physical examination throw light on this condition. Writes Dr. Morgan:

> "The number of such cases that have occurred make it exceedingly worth while to endeavor to detect such individuals before they are sent to the front. If discovered they could be given less strenuous work, but none the less important; they could be saved from mental disruption, and the loss to the Government would be obviated.
>
> "It does not take a psychologist to know that resistance to mental strain is a variable quantity, as are all other physiological and psychological facts. Some individuals in the midst of a great amount of excitement can remain perfectly composed, seemingly impervious to the influences at work about them. Others are roused to react with greater vigor, but experience no apparent harm from their increased activity. Others are easily nettled by the slightest emotional excitement and recover but slowly and with difficulty. While we have no information on the characteristics of the individuals who are the first to succumb mentally, it at least seems plausible that those who can adjust themselves with least ease to additional mental strain would fall into this group. The selection of these individuals might be made by a test which would subject them to unusual mental exertion or shock, those being regarded as potentially neurotic who are unable to meet the situation by proper adaptations. This at least seems more hopeful than any classification made on the basis of intelligence tests. Mental stability is by no means correlated with intelligence."



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THE WEEVILS HAVE NO GAS-MASKS,

So they succumb when the cotton bale is placed in an air-tight steel chamber filled with hydrocyanic gas-fumes, which kill all insects.

Dr. Morgan suggests, as a basis for his proposed examination, the difference in response of the subjects to two different situations. If his ability to adapt himself is perfect, a change in the situation will bring no change in response. For instance, Dr. Morgan has experimented on what happens when loud and unexpected noises are introduced in a series of tests in which the subjects are asked to press keys in response to certain visual signals. Of twenty-one persons tested only one showed no difference in response when the noises were started. Of the others, some did better and others worse; but as the noises continued, some of the latter recovered their efficiency. Says the writer:

> "We have cited these cases to show the great variety of responses that are manifested by university students. It is likely that none of these were of the type who could not withstand considerable mental strain; academic training is in itself a good eliminating agent. In a random group of individuals it is certain that we should get even greater variation in response.
>
> "It may be thought that intelligence tests would serve the purpose we suggest, since they aim to test an individual's reaction to a more or less novel situation; and, as a novel situation would involve additional effort on the part of the subject tested, if he could not exert this effort he would of course fail in the test. This is true in a measure. . . . An intelligence test might be of value as a task to be given the subject if a measurement could be made of the amount of strain the solution caused him and whether he recovered from the strain in a reasonable length of time. A measurement of the stress under which one is working is a very difficult and uncertain affair, even in an elaborately controlled experiment and would certainly not be practicable in the testing of recruits. A more hopeful method would seem to be along the line of making the difference between two situations so vastly different in complexity that it would require a great effort in order to adapt oneself quickly to the one after having worked in the other. . . . . . .
>
> "The accounts of the initiatory rites of savages and of earlier civilization abound in methods of testing the powers of physiological endurance of the young men. They recognized that a body resistant to fatigue and strain was essential to their life of hunting and warfare. Those who could not meet the tests were not allowed to play the part of a man, but were given easier tasks. To-day physiological and medical examinations are made in order to select those with able bodies, but this war has demonstrated that a large part of the strain placed upon the soldier is mental. War is no longer a match of physiological prowess; it is essentially a match of brain-power. This makes it essential that we have a means of selecting the mentally hardy to take the leading parts in the conflict. Intelligence tests will probably play the rôle in the mental examination that the physiological test does in the body examination. It is, however, recognized that a medical examination is just as essential or more so than a physiological. If a man is infected with some disease he is eliminated; if he is incipiently or potentially a neurotic he should be eliminated with even greater care. At present psychiatrists have no means of judging who can endure mental strain with impunity, and it seems an opportune time now to discover the means of making such a diagnosis. If no test can be used at present with enough confidence to make a selection of the recruits, tests that look promising could be made on all those examined, and the records of those who succumb compared with the records of those who survive the strain. This would give data that would be valuable not only in war-time, but also for use in vocational guidance in times of peace. In the event that such a procedure is adopted we trust that tests whose aim will be to eliminate those least able to adapt themselves to situations of unusual mental strain will receive the attention that they deserve in the testing program."

GASSING THE BOLL-WEEVIL—Every bale of cotton that comes into the United States, says a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, February), must first be disinfected before it can be placed on the market. This is necessary because of the boll-weevil and other pests. He goes on:

> "The cotton is placed in a steel chamber from which the air is extracted. Hydrocyanic gas-fumes, one of the most deadly poisons known, are then introduced. The gas permeates every part of the bale, and all living things are immediately killed."

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
and especially designed for High School Use

SCHOOL, COMMUNITY, AND HOME GARDENS—PREPARATION

© Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Administrator.

"IF YOU WANT A GARDEN . . . Do Something and You'll Get Something.

Or, in other words, if you want a garden, plant one and you'll have the vegetables it grows.

The necessity for this in the year 1918 has nowhere been better stated than in two bits of counsel put forth by the United States Department of Agriculture. They are these:

"*Every family must help feed itself.*"

"*Fresh vegetables must be used to lessen home consumption of staple foods needed by troops and the Allies.*"

THE NEED OF A FUTURE FOOD-SUPPLY—And there are still other necessities besides these. The people of this country must be provided with adequate food-supplies for the future—for next winter. Each individual citizen must try to grow as large a portion of his future food-supply as he can, in order to ease transportation problems, or, in other words, to lighten the task of hauling to him for long distances cars full of food. And every group and association of citizens must do the same. It is because so many people last summer took up gardening in this spirit that there were enough vegetables available the past winter to tide the country over during the periods of transportation congestion.

The duty of all is this: Raise vegetables to provide food for *yourselves.* And this applies to every one who owns or can get access to land which may be cultivated.

PATRIOTISM IN GROWING GARDENS—Patriotic boys and girls, [and men and women too, have been having the opportunity to serve by *not* doing certain things, by avoiding waste, and refraining from extensive use of wheat, fats, and other kinds of food. And that opportunity will continue. But added to it now comes the chance to *do something:* to grow a gardenful of vegetables, each one of which will help win this war.

No wonder the whole nation is greeting this opportunity with keen enthusiasm and joy is "getting on the band wagon," as politicians say when people hurry to be on the winning side. And nowadays growing a garden means getting on the winning side in this war, or rather it means making sure that the side you're on is the side which will win. This article aims to give a few hints regarding preliminary plans.

"GETTING THINGS DONE"—First of all, how should organization for school or community gardens be handled?

It must be remembered that not infrequently people spend so much time and energy organizing that the actual task in hand is postponed, until at last it is only half done or spoiled by rushing. Sometimes people who band themselves together for gardening are guilty of the same error. Their aim should be to grow good vegetables and lots of them; but they waste precious time discussing a special plan of organization to do that. The fundamental principle this year should be: *Don't waste time forming new organizations; use those that already exist.* What would you think of Boy Scouts who never did anything but sit indoors, appointing committees and electing officers?

ORGANIZATIONS READY TO HELP—And, by the way, the Boy Scouts form one of the groups that can be of great use in cultivating vegetables this summer. Others are home-garden clubs and canning clubs that existed last summer. Chambers of Commerce and Commercial Clubs are associations that already have the smooth-running machinery to plunge immediately into the work of seeing that all available city or town lots are planted or cultivated.

IMPORTANCE OF COOPERATION—These various organizations must take pains to consult and follow the advice of the State Director of Extension Work, a branch of the United States Department of Agriculture, who is usually located at the State Agricultural College. And not only must all these groups (and other groups of patriotic citizens) work to see that schools, communities, and homes have their gardens; they must work *in harmony,* cooperating as perfectly to raise vegetables as all the wheels of a watch cooperate to tell the time.

Cooperation—team-play—will in the end be the essential by means of which the households of this land may grow a bumper crop of vegetables for their own use.

CHOOSING THE GARDEN—You can't grow vegetables merely by the power of thought, so the first thing for any school, or association, or householder to do is to make sure of the necessary land, or, as the miner would say, to locate his claim.

(1) In the case of the individual with a backyard, this is simple. All he has to decide is whether (a) the soil is suitable (and almost any soil can be made to serve unless it is too full of bricks, mortar, stones, or rubbish), whether (b) the plot gets sufficient sunshine, whether (c) its drainage is adequate, and finally whether (d) it can be protected from destructive winds and equally destructive stray animals.

(2) But in planning a community garden there are other points to determine. The association in charge of the work should first note all vacant lots, should see whether they fulfil the requirements mentioned above for the home garden, and should then find out whether some arrangement can be made by which the owners of the lots will permit their use. This should not be difficult, for nowadays the patriotic landowner is only too eager to be told of ways by which he can help win the war. But no town should start the cultivation of land so remote or inaccessible that those who work it have difficulty in getting there. Such misjudgment will finally result in neglect; and *half-cultivation is worse than none.*

SEEING IT THROUGH—Never plant a garden unless those who start it are able and willing to see it through, clear to harvest. It is merely wasted time for parents or children to undertake a garden and then abandon it by going away on a summer vacation or for any other reason.

That is why school gardens should not be begun unless the boys and girls are in a position and of a mind to take care of them all summer.

HOME GARDENS AND SCHOOL GARDENS—School gardens located on school grounds are often most advantageously used for experimental purposes only. In fact, it is unwise to divide up a school garden into individual plots, if the boys and girls who have those plots work them to the neglect of their home gardens. The strict duty for this summer for every boy and girl should be: *If you have a garden at home, make that a success first of all.* The school garden should be taken care of by those who have no home gardens, or by those whose home gardens are amply cared for by grown-ups.

In regard to the actual planting and operation of gardens, some hints—along the lines admirably worked out by the United States Department of Agriculture—will be given in another article.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. *Have you ever done any gardening? Answer in detail, telling whether you succeeded or failed, and the reasons therefor.*

2. *Did your family have a vegetable garden last summer? If not, why? If so, what vegetables were raised? What was done with them?*

3. *Did your family can or store vegetables for winter use?*

4. *Is there any school garden in your town? any community garden?*

5. *What associations or groups are handling garden problems in your town? If there are none, why not?*

6. *Make a list of all the land or empty lots you know of which might be used for gardens.*

7. *Find out, or get your teacher or family to find out, how much of that vacant land is to be used for gardens this year.*

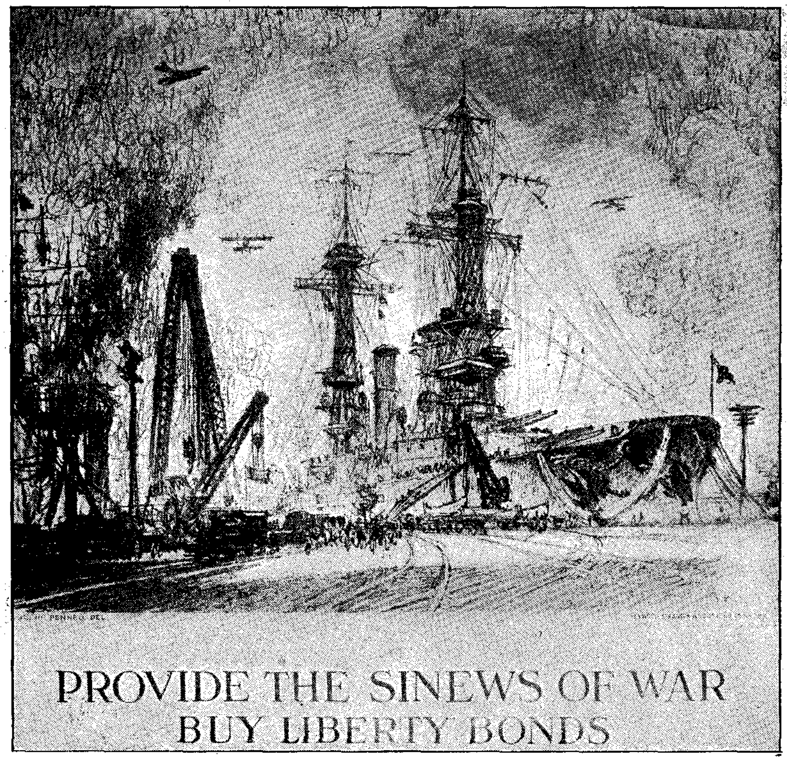
8. *Why should every one specially aim to grow vegetables for home use, not for sale?*

9. *Why is it unpatriotic not to grow a garden this year if you can?*

LETTERS - AND - ART

POSTERING THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

PICTORIAL PATRIOTISM is on the mend as the war increases. Afterthoughts are obviously better than forethoughts, as is shown by the new issue of posters urging the forthcoming war-loan. No one will probably say that our poster efforts dedicated to the prosecution of the war as yet compare with England's or come within a measurable distance of those of France, but as the nation is more and more fired with the will to conquer we shall expect to see this spirit reflected in the art of the bill-boards. The avalanche of 9,000,000 posters urging the Third Liberty Loan is going into the hands of committees throughout the United States, Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines, and "Somewhere in France." The drawings are contributions of artists of many schools and sections ranging, we are told by the Bureau of Publicity of the Treasury Department, "from a night-school student to the most widely known illustrators." Work on the posters was begun early in January, when most of us were feeling the coal restrictions; but the Government happily let us shiver to give the "paper, coal, and other necessary agencies in their production," requiring special effort at this time. We read:


PROVIDE THE SINEWS OF WAR
BUY LIBERTY BONDS

PENNELL'S BID FOR LIBERTY.

With its caption, telling us why to buy, Joseph Pennell sends this design for a Liberty-Bond poster, which he specially made at the New York docks.

"With the enthusiasm artists necessarily bring to their work, these contributors to the Liberty Loan have exprest in almost every conceivable form the ideals of the patriot. Three of the designs, by Raleigh, Pennell, and Paus, were donated through the Subcommittee on Pictorial Publicity of the Committee on Public Information, of which Charles Dana Gibson is chairman. All the designs used were furnished without charge to the Treasury Department.

"One of the most powerful posters is by Joseph Pennell, the renowned Philadelphia artist. Executed with the strength of line characteristic of an etching, a great battle-ship in dock is the imposing subject of the picture. Airplanes circle overhead and the scene about the dock is one of great activity. The whole constitutes a pictorial recognition of the nation's aerial and naval forces. Pennell's own caption for the poster, 'Provide the Sinews of War,' is particularly fitting. In order that there might be no mistake made in the reproduction of the drawing, Pennell went to New York and personally executed the work.

"'Over the Top,' one of the most popular slogans of the day, is well conceived in Sydney Riesenberg's spirited painting, 'Over the Top for You.' It promises to be one of the most popular posters of the campaign. In addition to imbuing the soldier figure with unusual virility, Riesenburg has succeeded in putting much action into inanimate parts of the painting, particularly the flag which the soldier carries. The flag, filled with a brisk wind, is silhouetted against the intense blackness that immediately precedes the dawn.

"'Halt the Hun' is the powerful exhortation standing forth in red lettering on a poster drawn by Henry Raleigh. The poster shows an American soldier forcing back a brutal figure wearing an iron cross, at whose feet cowers a woman clutching a child. All the figures are in black crayon set against a buff background streaked with flames of lurid red."

Mr. Christy's "Fight or Buy Bonds" shows one of his engaging maidens who is marching abreast an eager column of helmeted soldiers; and his popular appeal is evidenced in the fact that one million copies of his design in eight colors and two sizes have been lithographed for general distribution. Further:

"An attractively executed design and a clever caption are combined in a poster, 'Are You 100 per Cent. American?' by Sydney S. Stern. The artist is a young man who writes that he attended various evening schools of art, including the New York Evening School of Industrial Art.

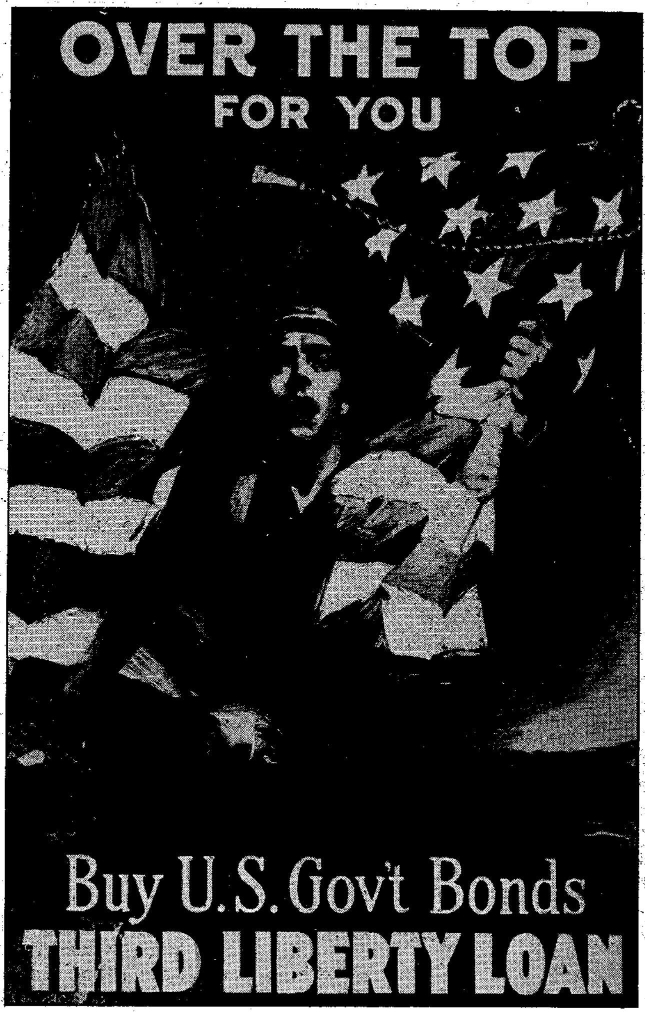
"Exact reproductions of the famous Liberty Bell and Independence Hall in Philadelphia are shown in the 'Ring It Again' poster. It is lithographed in eight colors and depicts an enthusiastic throng surrounding Independence Hall while the Liberty Bell rings out its message of freedom of democracy. The Liberty Bell has proved such a strong emblem in previous campaigns that it is being used more extensively in publicity work for the coming campaign than ever before.

"The soldier, asleep behind the lines and dreaming of victory with his comrades, is depicted in a twenty-four-sheet poster. The figure of a sleeping soldier is in khaki color and occupies the lower part of the poster, forming a vivid contrast to the cold, greenish representation of No Man's Land in the background. He dreams of victory, and high above him he and his comrades are vignetted as marching home, joyously bearing the laurels that they have won in the trenches. The entire poster is full of life and action and well represents the fitting realization of a soldier's desire. This poster will be displayed on 8,500 bill-boards throughout the country. In the other soldier-poster, entitled 'To Make the World a Decent Place to Live In,' by Herbert Paus, the dark figures of the soldiers in the act of going over the top are silhouetted against a lurid sky, giving the composition striking contrast and action.

"In recognition of the sale of more than $100,000,000 worth of Liberty bonds last October by the Boy Scouts of America and their intention to cooperate in the Third Liberty Loan campaign, a special poster has been produced for them by the Treasury Department through the courtesy of J. C. Leyendecker and *The Saturday Evening Post*. A million of the posters, in eight colors, showing a Scout kneeling before a heroic figure of Liberty, will be distributed by Scouts throughout the country.

"One of the best posters with the figure of a child that has been produced in any of the governmental publicity campaigns is that of a little blond girl who proudly proclaims that her 'Daddy' has bought her a government security, which she clutches to her breast.

"A poster which will appeal particularly to the residents of agricultural districts depicts a sturdy farmer bidding farewell to his son as he leaves for the front. 'Good-by, Dad, I'm off to Fight for Old Glory; you buy United States Government Bonds,' is its caption.



"OVER THE TOP FOR YOU" FOR LIBERTY.

One million of these posters after Sydney Riesenberg's design will go out for distribution, making their urge for the Third Liberty Loan.

"One striking poster design of particular appeal shows the arrival of an immigrant and his family at an American port and bears the caption, 'Remember the Flag of Liberty, Support It!' The faces of all the members of the family are filled with an expression of hope and trust. This poster will be distributed particularly in the foreign-language sections of the larger cities."

THE MALIGNED "H. J."—The shade of Henry James must feel a sense of gratitude when any one arises to praise his literary style. That feature of his output usually incites to whatever humor or sarcasm the critic of this master is capable. Dr. Frank Crane admits that Henry James is "very hard to read, very obscure, and very highbrow"; but "it all depends on what you want." "If it's a story, read Conan Doyle. If it's fun, read Mark Twain. If it's preaching, read F. W. Robertson." But—and here the Jacobeans themselves may gasp—"if you would be a wordsmith and aspire to excellence, give your days and nights to Henry James." And Dr. Crane quotes in the New York *Globe* some samples of James's "subtle word combinations" to prove his point:

"'The air was like a clap of hands——.' 'There was a household quietness in her step and gestures.' 'There was something in his quick, brown eye that showed you he was not economizing consciousness.' New York 'the youngest, and easiest, and most good-humored of capitals.' 'A countenance almost chemically clean and dry.' A graveyard where 'the very headstones themselves seemed to sleep, as they slanted into the grass.' 'Everything in France is a picture—even things that are ugly.' 'Her high-held, much-rubbed hands seemed always assenting exuberantly to something unsaid.' The villa 'stood on the summit of an olive-muffled hill.' 'A large, bright, dull, murmurous, mild-eyed, middle-aged dinner.' 'Across the level of a meadow a footpath wandered like a streak drawn by a finger over the surface of a stuff.' 'Her spell sprang not from her beauty.' 'She exercised the magnificent power of making her lover forget her face.' 'Having hustled all sensibility out of their lives, they invented the fiction that they felt too much to utter.'"

THE FIRST SOLDIER PIPINGS

SOME ONE MUST DO for the American soldier-poet what E. B. Osborn has done for the English—see that his verse is collected and preserved to reveal the American soul in the midst of the fray. The first fruits are ready for garnering, as the New York *Evening Sun's* correspondent, Thomas M. Johnson, shows us in a recent letter from France. He is convinced that there will be many soldier-poets in the American Army. "Old-time officers, experienced in reading the thoughts of their men, are convinced of it." Mr. Johnson is sure that the base-censors, who read the letters the boys send home, "can hear the first faint notes of their song," and, backed up by what they doubtless say, is convinced that the song "will swell to greater volume in the spring season of song-birds—and offensives—when the rumble of the guns will not be so distant and there will come the first great soul-trial of the American soldier." How the verse of our soldier boys will stand comparison with those of other lands does not concern Mr. Johnson. He does see that other poets, such as Mr. Osborn has called the "comfortable easy chair" ones, will better polish foot and meter, "but none will write closer to the great question of life and death than our soldier-poets, certainly none will have an audience so sympathetic." He writes:

"Thus far all too few of their verses have come to light, tho who knows how many homes 'back there' already treasure a few lines some husband, brother, son—a son, probably, this army is so young—has sent from 'over here'? If one may guess, however, the boy in the Army, who sits down at night on the side of his cot with a candle stuck to a packing-case and scratches his head for rimes, is not writing humorous jingles. Not now; that will come later, when he has been tried in the fire and knows he has not been found wanting.

"Since he has not yet been through the trial of heavy fighting, the average soldier must guess, but some there are who have seen it. One such is a New York boy who has been three months in an engineering regiment behind the British front. His second day there he was knocked down by a shell explosion; all the time he was under fire. He has put down how it struck him, in verse written the first week of it, when it was all fresh and new and fascinatingly terrible to him. Here is his poem:

I can stand and look around me o'er these desecrated plains;
There is naught but tracks of ruin where once grew golden grain;
There's miles of tangled wire and steel, there's graves and graves galore;
And white pine crosses show me where men fought and died by scores;
Men who gave up all they had: Home, Kindred, Health, and Life
To fight because kings willed it so, and not for love of strife.
There's miles and miles of trenches, there's dugouts cold and grim,
There's hills and valleys, roads and swamps that have echoed battle's din,
There are houses wrecked and crumbled, there are churches, too, defiled,
And 'round them all, with graves between, the poppies growing wild.
Poppies red as human blood that once ran 'neath their roots,
As tho their bloom had ne'er been seared by hordes of tramping boots.
There's poppies by the roadside, there's poppies everywhere,
On hill, in dale, in trenches grim their fragrance fills the air.
It almost looks to me as if Dame Nature, in her love,

Had placed these poppies here to bloom for souls now gone above.
The husk of him who lies beneath this poppy-covered sod
Has sent his soul to realms above with this message to his God:
"If thou, O Lord, canst look down on this shell-torn, wretched land,
For those who suffer at home alone, stretch forth thy mighty hand;
Strike down this monstrous fiend called War, send forth thine anger grim,
To help Humanity atone its everlasting sin."

The objectivity and the cadence of Kipling are in this, as well as the following one we quote, which is not strange, since the newcomers into the battle-line are busy gathering new impressions of strange lands and people. Then, too, Kipling, being as much an American as British poet, is the one most likely to be leaned on in these days:

"And here, picturing in closer, more human perspective, what war means, is this, taken from an incident told the writer by a sergeant-major in the British Army in his dugout, less than a mile from the firing-line. He calls it 'Me Pal.'

Joe was me pal, and a likely lad, as gay as gay could be;
The worst I wished him was the time to come when he could go and see
His wife and kids awaitin' him—now waitin' for him in vain,
For a damned Hun shell fell in the midst of our water- and ration-train.
You see, we'd been pals from childhood; him and me chummed through school,
An' when we growed up an' got married we put our spare kale in a pool,
An' both made a comfortable livin'; 'twas just for our mates an' the kids.
Now the Hun—damn his soul—has taken his toll, an' me pal had to cash in his bid.
We left ration dump in the evening, 'twas just at the close of the day.
The sun had just set. I can never forget the look on his face when he'd say,
"Another trip now to the front, lad; we'll take 'em their bully an' tea.
We catch hell every night, but we get there all right, just take that little tip from me."
Joe had just got sot in his saddle, I crawled in the trailer behind,
And the train moved off with a groan and a squeak, for our midnight work, 'twas a grind.
An' Joe, he looked around at me, his face was all in alight,
"I got a letter from home," he said. "I'll read it you some time to-night."
We pulled along through Dicky Busch, through Fairy Court an' Zell,
When word came back from the bloke ahead to give the nags a spell.
Joe slid outen his saddle, with a chuckle deep down in his throat,
He walked back to me as gay as could be an' pulled the kid's note from his coat.
Says he, "Listen, lad, for a kid it ain't bad; she's only five year just to-night.
It's a dandy note, this, and she sends you a kiss"—an' Joe, poor old pal, struck a light.
He had only read a line or so, and he stopt to light a butt,
When a German sniper's bullet got him square upon the nut.
Without a sound he wilted down an' he laid there in the mud
An' the letter from his kiddie gettin' smeared up with his blood.
I've forgot me bloomin' dooty, for me blood is full o' hate,
An' I'll get that snipin' —— wot shot me pal through the pate.
It'll be a foot of steel for him; three inches they say is a lot;
But when I think o' me mate, an' of those there that wait,
He'll get every damned inch that I've got.

Fairly typical of what appeals now to the average soldier are these two; but others have come under observation showing—

"a good deal of patriotism, many thoughts of home, and rimed 'life' with 'strife,' if indeed they rimed at all. To complete the picture, it is only fair to quote a little from the one humorous poem thus far available. It is really a song, written to the tune of 'That Little Old Red Shawl,' and entitled 'That Little Zigzag Trench.' It is sung by the railroad engineers behind the French front when, as happens oft in the stilly night, *Boche* airplanes fly over. Here are a few verses:

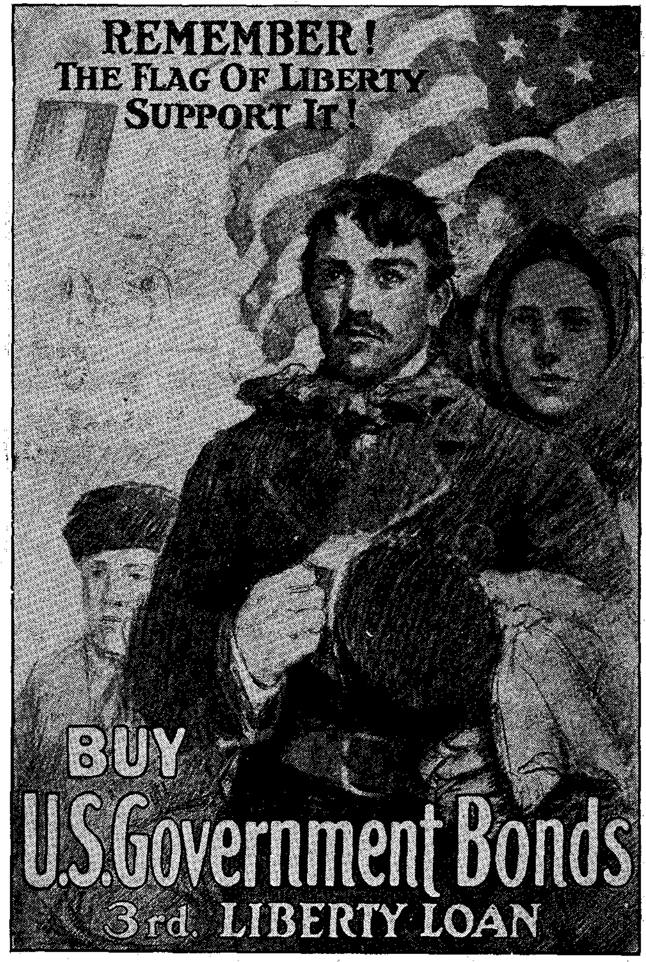
There was mud up to your knees, and it was full of fleas,
That little old mud trench we used to use.
When the bombs were falling thick, it was filled up mighty quick,
That little old mud trench we used to use.

Stealthy footsteps on the floor, a-rushing to the door,
For that little old mud trench we used to use.
It was narrow through and through, there was room for just a few
In that little old mud trench we used to use.

Every bright and moonlight night it was always filled up tight,
That little old mud trench we used to use.
So we'll always think how kind it has been, to our mind,
That little old mud trench we used to use.

"Of course, the real poems are yet to come, the poems of men who have stood face to face with death for days and weeks and months, and stood cheerfully, all for an idea. The British Army has produced them, and many of them. We will produce them too, and they will be worth reading."

WILL BRITAIN CEASE MAKING BOOKS?—Warned off from making the British Museum a possible target for air-raids in turning it into a headquarters for the Air Board, the British Government is now said to be contemplating prohibiting the publication of books for the remainder of the war. The public, which did not take kindly to the first proposal, are less likely to favor this one, and a foreign correspondent already apprizes us of what *The New Statesman* (Lonodn) thinks:



SOME OF LIBERTY'S BEST SUPPORTERS.

Thirty-four races of foreign-language-speaking peoples bought large blocks of the first two loans; this poster will appeal to them.

"British statesmen doubtless will be surprized to learn that the fame of England owes more to the men who wrote poetry and fiction in the form of plays in the age of Elizabeth than to the statesmen and sailors of those abounding days. Elizabethan England was a great age, principally because it was an age of great books. No nation can dispense with its authors and hold up its head in the world. Literature free from the chains of partizanship reminds man that he is something more than a voter.

"Any government not recognizing creative importance of books is a government fitter for rule over savages than over civilized men. We contend that there never was a time when it was more important that the intellectual energy of the nation should be maintained at full swing. That nation which shall be best prepared to reconstruct itself out of the ruins of war will be the nation which has been able to retain the greatest energy of mind and character.

"To discourage people from writing books would be to put a padlock on the mind of a nation. It would be to intern thought and proclaim to the world that in the eyes of English statesmen the eternal verities of literature are of less importance than the daily lies of the gutter press. This surely would be the last humiliation to be left a country with beer, Sunday papers, and moving pictures, but without literature. We are not among the enemies of beer, but all beer and no books would reduce any nation to a second-class Power."

This critic admits that a vast quantity of the books being published could be spared with advantage.

A GRIM OPERATIC SATIRE ON RUSSIA

"FOR RUSSIAN POLITICAL PROPAGANDA!" such was the open-sesame for the Metropolitan Opera Company to the locked-up score of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Le Coq d'Or." This work was held by the family of the late composer, who had raised objections when the piece was produced in Paris and London in 1914 because their copyrights were valid only in Russia. The plea quoted above released the work during the first days of the Russian revolution, for its presentation in America. And so it is incumbent for critics to see its political significance, now that it has been produced on our Metropolitan stage. The "grim satire," as the New York *Times* calls it, of the opening scene will not be overlooked especially in view of the events now current in Russia. Rosa Newmarch wrote a book on the Russian opera in the early years of the present century, and seemed then to be gifted with some prophetic insight in her description of this opening scene. She begins by saying that in spite of the Eastern origin of the tale of the "Golden Cockerel," it recalls the simple customs and daily life of the great Slavic people, and she goes on:

ONCE THERE WAS A CZAR—

This is Adolf Bolm as *King Dodon* in the new opera, "Le Coq d'Or." The opera is taken as a satire on Russia and this figure as symbolizing one who once was Czar. A critic suggests that the final curtain might stand for the Kaiser.

"In the first scene we are introduced to a hall in the palace of *King Dodon*, where he is holding a council with his boyars. He tells them that he is weary of kingly responsibilities, and especially of the perpetual warfare with his hostile neighbors, and that he longs to rest for a while. First he asks the advice of his heir, *Prince Guidon*, who says that instead of fighting on the frontier he should withdraw his troops and let them surround the capital, which should first be well provisioned. Then, while the enemy was destroying the rest of the country, the King might repose and think of some new way of circumventing him. But the old *General Polkan* does not approve of the project, for he thinks it will be worse to have the hostile army surrounding the city, and perhaps attacking the king himself. Nor does he agree with the equally foolish advice of the King's younger son, *Aphron*. Very soon the whole assembly is quarreling as to the best way out."

Those who search for symbols, says Mr. Grenville Vernon in the New York *Tribune*, "will find them as thick as pebbles on a stony plain." Old *King Dodon* he points out as Nicholas; the other characters have their counterparts in the life of to-day. The *Queen* is "the ideal of power"; the *Astrologer*, liberty; the *Golden Cock*, "the heart of the people"; even the ravens on the scenery, he thinks, might be the Bolsheviki. "We are not quite sure as to who is the Kaiser—perhaps the final curtain." In this strain of gaiety he provides for "those who yearn for cerebrations"; but for himself he perfers to call the opera "quite frankly, a fairy-tale"—

"Not of the sentimental, molasses type with which Barrie has succeeded in hypnotizing a goodly portion of the Anglo-Saxon world, but of the cruel, bloodthirsty sort beloved by children and nations as yet unafflicted with nerves. It is replete with all sorts of things—kings and queens, astrologers, dwarfs and giants, wooden horses and beasts never seen on land or sea, a golden cock, a beautiful and cruel enchantress, love and war and death. It is set in the world of the nadar, the poet, and the child, a phantasmagoria in which sense is swamped by color, a wonderful land of topsyturvy presided over by an aged monarch as foolish and futile and unlucky as was the Czar."

The full story, including that given in Miss Newmarch's first scene, is sketched in the New York *Evening Post's* notice:

"The hero of this work is labeled as *King Dodon*, an indolent monarch who lives on honey, almonds, prunes stuffed with raisins and dipt in wine, and that sort of thing, and who hates the discomforts of war. But something has to be done, for the enemy is on the march; 'a force is coming from the south.' He asks his two sons what had best be done, but their foolish advice is scoffed at by the *Voyevode Polkan*. A boyar suggests that a fortune-teller be consulted, and at that very moment there arrives an aged astrologer, carrying a bag. From it he takes the *Golden Cock* and presents it to the *King*, with the explanation that it will crow and give warning whenever there is danger to the realm from enemies without. The *King* is delighted; he can now go to sleep peacefully in his bed, which his attendants bring out into the open air. But presently the bird from its perch gives a warning 'Cockadoodle-do! Beware!' The war is on; *Dodon* dispatches his two sons to meet the enemy, and then lies down for another nap. Presently the cock sounds another warning, and this time the *King* feels that matters are so serious that he must take shield and sword and go to the front himself, tho he wishes that confounded astrologer had kept that cock hidden in his bag.

"Not only is there poetry in this libretto, but the English version, for once, is better than the French. The following lines, sung in the next act by the *King's* warriors when they stumble upon the bodies of the slain, including his two sons, are truly remarkable:

The silent night is whispering fearful things.
All is waste; only a flock of birds
Guard the bodies of the fallen,
The pallid disk of the moon
Has risen, and is like a funeral taper.
A mournful and dreary wind
Steals through the darkness;
Stumbling on the bodies,
It blows moaning over the dead.
At times it is silent, and again dejectedly
It presses close to the faces of the fallen,
And plucks at their sleeves.

"It almost takes one's breath away to find such things in an 'opera-book,' and there is more like it. The *King*, instead of coming across an army, sees a tent with gorgeous flaps rise from the ground, and from it emerges a beautiful damsel, the *Queen of Shemakhan*, she tells him, bent on conquest of his city by her beauty. Then she describes her bodily charms, veiled in the daytime, with a realism and naïveté, recalling the 'Song of Solomon.' This description, tho poetic, is not quotable. The

King is overcome and becomes more and more infatuated as she displays her grace in a series of dances; and she makes him dance, too, till he falls exhausted on the ground. He offers her his kingdom with himself thrown in, and forthwith he starts for the capital with his bride.

"As the curtain parts on the third act, we see the populace waiting for the return of the *King*. There are gorgeous processions of warriors, followed by giants, dwarfs, beings half-human, half-animal, black slaves, freak after freak, all fantastically attired. The *King* and his *Queen* arrive in a golden chariot. From another side comes the *Astrologer*. *Dodon* is reminded by him that he had promised him a reward for the gift of the *Golden Cock*. This reward is to be the gift of the *Queen* herself. Infuriated at this demand, the *King* smites him dead with his scepter. But his minutes, too, are numbered. With a shrill cry the *Cock* descends from the air, pecks *Dodon* on the head, and ends his life. After a scene of violent grief a curtain is let down, the *Astrologer* appears to declare to the audience that the tragedy need not worry any one, for the *Queen* and he were the only living people in the play; the rest were 'a delirium, a dream, a pale specter, nothing more.'"

The novelty of this work is that it requires two casts for its presentation. The music is sung by a chorus and principals, who occupy seats at the left and right of the stage, while the action is given by a trained ballet in the center. This was not the composer's idea, but the invention of the Russian ballet-master, Michel Fokine, to rescue an operatic failure from oblivion. The composer's family and music purists, of course, protested against the "violence," as they say, "done to a work of art"; but the result has convinced some that the new form thus created may be the salvation of opera itself. The exultant Mr. Vernon goes on:

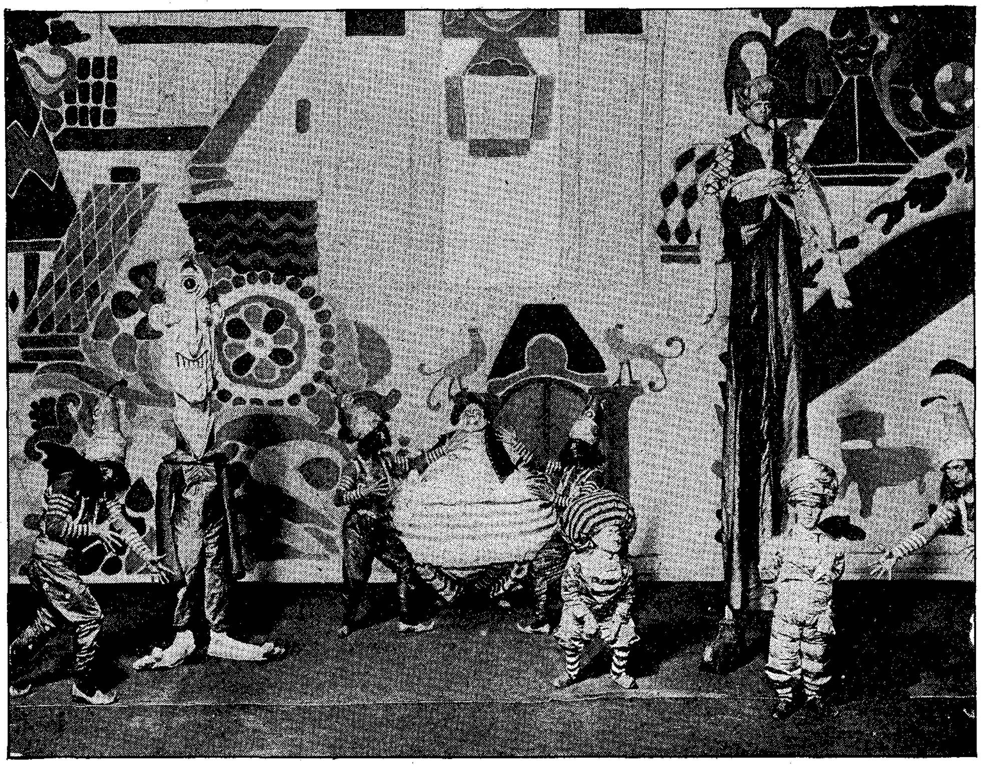
"The purists and the academics in America, as elsewhere, may be depended upon to sustain Mme. Rimsky in her position, regardless of the fact that a 'pure opera' is a self-evident contradiction. Opera is at best a bastard art, and even the genius of Richard Wagner failed to legitimatize this offspring of music and drama. His invention of the term 'music-drama' was a bit of camouflage, which deceived nearly the whole of one generation and a goodly portion of another.

"It apparently deceived even Wagner himself. The worship of words is mighty, but, happily, is not eternal. To-day we recognize opera for what it is and always has been—a luxurious and somewhat exotic form of entertainment which is of chief appeal in relieving the boredom of the well-to-do. That genius occasionally condescends to use it as a medium does not alter the basic fact, and certainly the desire of the crowd to pay prices which it can not afford to hear a Caruso or a Galli-Curci does not raise its seriousness as an art. . . . . . .

"That the singers did not act and the actors did not sing we found only good. Why, for instance, had a stupid convention deprived us all these years of the presence of Miss Rosina Galli? We had hitherto seen her on the stage for a few minutes in a few operas, engaged in toe-twirlings to music originally written for the delectation of old and blasé European gentlemen. We did not realize that Miss Galli was a great artist, fully as great an artist as nine-tenths of our operatic stars. Mr. Bolm had been more fortunate, as the Ballet Russe had already given us his measure. Yet his *King Dodon* surpassed anything that he had given us before.

"The coordination between the movements of Miss Galli and Mr. Bolm and the singing of Mme. Barrientos and Mr. Didur were so perfect that it was impossible to believe that the dancers were not also singing. And goodly praise, too, must be given to Mr. Bonfiglio and Mr. Bartik. As for the singing, the first honors went to Mme. Barrientos, Mr. Diaz, Miss Braslau, and Mr. Ruysdael. It was music of unusual difficulty, a difficulty enhanced by the necessity of the singers sitting throughout the opera, immobile and practically unnoticed, drest in maroon-colored caps and gowns in the bleachers on either side of the stage.

"Praise of a high order must go to Mr. Bolm for his turning the stiff conventionality of the regular Metropolitan ballet into something alive and speaking, and to Mr. Monteux for his sympathetic and flexible handling of the orchestra. The scenery, designed by Willy Pogany, was an unalloyed delight. It was as mad as Trotzky and twice as exhilarating."



SOME EXTRAVAGANT FIGURES OF "LE COQ D'OR."

The freaks here shown are a part of *King Dodon's* subjects, in "a wonderful land of topsyturvy," and their spiritual counterparts can doubtless now be found in Lenine's land of contrasts.

The singular charm of the piece, says the *Sun's* music reviewer, lies in the curious union of picture, action, and music. Music is supposed to be the first essential of opera, but the presentation of the new work relegates it to the position named in the critic's scale. He adds:

"Rimsky-Korsakov has treated the story with mock gravity, which sometimes becomes realistic. Thematic suggestions are proffered, and in them is food for the fancy. The cock crows brazenly in the clangor of stopt trumpet. The people wail in strains of burlesque grief. The siren queen winds herself sinuously down a florid melody of exotic scale. One finds this theme in the progress of the story to consort comfortably with sensuous seduction, sardonic ridicule, and tragic threat. Music is indeed an amiable art.

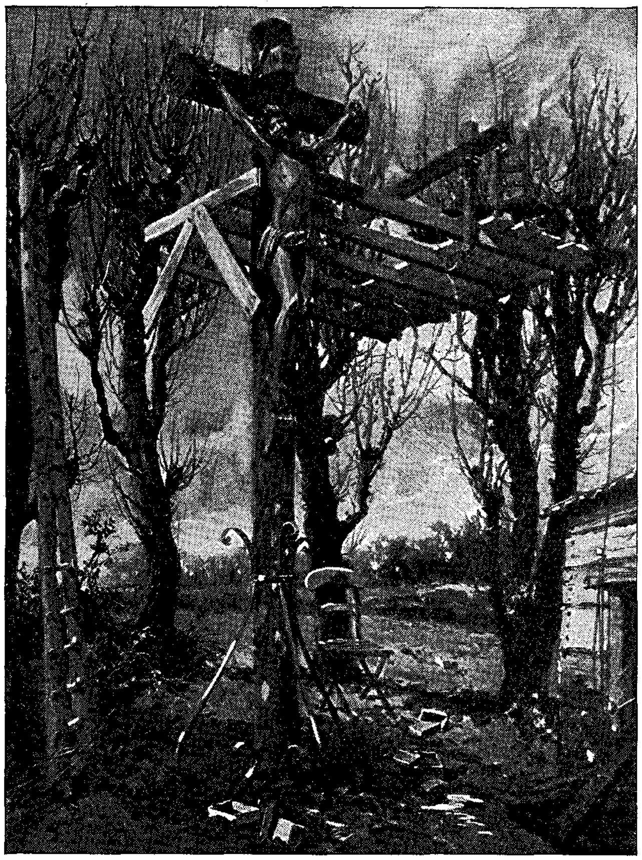
"But more frequently the composer finds his expression by those larger and older means in which rhythm, melody, and harmony unite in the creation of mood pictures. This is accomplished with excellent skill in the second act, in which the suggestion of psychological subtlety is imperatively demanded. The dark and dangerous personality of the queen dominates the episode, and while the action of the scene is carried on chiefly in dance it informs us fairly well that the farce is nearing a tragic end.

"There are phrases recalling the Rimsky-Korsakov of 'Scheherezade,' which was itself violently wed (after the manner of the Sabine women) to an Arabian tale. But perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to the music is the recognition of the indisputable fact that its influence on the listener is sure, while almost unnoticed."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

ODIN OR CHRIST?

A "WAR BETWEEN ODIN AND CHRIST!" As such Mr. Elihu Root describes the struggle; and the Kaiser, speaking almost on the same day, seemed to take pains to confirm Mr. Root's statement. "This is not a war for Servia, for Alsace-Lorraine, for Poland, even for Belgium," is Mr. Root's further declaration at a patriotic meeting held in Carnegie Hall in honor of the visiting Archbishop of York. "It is a struggle for the overthrow or the maintenance of all the progress that the civilization of a century has made toward Christianity." So much of the overthrow as the world has lately witnessed in Russia is described by Emperor William as "one of those great moments in which we [Germans] can reverently admire God's hand in history." This phrase was contained in the Kaiser's message of gratitude to the vice-president of the Reichstag, when he also affirmed that "the German sword is our best protection." Two days later, when he replied to the message of homage from the East Prussian Diet, he made one of his few ethical observations in paying his respects to Immanuel Kant, who was born in Königsberg in 1724, and died there in 1804. According to the *Tageblatt* of Berlin, as telegraphed from Amsterdam, the Kaiser put in a phrase of local compliment:



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"CALVARY" TURNED INTO A GERMAN OUTLOOK.

The German sniper picks off the enemy from a *prie-dieu* taken from a church.

> "The province of East Prussia is especially dear to my heart. In this war it has made great sacrifices, and, therefore, it will gladly acknowledge the hand of God as now shown in the East. We owe our victory largely to the moral and spiritual treasures which the great philosopher of Königsberg bestowed upon our people."

Mr. Root, taking up the point that a minister of Christ might possibly be thought strangely employed in going on a mission of war, said that "there is no one who has so much right to cry the alarm, to rally his people, to urge resistance, as the man who gives his life that God's kingdom may come on earth." As the daily press report him further:

> "This is not a war about boundaries or districts of territory; it is not a war that we are entering because ships have been sunk, because plots have been laid within our boundaries, because attempts have been made to foment attacks upon us and partition our territories. It is a war to determine whether this world shall go back under the dominion of the Power of Darkness, back out of the light, back again to the days of despair and ignorance and slavery, or whether the good God, who is just and compassionate, may still smile on a world where he is worshiped in spirit and in truth.
>
> "There can be no half-way measures. There is no other issue but this—Shall the German principle of evil, dark, cruel, pagan, control this world and oppress us and our children? No, it shall not. My lord, please tell your people when you return that the hundred-millions of America are not weaklings. They are awake at last—slow to part with their peace, but awake at last and preparing to fight, going to fight, beginning to fight, and will continue to fight with all the dogged persistency, all the bulldog courage, the incapacity to realize defeat, and therefore the capacity for victory which we rightly inherit from the men who made the liberty of the Anglo-Saxon race."

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the war, said W. D. Gutherre at a recent rally and mass-meeting held by the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish, New York, in its campaign for the Catholic War-Fund, is the awakening of the religious spirit. He practically confirms Mr. Root's assertions while pointing to the special menace to the Catholic religion the Kaiser has never tried to conceal:

> "If Prussianism, barbarism, and brutality triumph over us it will mean the overthrow not only of our cherished American institutions of political liberty and political justice but of our Church and its Christian standards of morality, charity, honest-dealing, and good-will among men. . . . . . .
>
> "The Kaiser declared before the war that he hated the Catholic faith. And he has shown that hatred from the start. Some of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated have been carried out on our priests and Catholic believers in Belgium, Poland, and everywhere the Germans have gone. He has shouted death to the priests and down with Catholicism until his soldiers have come to believe it is the one big aim of their leader to crush us."

"Slow to anger" is an attribute of the Christian deity, but his anger when aroused is not light. Newspapers besides the Leavenworth *Times* are reproducing part of Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's John Brown poem, written eight years ago. This paper says:

> "It appears to fit the present occasion and to be a rebuke to the spineless pacifists. Here are three of its stanzas:

God has his use to make of angry men
  Like him who, in the cruel Pharaoh's land,
Slew the Egyptian in a rage, and then
  Buried his body in the desert sand.

And out of anger for a brother's wrong
  Grew a great nation and a mighty throne;
And out of weakness, championed by the strong,
  Israel from bondage came into his own.

God give us angry men in every age,
  Men with indignant souls at sight of wrong,
Men whose whole being glows with righteous rage,
  Men who are strong for those who need the strong.

THE BELLS

They have taken your bells, O God—
The bells that hung in your towers,
That cried your grace in a lovely song
And counted the praying hours!

The little birds flew away,
Fearing a German prayer
That curses a holy thing
Like gas on the morning air;
The little birds flew away,
For a terrible thing was there.

The consecrated bells
Will call no more—no more
Down the village street,
Saying the old church-door
Is open to all men's feet;
Crying your ancient prayer,
"Come unto me—to me!"
Dear Christ, what a thing was there
For the little birds to see!

They have taken your bells—your bells
That the people loved and knew,
That rang the hours of day
And counted the long night through.
And the little birds flew away,
They could no longer sing
In towers like tongueless men
That were slaves of a tyrant King.

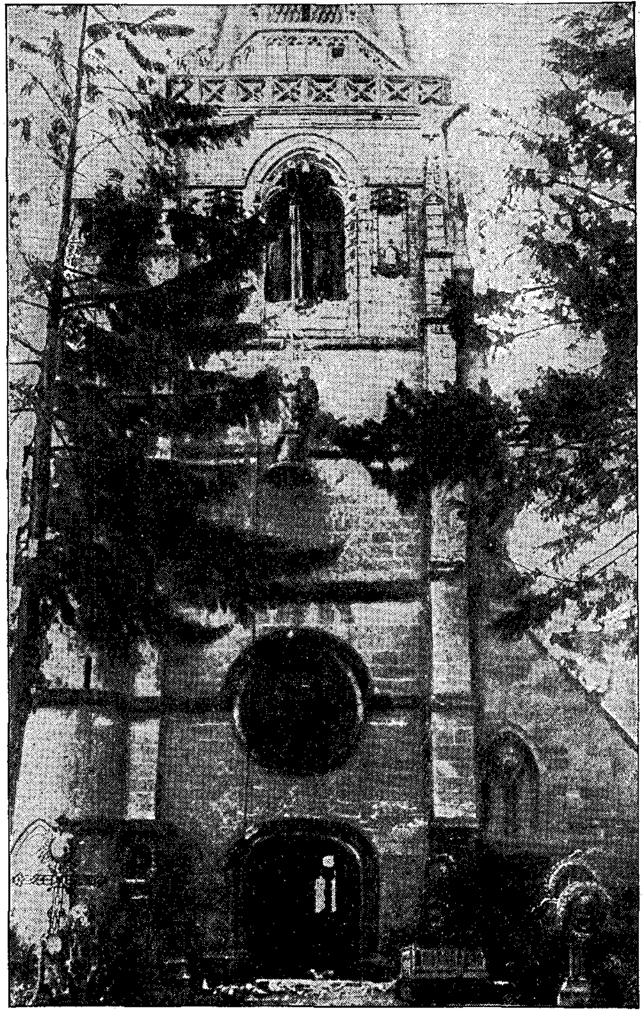
THE BELLS

The little birds flew away!
They will tell the clouds and the wind,
'Til the uttermost places know
The sin that the Hun has sinned!

Will the cannon not be curst
That is cast from a singing bell?
Can they melt the Name of God
In the furnaces of Hell?
Will the bells forget their song—
Will they learn to roar and hate?
They were your bells, O God,
Blessèd and consecrate!
The people loved them all,
And named them, bell by bell.
Will ever they learn to kill—
Who have been loved so well?

The little birds flew away
From the desecrated towers,
And the dying bells have pealed
Their last sweet hours,
But the winds will take their song
And carry it oversea,
And the singing bells shall haunt the Hun
For all eternity.

—LOUISE DRISCOLL, *in the New York Times.*



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SELF-CONFESSED BELL-RIFLERS.

This captured German photograph shows the enemy engaged in their practice of removing French church-bells, which they melt into guns.

"There never was an age in which there was greater need for angry men than this, and there perhaps never was an age that furnished more of them. Their anger is being fanned into white heat and before it cools there will be a fusing of the strong with those who need the strong that will make a world in which will be less need of righteous rage."

The illustration on the opposite page is taken from *The Illustrated London News* and was drawn by Frédéric de Haenen from material supplied by an eye-witness. The London paper thus comments upon it:

"The Kaiser is fond of invoking Heaven as his ally, and this drawing shows an instance of the practical use which his army makes of sacred symbols, doubtless with the idea of paying Heaven a compliment by affording opportunity to assist their cause. The chair seen on the platform was taken from a neighboring church, while suspended on the right are telephone-wires leading into a deep dugout. When they had to abandon the post, the enemy sawed half through the rungs of the ladder shown on the left. After what has occurred in this war, such treatment of a Calvary by the Germans is no longer a matter of surprize."

On the point of the Kaiser's sycophancy to Königsberg and the dead Kant the Brooklyn *Eagle* gives a little history to reveal its absurdity:

"As for religion, Kant, tho he influenced the thinking leaders of all creeds, clashed fiercely with Frederick Wilhelm II. and with the Lutheran hierarchy. The first half of his 'On Religion Within the Limits of Reason Alone' having been published in the Berlin *Journal*, the publication of the second half was prohibited by the Government, and Kant printed and published at Königsberg the whole work. For this he was forbidden to write or lecture on any religious subject, and for years the expression of his thought was hampered by German autocracy."

LAGGING CHURCH UNION

THE "UNFINISHED BUSINESS of church union" stands out as the most impressive aspect of Dr. Carroll's church statistics for 1917 to a writer in the Unitarian *Christian Register* (Boston). Twenty full years, the writer avers, he has watched "this phenomenon of undoing denominationalism in convention." It may also be said that a yearly accompaniment of Dr. Carroll's article that shows the denominational spirit still rampant is the jealous scrutiny of zealots who are watchful of any lapse from the full quota of their denominational standing. The writer sees the results of efforts at church union mainly as "innumerable columns of lively news matter," and he confesses that he "reads less of it latterly." And this result can hardly be otherwise, he thinks, since ecclesiastical statesmen have failed to deliver the goods. The writer's light-hearted pessimism vents itself in these words:

"Year by year, from the enthusiastic times of many a churchman's youth, when he knew more about ideals and less about human nature and history than he has the conceit to believe he knows now—tho the comparison involves little flattering unction—he has dwindled in expectation and hope to the vanishing point. One of the far-flung of these sincere attempts, which many people recall with clearness, was that of the Congregationalists, the Methodist Protestants, and the United Brethren. Where is the movement now? The Methodists of the North and those of the South have been occasionally sure that they would reunite; also the Northern and Southern Presbyterians. The Cumberland Presbyterians have come into the main Presbyterian body. That was more like an absorption, really. The Dutch and German branches of the Reformed

Church tried to make a union a generation ago, but they are as far away from it as ever. There are many more illustrations. Even the Unitarians and Universalists speak of it at times; but it will never be.

"There will never be a union of ecclesiastical bodies, for several sufficient reasons. Each of them carries ark-loads of denominational baggage in matters of belief which, for all their triviality, are held securely. Traditions, also, are tenacious in the measure; it may almost be said that they are indefinable. Forms of worship, sectarian history, especially of the leaders whose genius is stamped on the denominations, and the prestige which attaches to a name, are other barriers."

All things considered, the writer here wonders if it would not be wiser for the brethren of all churches to pass to new business. Insensibly this comes about when too much thought is not given to the formalities:

"When they deliberate church union they get nowhere, but when they go out to do something together they arrive. What has already happened to the churches is an approach to unity which the war has by no means brought about, tho it has brought it into bold relief. A dissolving of differences among the churches as they work together and worship together is inevitable.

"No man can be a bigoted Unitarian with intellectual conceit in a community service where his generous Methodist brother also has a part. A Baptist dominie is not going to immerse his Presbyterian colleague in the doctrine that gives him his name. Surely the Congregationalist has already acknowledged that the Puritan rigors went too far in denuding the meeting-house of beauty and the service of unity and dignity and power; he sidles up to his Episcopalian neighbor. They all receive as they all give. They are becoming poorer denominationalists all the while; but they are not doing any business in church union.

"One could not get through the average congregation a set of resolutions which would say not a word more than the congregation was already doing. There is a good deal of human nature in the churches. An example of what is going on came to our notice this week. A Unitarian clergyman, an admirable, upstanding parson, was received by the Federal Council of Churches as an army chaplain without a quibble or even a question, for all the difference in matters of doctrine. They took him because he is a character such as all the churches and synagogs and cathedrals are aiming to produce. That is the sort of thing which thrills the soul, that makes religion glorious. The multitude of sects are coming more and more to live by the understanding heart."

RELIGION OF THE RECRUIT

THE SOLDIER does not wait till he goes into the trenches before he begins to do his thinking. We are enlightened on this point, if we had any doubts, by the report of a conversation between a lieutenant and a Y. M. C. A. secretary, written by William L. Stidger for the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*. The lieutenant, who had confessed to reading a good many books from the trenches, observed: "They are finding 'over there' that just a few things count, the Bible, God, Christ, and Eternity," and his plea was that thoughts about most of these subjects had not escaped the men in training. He gives one instance to prove his point. "Out of about thirteen hundred officers selected in our camp twelve hundred of them signed the pledge of purity." Taking up the story as the author presents it:

"The secretary had known of this remarkable fact, but he did not admit it. It sounded too good to hear this young, clean-cut American army officer talk.

"'And not only that, but listen to this. I myself heard the commanding officer set this standard for the officers in the new army. He said, "No man need expect to be an officer out of this training-camp if he is known to drink. No man need expect to be an officer out of this training-camp if he is known to frequent a house of prostitution. Further, no man need expect to win a commission here if he is known to be a panderer in dirty stories."'

"'That sounds good to me,' replied the secretary. 'At that rate of going this new army that the United States is raising up is the greatest army that was ever raised as far as size is concerned; and more than that, it is the finest army since Cromwell's army.'

"'You're just right, sir! I used to read that stuff about Cromwell's army praying before it went into battle. I remember one prayer especially that imprest me. It was, "O Lord, we're going into battle now. It's a hard battle, but it's for the rights of the common people. We'll have much to do. We may forget you, but, O Lord, if we forget you don't you forget us!"'

"The young lieutenant waited a minute before continuing, then he said: 'That's the kind of an army I have the honor to be a humble officer in. I'm proud of it.'

"Then the secretary, thinking to get down closer home, said: 'Now, lieutenant, you have been talking a lot about the army in the abstract, may I ask you just what your own feeling is to be about going into the trenches? Or maybe that is asking too much?'

"'No, it isn't; I'd like to answer your question. In fact, I would have been disappointed if you had not asked it.'

"Which made the secretary think that, after all, the soldier is as eager to talk about these fundamental things as anybody on earth, for they concern him pretty vitally. But before he had this thought well formulated the young lieutenant went on:

"'I think that I can best tell you how I feel about going into war by a story I read while I was out in the training-camp in San Francisco. You know that the boys who are in training read everything they can get their hands on that comes from the trenches. This was a book by a young college chap. I think his name was Hankey; killed in action; and all that, you know. This young chap told of an English lad.

"'That lad had always been a praying boy, but praying had never meant anything vital to him. It had been a mechanical sort of thing to him. He had prayed, but the God to whom he prayed was a far-off sort of a God. He was not warm, vital, close. This fellow Hankey said that this English lad's greatest religious experience had been a "spasmodic loyalty to the Christ man," but that was about as far as it went. And so he continued after his enlistment. He prayed in the camps. It was hard at first, for the fellows made fun of him. But he prayed even tho prayer didn't mean much to him. Then he got to saying his prayers in bed, and finally forgot them entirely. When he got to the front he started praying again, but after a while got to feeling that it wasn't his responsibility, so he quit again.

"'Then came a hopeless charge in which he was forced to a prominent part and he had fallen between the lines in broad daylight, wounded near to death. He lay there until night fell. One thought filled his mind—"Would he be found or would he be left there to die?" At last he awoke to find that the sun had set. Shots were being fired over him. A light flared now and then. He had lost a lot of blood, but he felt no pain; that had ceased.'

"The secretary did not interrupt this story, for minutes were precious again.

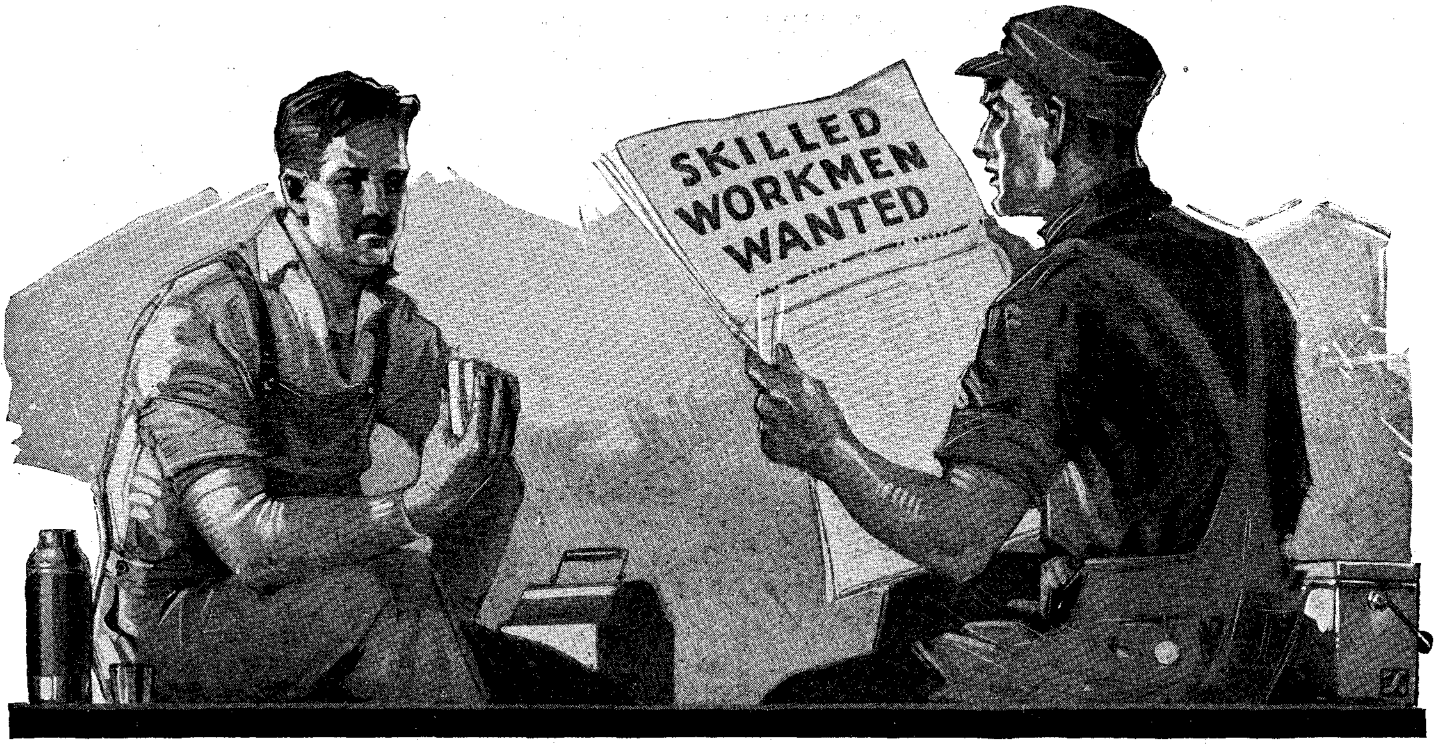
"'He lay there feeling strangely peaceful. Above him he could see the stars, and the moon, altho low in the heavens, gave a clear light. He found himself vaguely wondering about the meaning of everything. The stars seemed to make it all seem so small and petty. All this bloodshed—what was the good of it? It was all so ephemeral, so trivial, so meaningless in the presence of eternity and infinity. It was just a strife of pigmies. He suddenly felt terribly small, and he was so very, very weak. He looked up into the stars. They were cold and far away. He was greater than they because he could suffer; he could feel. There was that in him which was not in them—unless—unless it was in everything.'

"The lieutenant's voice was reverent and low; so low that the secretary had to bend close, amid the confusion of the depot, to catch it. But he caught every word.

"'Then the dying soldier, looking up into the skies again said: "God!"—whispering softly, "God! God everywhere." Then this man Hankey added that a new phrase came into the dying soldier's heart, a phrase that he had learned in the church of his boyhood somewhere, "And underneath are the everlasting arms." He sighed like a contented child as this phrase repeated itself in his mind, "And underneath are the everlasting arms."'

"The soldier-train was called. The secretary and the lieutenant faced each other. The lieutenant added: 'And, sir, since I read that phrase I am not afraid. "Underneath are the everlasting arms" is to be my comfort, too, whatever happens.'

"And the secretary had learned another thing about the soldiers: that after all, the simple things, the true things, such as babies and home and religion, make their universal appeal everywhere, always."



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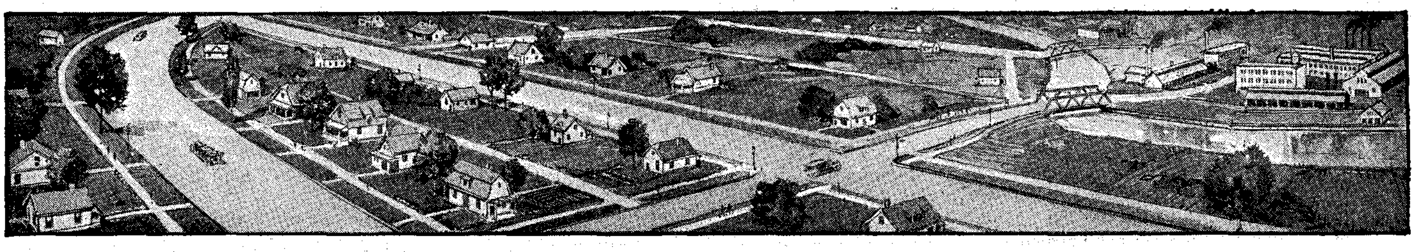

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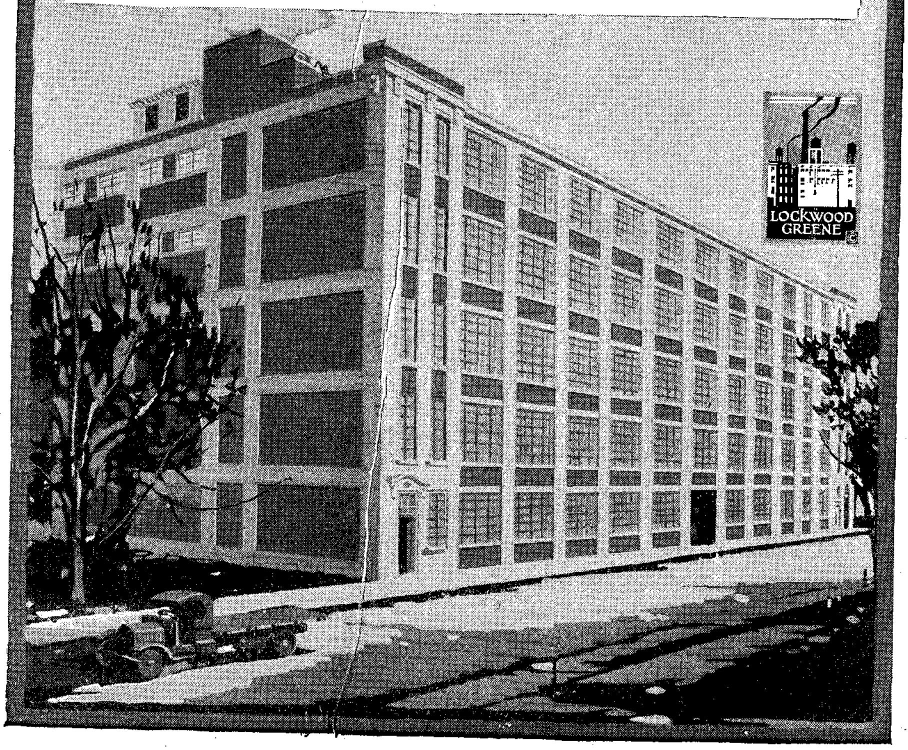

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. *Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addrest to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

GENERAL "BEN" BUTLER'S CORRESPONDENCE

Marshal, Jessie Ames (Editor). Private and official correspondence of General Benjamin F. Butler during the period of the Civil War. Five volumes. 8vo. Privately issued. 1917.

General Butler's autobiography, as published many years ago, will seem to many to have presented his career with a degree of fulness that left little more to be said in his behalf from his own point of view. His granddaughter, however, in dutiful devotion to his memory, has here issued, in five well-made volumes, his extensive correspondence, public and private, her purpose being to correct certain long-current judgments of Butler's public career, by showing how far they had their origin in ignorance, political prejudice, and malice. She prints in chronological order, without comment of her own, all letters written during the Civil War and the period of reconstruction down to 1868 that have any real or vital interest in the matter.

Probably the best judgment to be had of the importance of the publication is one that was exprest recently by a discriminating student of the period in a notice printed in *The Nation*. While this writer thinks "students of history will be grateful for this material, and will search it eagerly for new light on other matters as well as on Butler's character and conduct," the search "will not be particularly remunerative," a slight illumination on minor matters being "all that is forthcoming." Butler's autobiography rests upon, and in some of the more important incidents it prints the papers included in the present collection. At the same time the collection will be found useful, since the papers are presented in a form "where the reading and interpretation of them will not be affected by the special pleading and boastfulness that were so conspicuous in Butler's own book." The writer notes that Butler was born "with a chip on his shoulder and when he died, seventy-five years later, the chip was still there." He had "a congenital joy of combat" which was confirmed by "a mentality well adapted to success in all the strife that it caused." What James G. Blaine said of Butler is quoted: he had "a talent for turbulence."

As the compiler of these volumes has challenged the generally prevailing judgment of Butler, as based on documents formerly printed, the *Nation's* writer finds that after an examination of the present publication this judgment "will in most cases probably be less unfavorable than what has hitherto prevailed." The familiar charge against Butler of downright plundering at New Orleans (like the episode that gave rise to the epithet of "spoons" Butler), he thinks has now been "satisfactorily met," altho the reader "will often be shocked by the evidence of gross and cynical disregard of the nicer proprieties of conduct for a man in Butler's position." As to the charge that Butler's administration of enemy territory was unnecessarily harsh, that had already been "practically dropt by all competent investigators," but the conclusion "is confirmed by what these volumes reveal." Indeed, it appears clear that the evil reputation of the contentious general resulted, in this as in other matters, "from his natural propensity to make the form and manner of his actions as offensive as possible." As to leadership of the Army of the James, Butler "would have been more than mortal if he had achieved marked success." Indeed, judicious readers will probably finish reading the letters "with the feeling that Butler has borne rather more than his fair share of the responsibility for the failure of the campaign of 1864." Butler's most conspicuous and famous traits, we are assured, "were not the whole of his general make-up," for in the correspondence there is "much evidence of a genial and winning manner, of devoted friendships, and of ideal tenderness in family relations."

TOPOGRAPHY AS IT HAS DIRECTED THE WAR'S CAMPAIGNS

Johnson, Douglas W. Topography and Strategy in the War. With maps and illustrations. Pp. 211. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1917. $1.75, net. Postage, 16 cents.

In the topographical sense, so comprehensive and clear an understanding as this of the Great War has not been heretofore presented, to our knowledge. Why so many important movements promised so well, proceeded so slowly, and then came to failure, is nowhere else made so plain. Unfavorable topography accounts for long delays and many failures. It even explains why the war began as it did, Professor Johnson believes, as intimated in his opening sentence. "The violation of Belgian neutrality," he says, "was predetermined by events which took place in western Europe several million years ago." Those events fashioned the face of nature. "Had the land of Belgium been raised a few hundred feet higher above the sea, or had the rock layers of northeastern France not been given their uniform downward slope toward the west, Germany would not have been tempted to commit one of the most revolting crimes of history and Belgium would not have been crucified by her barbarous enemy."

"Belgian neutrality had to be violated by Germany on strategic grounds," cabled the Kaiser to President Wilson, as quoted by Professor Johnson; and back of these grounds, as the first portion of this book proceeds to show, by text and illustration, were the topographical conditions of France. Following the five chapters, considering German attempts to reach Paris, are three chapters devoted to campaigns in Prussia, Galicia, and western Poland. The eight chapters remaining consider the great Russian retreat, the Italian theater of war, and operations in the Balkans. In each of these wide fields of fighting it is shown that conditions topographic helped or hindered invasion and defense. How, and why, this was so the author tells with a style of crystal clearness.

A FRENCH DICTIONARY FOR OUR SOLDIERS

Vizetelly, Frank H., Litt.D., LL.D. The Soldier's Service Dictionary of English and French Words and Phrases. With the French Equivalents Carefully Pronounced. Pp. xii-188. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1 net. Postage, 8 cents.

Here is a practical book embodying the idea of providing useful French phrases for our soldiers and sailors who may be sent to France. It is assumed that the person consulting it knows what he wants to say—in English that is—and the book is so devised as to enable him to put his thoughts into understandable French with the least possible loss of time.

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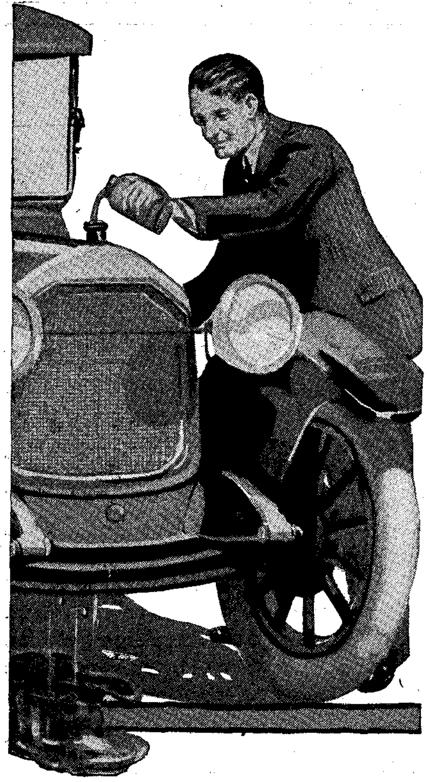

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It is arranged on the general plan of a dictionary, all words being in one alphabetical order for ready reference, the French equivalents for these words and their allied phrases being carefully pronounced according to a simple system based on the Continental method of sounding the vowels. Under each main word are grouped a number of sentences that are most likely to be of service. Thus, under *horse* we have, "Bring up the horses," with the French phrase, and under *breakfast*, "Give me some breakfast, please," in similar fashion.

The book, which contains 10,000 words and phrases, does not aim to be a complete English-French dictionary, since it is designed for the needs of those in the service, but does contain all the words likely to be required by our men in any ordinary emergency, including many military, engineering, and other technical terms not to be found in any other small-sized dictionary. To give some idea of its scope, the newly arrived in a French town will readily find the French phrases for "Where is the hotel?" "How much do they cost?" "How far is it from here?" "Can I post a letter here?" "When will the train start?" "Give me something to eat," "Please give me a ticket to," and other such phrases. A novel feature of the book is that it defines such new words as *Blighty*, *cootie*, *camouflage*, *fag*, "*to go West*," *mack*, *Wipers*, *bully-beef*, etc., as to which many have been in doubt. An appendix gives some elements of French grammar, the conjugations of verbs, irregular and defective verbs, etc. Three pages of French topographical symbols, with their English equivalents, will be found useful by those who have to study French maps. The book is small and portable, 6½ by 4 inches, and is bound in workmanlike khaki cloth.

JESUITS IN COLONIAL AMERICA

Hughes, Thomas. History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. II. 1645–1773. Large 8vo, pp., xxvi–734 six maps. $8 net. Postage, 30 cents.

Between 1896 and 1902 a magnificent edition of the "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," in 73 volumes, was edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. On the basis of this work, combined with other sources, manuscript and printed, Father Hughes has undertaken a history which shall transform into consecutive narrative the information contained in those sources relating to his order and their work in North America. The first volume (coming down to 1645) was published in 1907, so that the present one is the result of ten years of work. It is comprehensive, covering the entire area from the West Indies and Florida through what is now eastern Canada. It is, moreover, exceedingly detailed, the attempt being, apparently, to make it exhaustive. It aims, too, at being authoritative, supplying a rich bibliography at the beginning, and a summary of references to pertinent manuscripts and printed works at the head of each chapter. The paragraphs have convenient side-heads that at a glance show the topic immediately under discussion. Besides this, the pages are bountifully supplied with foot-notes. In background and in form, therefore, the "History" appears attractive to the student and historian. Unfortunately, a jarring note is struck in the preface, in referring to criticism upon the first volume —and this proves to be the key-note of the volume itself, which is not merely an impatience of criticism as such, but an affectation of scorn and superiority that at the outset raises prejudice. A careful and patient reading of the volume affords nothing to diminish and everything to increase the feeling that history has been employed as polemic. This polemic is conveyed in sneer, innuendo, and carefully turned phrasing. Impartiality is not found. For instance, use of the Bible, its translation into Indian languages—indeed, all Protestant activities—are objects of denunciation. This is unfortunate because there is now no necessity for historical writing of this character. Protestant historians and impartial Catholic writers alike have recognized and have reprehended the religious animosities of earlier ages and have frankly stated their evil effects when exhibited in books intended for general use.

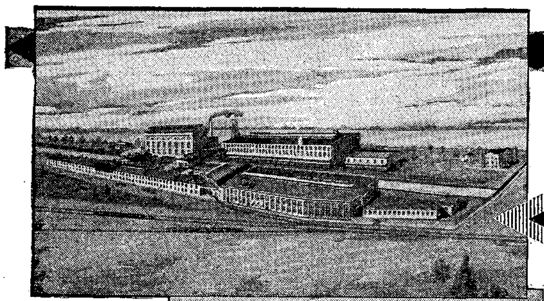
ON THE SALONIKI FRONT IN 1916

Stebbins, E. P. At the Servian Front in Macedonia. 8vo, pp. xiv–245. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net. Postage, 16 cents.

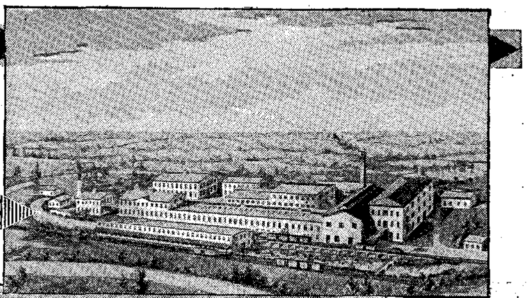
In the voluminous literature on the war, Servia, "the corridor of the Balkans," has had a comparatively small share. Yet her place in geography in the present crisis has been and still is crucial. Her territory lies in the way of the German road "from Berlin to the Persian Gulf." The German scheme for world-rule will be practically blocked when Servia is once more rehabilitated.

Mr. Stebbins in 1916 went to Saloniki, and thence to the front as transport officer for a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital on the Allied front. After getting there he witnessed the fierce battles which ended with the recapture of Monastir, looking upon one of these from the same hill, and only fifty yards away from where the General Staff, directing operations (including General Serrail), stationed themselves to see the fighting, besides doing his part in getting the hospital-tents and supplies to their places behind the lines. His book is a glowing tribute to all the Allies' forces there concentrated. He speaks in terms of the highest praise of the self-effacement, splendid cooperation, and mutual support afforded by each element to every other. And not less worthily does he describe the enormous difficulties which attend not only the actual fighting, but the transport, unloading, and removal of stores, guns, ammunition, and troops to the battle-front, which is now over one hundred miles by road from Saloniki, over roads that are worse than wood-trails in Maine. And, throughout, the intense devotion of the Servians—soldiers, civilians, and women (one Servian officer had lost ten out of eleven members of his family!)—is indirectly shown to be equaled only by the splendid service in so many capacities rendered by the women of Great Britain attached to hospital and transport service.

This is, then, an intensely human book, giving the experiences of a transport officer from the time of his appointment till he ends his narrative. Something is revealed of the cross-purposes that seem inevitable between headquarters of transportation and the men and experiences on the wharves, on the ship, on the road. He shows how persistence and individual initiative and management overcome obstacles that inhere in the nature of things and of the war, and also in Nature herself. Meanwhile the entire narrative is lightened up with sketches, humorous and grave, that show the splendid spirit, all too little recognized, that are hourly exhibited on the Servian lines—and on the long and hard way there. The narrative bristles



Bridgeport, Pa., Mills (From Photograph)



West Conshohocken, Pa., Mills (From Photograph)

Diamond-F

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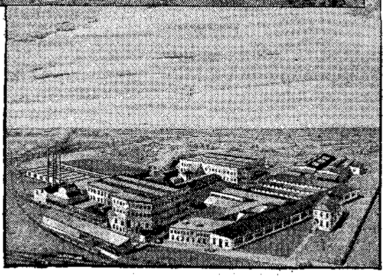
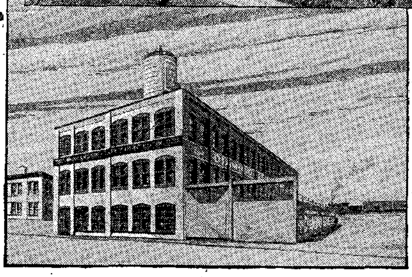
A Sign of Service



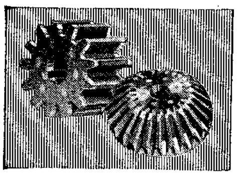
Elsmere, Del., Mills (From Photograph)



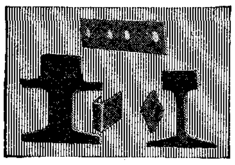
Chicago, Ill., Factory (From Photograph)

Diamond State Fibre Company –the Institution

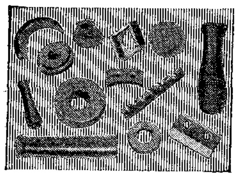
NEARLY thirty years ago, Edward M. Taylor, founder of this business, began the making of vulcanized Fibre at Elsmere, Delaware. In those pioneer days, Fibre was used chiefly for washers, gaskets and for dust-guards in railway-car journals. With the development of electricity, the superior insulating properties of Fibre opened new and greater spheres of usefulness for this wonder-material. ❧ To insure uniform quality of his Fibre, and to be able to apply his high standards to *all* the operations in its manufacture, Mr. Taylor soon acquired and developed the paper plant at Bridgeport, Pa., and another at West Conshohocken, Pa., both near Philadelphia. To accommodate customers in the Middle West, a branch factory was established in Chicago. ❧ It followed as a natural sequence that the Company should engage in the manufacture of Parchment Paper, which is the same in principle as Vulcanized Fibre—both being cellulose fibres, hydrolized by chemical action. This development was followed by the manufacture of Glassine Paper, the fibres of which are mechanically hydrated. ❧ The prodigious development of the Diamond-F institution has demonstrated the policy of producing clean, high-grade Fibre, and extending facilities to render prompt, efficient *service* to the industries of America to have been a sound, far-sighted one. DIAMOND-FIBRE and Diamond-F Protective Papers are our chief products.



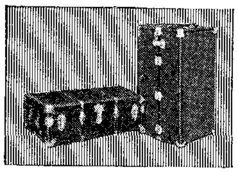
Silent Gears and Pinions



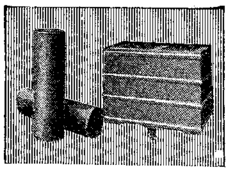
Rail-Joint Insulation



Special Parts, Cleats, Bushings



Used for Superior Trunks



Roving Cans and Fibre Trucks

Diamond-Fibre

DIAMOND-FIBRE is a dense, horn-hard material of unique texture, designed to supplant for many purposes wood, iron, steel, brass, tin, hard rubber, leather and many other scarce and costly materials used in the electrical, automobile and a great variety of other industries.

DIAMOND-FIBRE is furnished in three primal shapes—sheets, rods and tubes—as well as in numerous special forms. DIAMOND-FIBRE can be sawed, bored, tapped, turned, threaded, milled, punched, and, in short, can be machined the same as metal. It cannot be moulded, but may be bent and formed.

A most vital feature of DIAMOND-FIBRE is that it is comparatively free from dust, grit, metal or other foreign substance. It therefore can be machined with greater speed on automatic screw machines, millers, etc., and with less wear and tear on edge-tools.

DIAMOND-FIBRE gears, worms, pinions and sprockets are true to pitch and pitch-line. Meshed with other gears of metal, they silence the entire gear-train and prolong its life.

Diamond Insulation and Disfico Horn Fibre, high-grade insulating papers, are noted for their dielectric strength and bending qualities. These are therefore in high favor with manufacturers of motors and armatures, where such properties are of paramount importance.

Numberless uses already exist for DIAMOND-FIBRE and new uses are being discovered daily. Perhaps right now you are using some material which DIAMOND-FIBRE would replace at less cost and with better results. Our engineers and chemists will be glad to collaborate with yours. Tell us your problems. One of our representatives is frequently in your city.

Diamond-F Protective Papers

Attractive—Sanitary—Preservative

This is the name of a broad line of greaseproof and airproof protective papers used in the wrapping and packing of meats, confectionery, desiccated fruits, crackers, tobaccos, block ice-cream, coffee, tea, lard, butter, fish, etc.

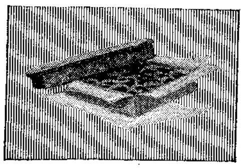
Beginning with scrupulous selection of raw materials, every step in the manufacturing process is under the watchful eye of paper specialists who see to it that the finished product is as near positive perfection as modern machinery and human hands can make it. Pure spring-water is used in their manufacture, resulting in a pure cellulose sheet, free from metals, waxes, oils and other foreign material.

The most important of Diamond-F papers are Glassine, Greaseproof (Imitation Parchment), Vegetable Parchment and Parchmoid. They are furnished bleached, semi-bleached, unbleached, embossed and colored in the form of sheets, rolls and circles.

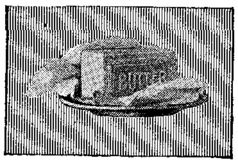
Diamond-F Parchmoid for wrapping butter does away with waxed paper and vegetable parchment, with one less wrapping. Water rolls off. Color of butter shows through. Diamond-F Filter Paper, for use in chemical laboratories, etc., is U. S. Government-tested.

Bakers, confectioners, florists, meat-packers, fruit-packers, manufacturers of coffee, tea, cocoa, soap, tobacco, and electrical apparatus find Diamond-F Protective Papers almost indispensable. These papers are also extensively used for containers in place of tin, cardboard, etc.

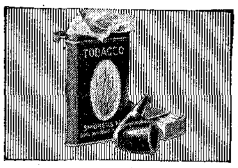
Ask your jobber for Protective Papers bearing the Diamond-F trade-mark on each ream or roll. If he cannot supply you, write us direct.



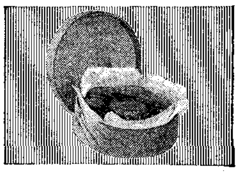
Used in Packing Confections



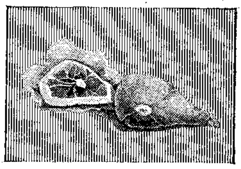
Protecting Print-Butter



Keeping Tobacco Fit



Protecting Dried Fruits



Sanitary Wrapping for Meats

Diamond State Fibre Company

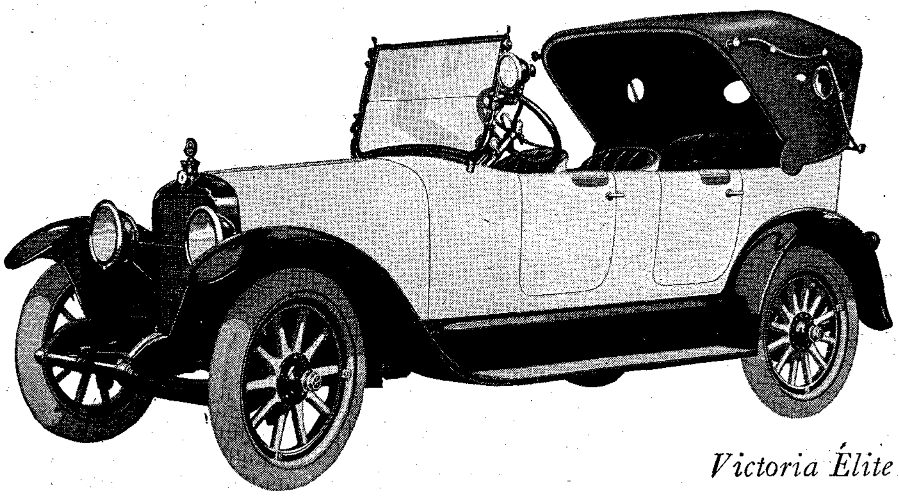
Bridgeport, Pa. (Near Philadelphia) *Offices in Principal Cities*

P. S.—Celoron and Condensite-Celoron are two remarkable new water-resisting materials

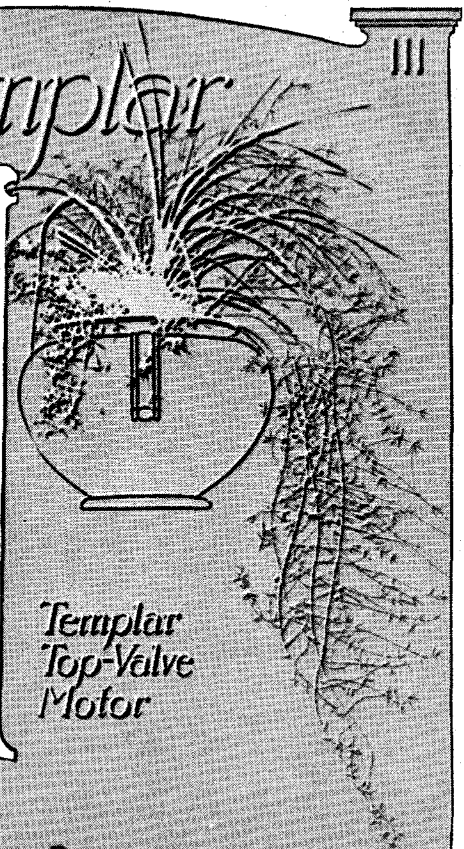
The
First
Truly
Economical Car

Body Styles and Prices f.o.b. Cleveland
Five Passenger Touring $1985
Four Passenger Touring . . . $1985
Four Passenger Victoria Elite . $2155
Two Passenger Touring Roadster $2255

Enclosed Bodies
Custom-Built to suit
purchaser



Victoria Élite



UNTIL NOW the owner of a superlatively good car owned a large car, expensive to operate.

And the owner of a small car owned a cheap car—also expensive to operate.

The Templar is not merely light in weight, and moderate in size, it is also superlative in quality, and therefore inexpensive to operate.

It is luxuriantly comfortable.

It is the most completely equipped car in America.

And it has a smooth, lively, powerful motor, Templar built, which gives this quality car quality performance.

It is the rich man's demand—Quality and Economy.

It is the poor man's need—Economy and Quality.

It is the wise dealer's opportunity.
Write to us.

The Superfine Small Car
Specifications

Templar Top-Valve Motor—Positively lubricated, over-head valve action—enclosed for silence. Tungsten steel valves.
Counter-balanced crankshaft.
Full aluminum crank case.
118 inch wheelbase.
32x4-inch Goodyear cord tires.
Axles—front, .35 carbon steel steering knuckles and arms. Chrome-Vanadium. Rear, shafts, Chrome-Vanadium, differential, .05 nickel steel, Bock Bearings.
Springs — half elliptic front and rear. Chrome-Vanadium, bushed with "Nigrum" oilless bearings.
Transmission—Nickel steel gears, .40 carbon steel shaft operating on New Departure ball bearings.
Choice of three standard colors.

The Templar Motors Corporation
2400 Halstead St., Lakewood
Cleveland, Ohio

with tributes to officers and men, singled out for praise and description so complete as to make of them almost personal acquaintances.

Not the least significant is the intense hostility between Allies and Bulgars, because of the latter's savagery, making their meeting duels to the death. How deadly that is let the following extract indicate. A wounded Bulgarian was brought into the hospital one day. Mr. Stebbins asked a Servian major about it:

"'I thought no quarter was being given by either Servian or Bulgar.' 'Oh, that man is not a true Bulgar. He comes from that strip of country running down to Sofia which formed part of old Servia.' . . . But we had a true Bulgarian, an officer, brought in wounded one day. They first took him into the officers' ward. But every Servian officer who could started getting out of bed. They refused to remain in the same tent with a Bulgarian. And it was not the Servian officers only. A severely wounded French colonel . . . said he would rather die than remain for an instant in the same tent as a Bulgarian. . . . The French had had a bit of a check fighting up at Florina, and his regiment had borne the brunt of it. The Bulgarians by all accounts had butchered all the wounded, so there was something to be said for the French colonel."

Here is a description of the battle-field of Kajmaktcalan, after one of the bloodiest struggles of the campaign, won by the Servians:

"Here the damage done was terrific, and both trenches and ground behind them are littered with dead Bulgars, while in many cases all signs of a trench are obliterated. . . . Here a whole line of Bulgars was either mown down or killed by gas-shells, and lie in every conceivable position. At a distance they look as if they were asleep, but from their tattered clothing as one approaches one knows that their sleep is the sleep of death and that the death has been a violent and bloody one."

The details which follow deal with the appearance of these men as seen at close quarters when the eagles had already begun their horrid feast. The hideous sights are only too graphically described. The book closes with the following tribute to the Servians:

"It was the fighting Servians who stormed dread Kajmaktcalan, one of the finest feats of the campaign; it was the Servians who forced the passage of the Cherna, and carried successively the rocky heights of the Chuke Mountains. We may all admiringly reecho the remark of the French colonel among the first to enter Monastir, 'It is thanks to the Servians that we have won Monastir.'"

ENGLAND AND FRANCE AND DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE

Cestre, Charles (Docteur-es-Lettres). France, England, and European Democracy. 8vo, pp. xxii-354. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net. Postage, 24 cents.

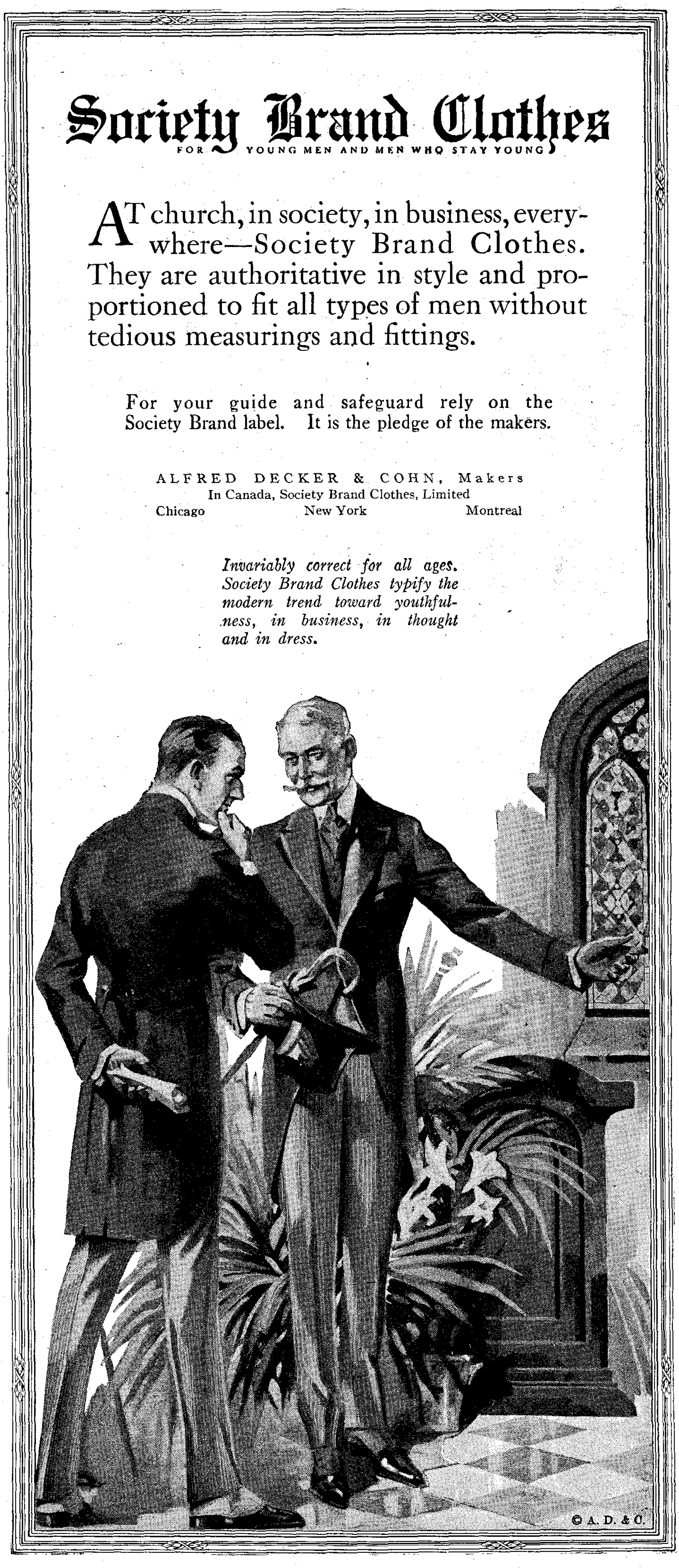
Written by a French doctor and professor in literature, crowned by the French Academy, and translated by a professor in the University of California, this book is a statement of England's contribution to the cause of democracy and somewhat less of a tribute to France's help. It will seem somewhat strange to American readers to discover a patriotic Frenchman paying such hearty homage to English political development as to concede that, even in some of the wars against France, England was battling for human liberties.

Of course, one aim is to defend the course of both countries in the present war against the Teutons. But this is not done on the basis of the varicolored "books." It is rather by a survey, showing that the two lands separated by the English Channel have been for centuries converging in their ideas respecting man's rights like the two branches of the top of the letter Y and then uniting in the same course as illustrated in the staff of the same letter. Not that each has contributed equally and the same element. "England is the mother of liberty, France the mother of equality." Each took over something from the other and developed according to its own genius not only its own but its neighbor's ideal. In France "liberty" becomes more absolute, in England "equality" develops toward social reform. Under the three notions of liberty, equality, and individualism, the conception of the "rights of man" unfolds into that of the "rights of nations." The history of Great Britain shows her most frequently in her wars opposed to the power that aimed at overweening might and subversion of human and national rights. Thus from 1588 to 1815 Great Britain guarded the principle of the balance of power first against Spain, then against France under Louis XIV. and Napoleon. Now normally she is against Hohenzollern and Hapsburg. Between 1815 and 1870 Great Britain and France helped Greece against the Turk, created and guaranteed Belgium, assisted Italian unity, and uttered her sympathy with the Magyars and the Poles. In 1870 England's policy was that of "splendid isolation," from which she emerged in the "Entente Cordiale" of 1904, resulting in the defeat of Germany in 1906 (Algeciras) and 1911 (the *Panther* episode).

The pacific course of Great Britain toward Germany in the diplomatic exchange concerning the building of fleets, her conciliatory efforts (especially between 1910 and 1914), are briefly told, while the German emperor is exhibited as the consistent opponent of measures designed to blunt preparation for war. Moreover, Wilhelm II. constantly endeavored to detach Great Britain from the Entente. In all this the English Government is shown as going to the limit of conciliation in the endeavor to satisfy legitimate German desires, with no suspicion of, indeed almost a reprehensible blindness to, Teutonic ambitions. The unfolding of English individualism as against German "Stateism," the "imperialism of expansion" and "union imperialism," and the modern English spirit as exemplified in her literature, are treated in separate chapters. And then comes the "Conclusion: What the English Have Done, What They Are Doing," a splendid pæan of praise to the governmental, industrial, social, and individual services of the British people at home and in the colonies since the war opened.

This is good reading at this time for Americans who are still living in the times of the Revolutionary War. We do not fully realize that the English Fleet for years and now the British armies are standing between us and a relentless foe who has promised "to stand no nonsense from Americans after the war." We need to develop a heartiness of sympathy and a wealth of cordiality for British tars and Tommies at least approximating that we feel for the *poilu*, and this volume should help us do it with a clear conscience.

Should Be Done Oftener.—MOVIE EDITOR (to assistant)—"We can't film a play of this character. Return the author his obscenario."—*Boston Transcript.*



Society Brand Clothes
FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

AT church, in society, in business, everywhere—Society Brand Clothes. They are authoritative in style and proportioned to fit all types of men without tedious measurings and fittings.

For your guide and safeguard rely on the Society Brand label. It is the pledge of the makers.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
In Canada, Society Brand Clothes, Limited
Chicago New York Montreal

Invariably correct for all ages. Society Brand Clothes typify the modern trend toward youthfulness, in business, in thought and in dress.

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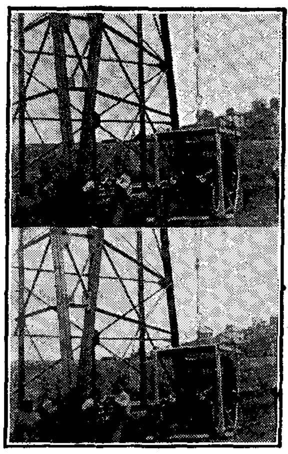
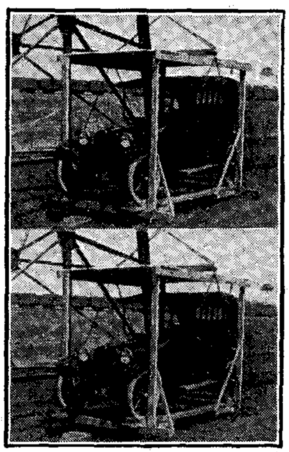
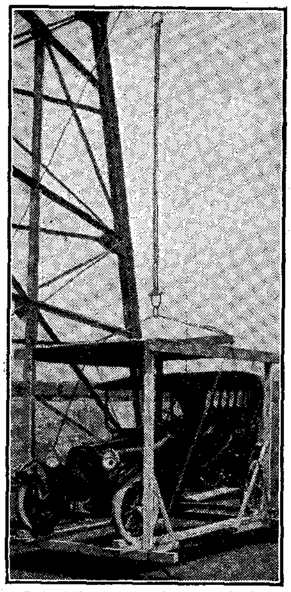
Pennsylvania
AUTO



Moving picture test of "Ton Tested" Tube lifting touring car. Tube attached to tackle and car platform.



Tube lifting car and platform from ground.



Tube holding crated car and platform in complete suspension—total weight 2900 pounds—without slightest injury or loss of resiliency.

HERE'S what happens when a high-quality casing and an inferior tube become running mates: The tube, incapable of resistance, permits many lacerations of the casing to develop into blowouts.

It quickly succumbs to the least abrasion inside the casing, usually tearing beyond saving.

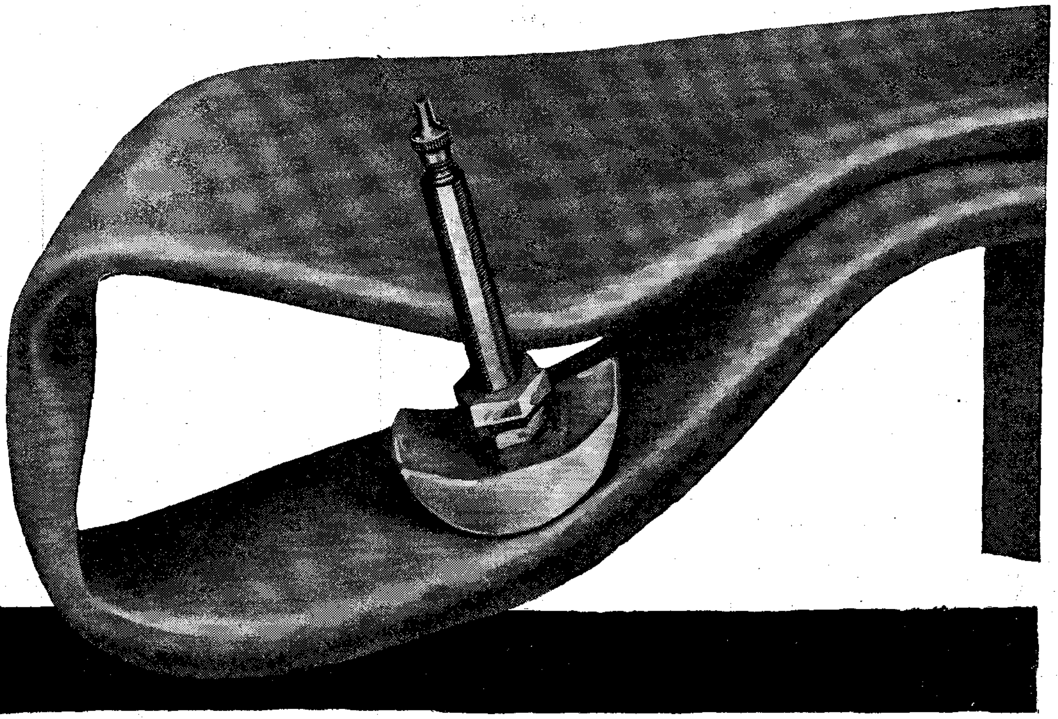
It soon puts out of commission a casing that otherwise would give satisfactory service.

The Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested," with its *guaranteed* tensile strength of 1½ tons to the square inch, gives the greatest resistance to ordinary blowout causes.

It will not tear, even when seriously injured, beyond the immediate location of the cut, owing to the remarkable strength and wearing quality of its tremendously tough but highly-resilient stock.

And this toughness enables the "Ton Tested" Tube to indefinitely withstand wear, tear, and long-service friction in the casing.

Extreme heating up and cooling down, though long continued, will not deteriorate the stock.



TUBE
"TON TESTED"

It can be carried as a spare indefinitely without checking, cracking, or weakening at the folds or corners. Exposure to light and air does not harm it.

And it is backed by the name of the maker—the Pennsylvania Rubber Company. Ask for it by name. Should a dealer represent a so-called "special" brand as the equal of the "Ton Tested," ask him who actually made the offered substitute.

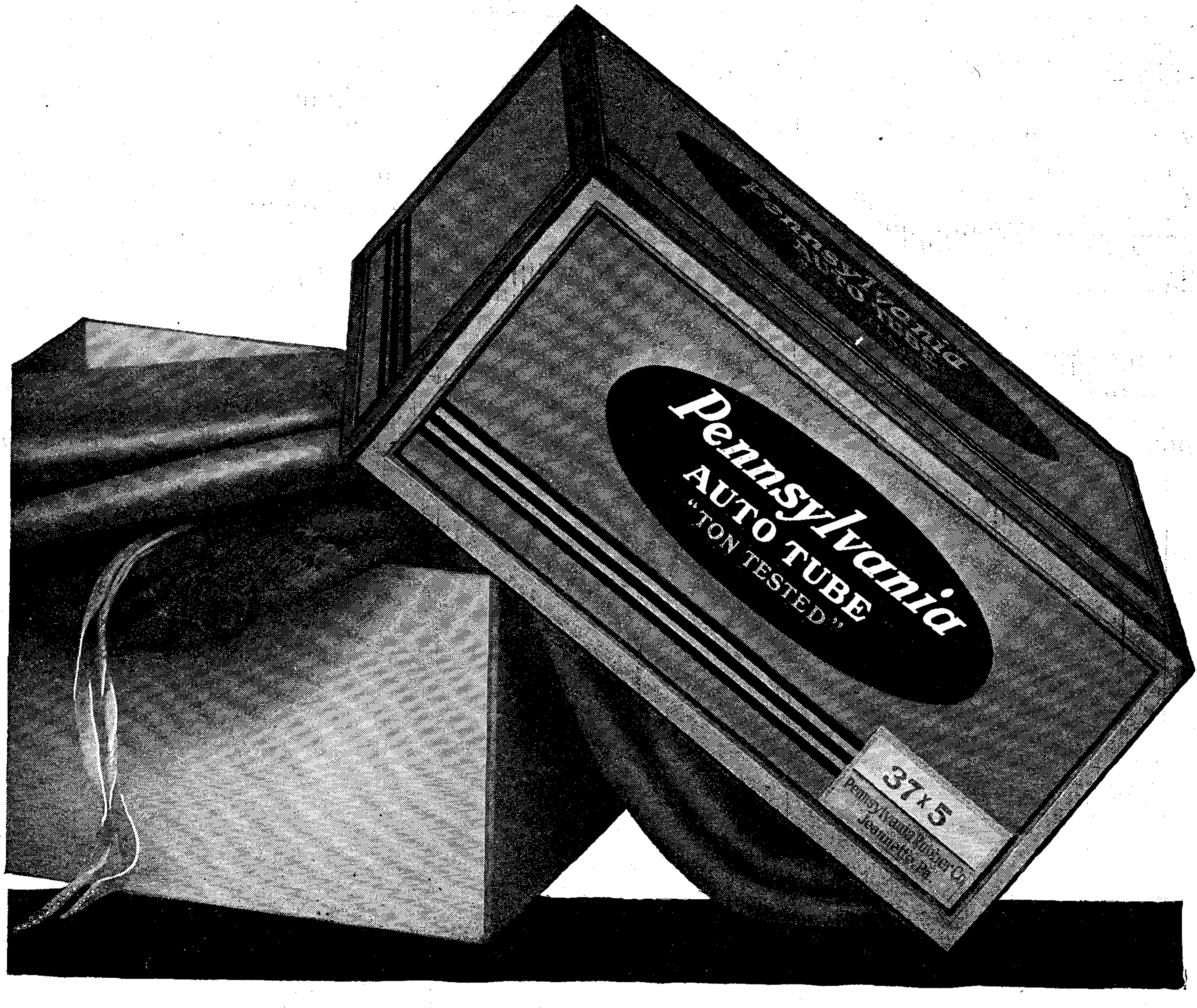
The "Ton Tested" Tube, with its tremendous service values, costs no more than ordinary tubes.

Makers of Vacuum Cup Tires

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Through the United States and Canada

Member Jeannette War Service Union



CURRENT - POETRY

CAMP poetry differs from the verse of the trenches only in degree; those who write it have experienced the discomforts of war without feeling the thrill of its ardors and its dangers. Most of it, unlike the poetry of the trenches, deals exclusively with war-themes—perhaps the writers have not yet had enough of the grim realities of conflict to see relief in exercises of pure beauty; but of a host of camp bards one rises compellingly to the forefront, Private Charles Divine, of the 27th Division, U. S. A., stationed at Camp Wadsworth, S. C. A sort of camp Kipling, he is sometimes grave, sometimes gay, but always cheerful. From the appropriately named *Gas Attack*, the weekly organ of the New York Division at Camp Wadsworth, we take these verses:

THE IMPATIENT SOLDIER

By Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108

"*A soldier has been defined as a man who has an insatiable desire to go anywhere else.*"—Major General O'Ryan.

Something calls—and I want to go over.
  I want to go over where comrades have led:
From these white cotton-fields and the sweet-smelling clover
  To roads where the flowers of battle are red

Here, friendly highways companion your noontide,
  Sunshine a-spatter on still, forest lanes
Fields hushed in beauty when night floods the noontide—
  And ponchos and shelter whenever it rains

There, roads are shattered and young lads around them,
  Bullets will spatter instead of the sun,
And up from the byways limp those who have found them,
  And back from the highways the ghosts of men run.

Yet I want to go over—a soldier's impatient;
  This horrible vise is a heart leaping hot,
Regardless of fate or the shell-hole adjacent,
  And trying to get there until he is "got."

His nature would baffle court martial or jury;
  A-roving, a-yearning, go somewhere he must.
God fashioned him out of a glorious fury,
  A handful of dust . . . and the wanderlust.

Something calls—yes, I smell every cluster of clover,
  I see here the meadows, each blossom is gay . . .
And the song of the wind—but I want to go over.
  It calls, and I want to go over to-day!

Realism, humor, and poetic beauty all find a place in these verses:

THE MOONLIGHT SCRUBBERS

By Charles Divine

Far down the vistaed, tent-lined street,
From Blue Ridge Mountains pours the sweet,
Night-kissed bouquet of oak and pine
That stings the head like potent wine.
Here soldiers sit bent over tubs
And wash their clothes with rhythmic rubs.
Through leaves, white tipped, each open space,
Floods moonlight, patterned songs, and lace;
A silver hush on moon-sprayed ground
Breathes music sweeter than a sound.
Where beauty is, are loves, desires,
Night's vague and vibrant softness fires;
Adventures brighten in the South
Where romance calls from full-lipped mouth—
And see! the lifted arms hang still,
A moment's doubt that guns can kill.
Then scrubbing hands forget the night:
"Who's got the soap? The grease sticks tight!"

Here is our private in quite a different mood, but equally effective:

THE ROAD TO TOWN

By Charles Divine

The road to town is young with Spring,
  And brave with new green grasses,
And how my heart goes venturing
  With every lad that passes.

For here my lover left so gay,
  And on his lips was laughter,
But I—I turned my head away,
  I couldn't follow after.

Tho, gipsy heart to gipsy heart,
  I've shared his every byway,
His roads and kisses—oh! to part
  On such a golden highway!

But now he's gone the road to town—
  Oh, God! the lilac's blooming!—
And from the town the ships go down
  To where the guns are booming.

The road to town is young with Spring,
  And green with new green grasses;
Oh, lad, my heart goes venturing
  With each of you that passes.

From another number of *The Gas Attack* we cull this significant little thought:

IT TAKES SO LITTLE

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,

Division Headquarters Troop

It takes so little to make us glad,
  Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
  And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt, and the fear we had—
  So little it takes to make us glad.

Sergeant John Pierre Roche has privately printed his random verses in a trim little volume called "Rimes in Olive Drab." Like Private Divine, the Sergeant can be humorous, thoughtful, and poetic. Let us take an example of his first quality:

"YOU WERE SO WHITE, SO SOFT"

By Sergeant John Pierre Roche

I knew your gentle touch
  Through all those many years—
Unheeding then, but now
  How memory endears
That golden span of time
  And makes me wish anew
That, since you could not come,
  I might have stayed with you.

We said good-by, and yet
  I went without a thought
Of what my going meant,
  Or how you held me taut;
And yet the thought of you
  Each night repose defeats—
Oh, would I knew again
  The luxury of sheets!

Growing thoughtful over the price we have to pay to make the world safe both for democracy and art he writes:

TO A VIOLINIST

(Now a "buck private")

By Sergeant John Pierre Roche

The throbbing tone of a violin
  With the tingling thrill of the concert-hall,
Played to a group in a trooper's tent,
  To ears attuned to a bugle-call;
A melody wrung by his fleeting bow
  With master touch and facile ease,
To wing its way through the flapping walls—
  A Kreisler Caprice—his "Viennese."

As his fingers stop on the lilting strings
  To touch a note to glowing life,
It seems to be unthinking waste
  To pledge this gift in futile strife—
A genius risked against a shell,
  A talent thrown without a thought
On scales now bent with human weight—
  Is peace to be so dearly bought?

Guard duty, the blackness and loneliness of the night, set him speculating on the future:

ON GUARD

By Sergeant John Pierre Roche

A cloudless sky of peaceful stars
Above a camp in tranquil rest;
The keen wind stirs the pine-trees,
And the white road stretches on
Like a path to the warring world.

Halt! Who goes there?

Was it nothing but the wind?
There is a shadow on the grass
And the crunch of brush underfoot.

Advance, friend, and be recognized!

  Let us see the Future's face:
    See if it is friend or foe;
  Let us tear its mask away—
    If this is Fate, then tell us so!

In his new book, "A Banjo at Armageddon" (George H. Doran, New York), Burton Braley gives us a camp picture:

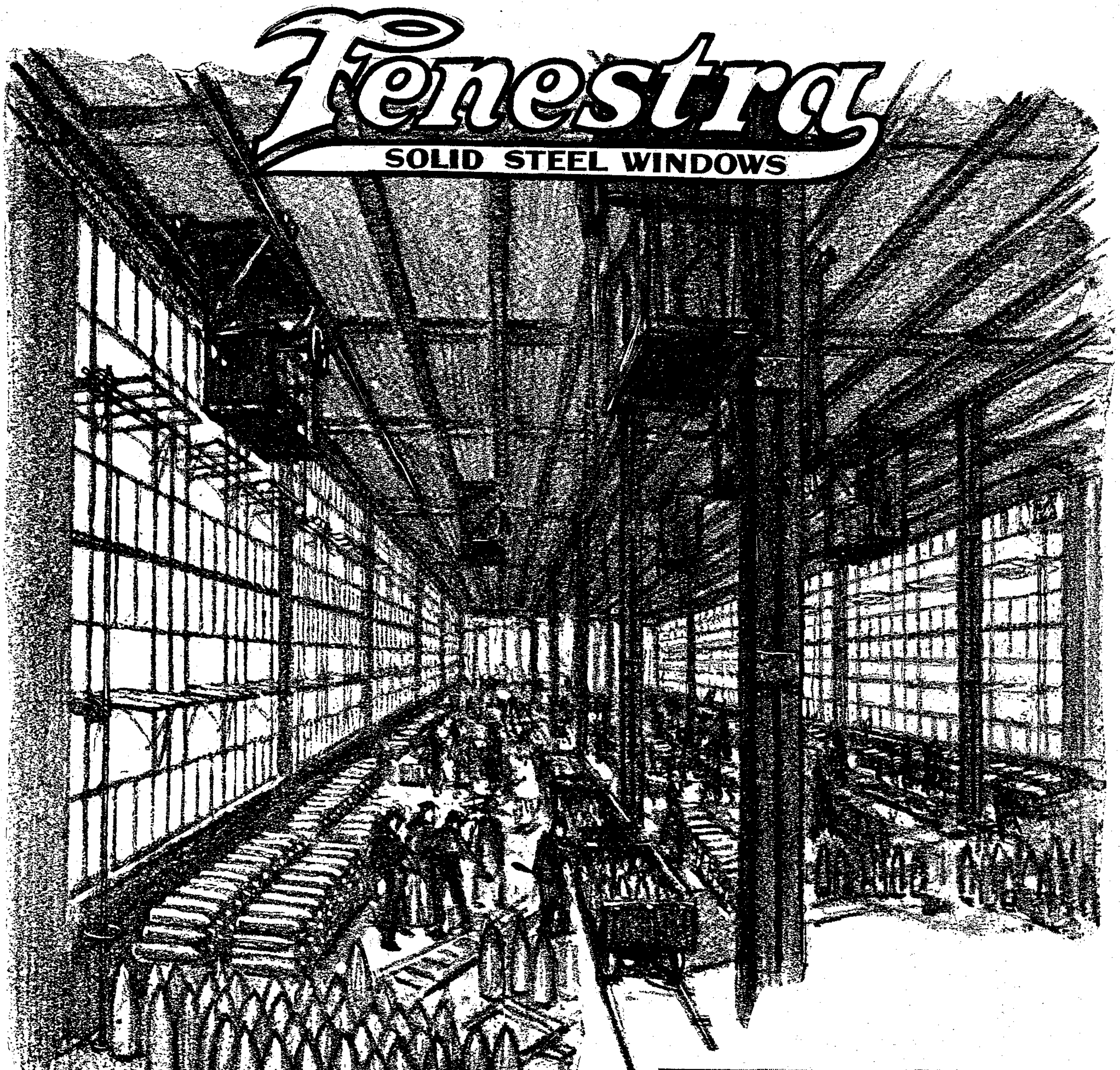
AROUND THE FIRE

By Berton Braley

When we've finished washing the plates of tin,
When the darkness falls and the gang comes in,
That's the time when the tales and the talk begin
  In the circle about the fire;
The talk of the way the day was spent,
Of the things we did and the roads we went,
Of pleasant ventures that brought content
  And sated the heart's desire.

The pipes are lighted, the fellows sit
Or sprawl about as the shadows flit,
And there is freedom of thought and wit
  Till the light of the embers dims;
And then comes singing—from foolish tunes
Of "pretty maidens" and "kindly moons,"
To old, old songs like your mother croons,
  Soft lullabies—or hymns.

The night breeze rustles the leaves above,
And we talk of the things we are fondest of,
The men we like and the girls we love,
  Who make life worth the fight.
Till the ash grays over the glowing coals
And the spirit of drowsiness controls,
And each man into his blanket rolls,
  With the sleepy word, "Good-night!"



Through Fenestra Steel Sash clear white daylight penetrates to the very center of this great munition plant

The Fire Protection required by government munition plants, is your safest building specification. Therefore, specify *Fenestra Solid Steel Windows.* Daylight flooding every niche and corner, thus increasing efficiency and decreasing accident possibilities, is another insistent requirement. Therefore, specify *Fenestra Solid Steel Windows.* Perfect ventilation is a further and conclusive reason. Proofs and details await your request at

Detroit Steel Products Company
3501 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit

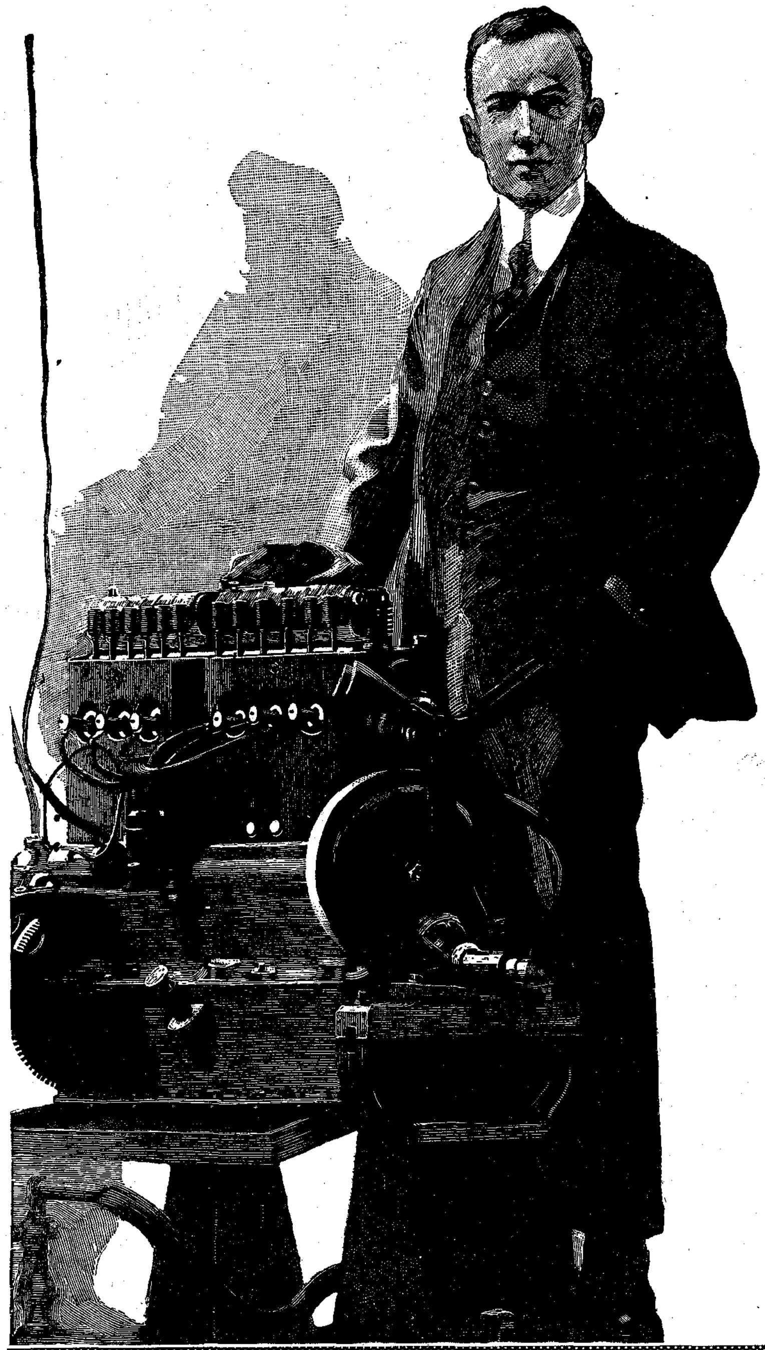
Fenestra Operators are designed and built with Fenestra sash—they are not merely an attachment. Easy, quick and sure in their work, they satisfy

Says the Car-Builder:

"Only we whose task is designing and building that highly perfected, powerful thing—the modern motor-car—can fully appreciate what it means to have at our disposal such a material as *Lynite*.

"Few factors in developing and refining the automobile deserve a more prominent place.

"In the well-built car, you'll find *Lynite* doing many jobs better than they have ever been done. Over forty different parts are now made of it.



Lightness

"One of the biggest and most perplexing problems in car building has been to get rid of excess weight. Every pound that isn't necessary for strength and safety boosts the gasoline bills, shortens tire-life, adds to wear and tear and handicaps flexibility.

"In the pistons, surplus weight is particularly undesirable. Here a slight difference in weight—a matter of ounces—makes a big difference in the way the car performs.

"*Lynite* is extremely light—three times as light as cast-iron. This is the principal reason for its use in so many parts, including such vital ones as cylinder-castings and pistons.

Strength

"It's easy enough to make a light metal. But to make one with both lightness and strength is another proposition.

"*Lynite* can be made as strong and enduring as cast-iron. You don't have to take my word for that, either, for it has stood more than three years' use in thousands of cars and has been remarkably successful in airplane piston service—the test of tests.

Heat-Conductivity

"In the pistons, *Lynite* has another big advantage—its ability to conduct heat twice as fast as cast-iron. Because the heat flows from it so rapidly, the head of a *Lynite* Piston remains comparatively cool long after that of a cast-iron piston would have become red-hot."

The Aluminum Castings Company
Cleveland, Ohio

LYNITE

Says the Car-Dealer:

"Here's one thing about this car which should convince you its builder was after performance and your satisfaction above everything else—and that's the use of *Lynite* in the pistons and other parts. Do you think he would have spent the higher price for *Lynite*, if he didn't think it worth the difference in the cost over cast-iron?

"There are a lot of reasons why it's worth it. Jump in. We'll take a ride and see.

Flexibility

"How about that for quick getaway? Just a touch and she's off. Light-weight *Lynite* Pistons turn the trick. A light piston is bound to start more readily from a dead stop than a heavy one.

"Now we'll slow her down. Slow—slower—there, how's that for crawling on high? Light-weight *Lynite* again you see.

"We'll let her crawl till we strike that hill ahead, so you can see how she climbs from a slow start. Here we go—right straight up on high. No grunting—no knocking. You couldn't get up here with heavy cast-iron pistons in the engine unless you threw her into second.

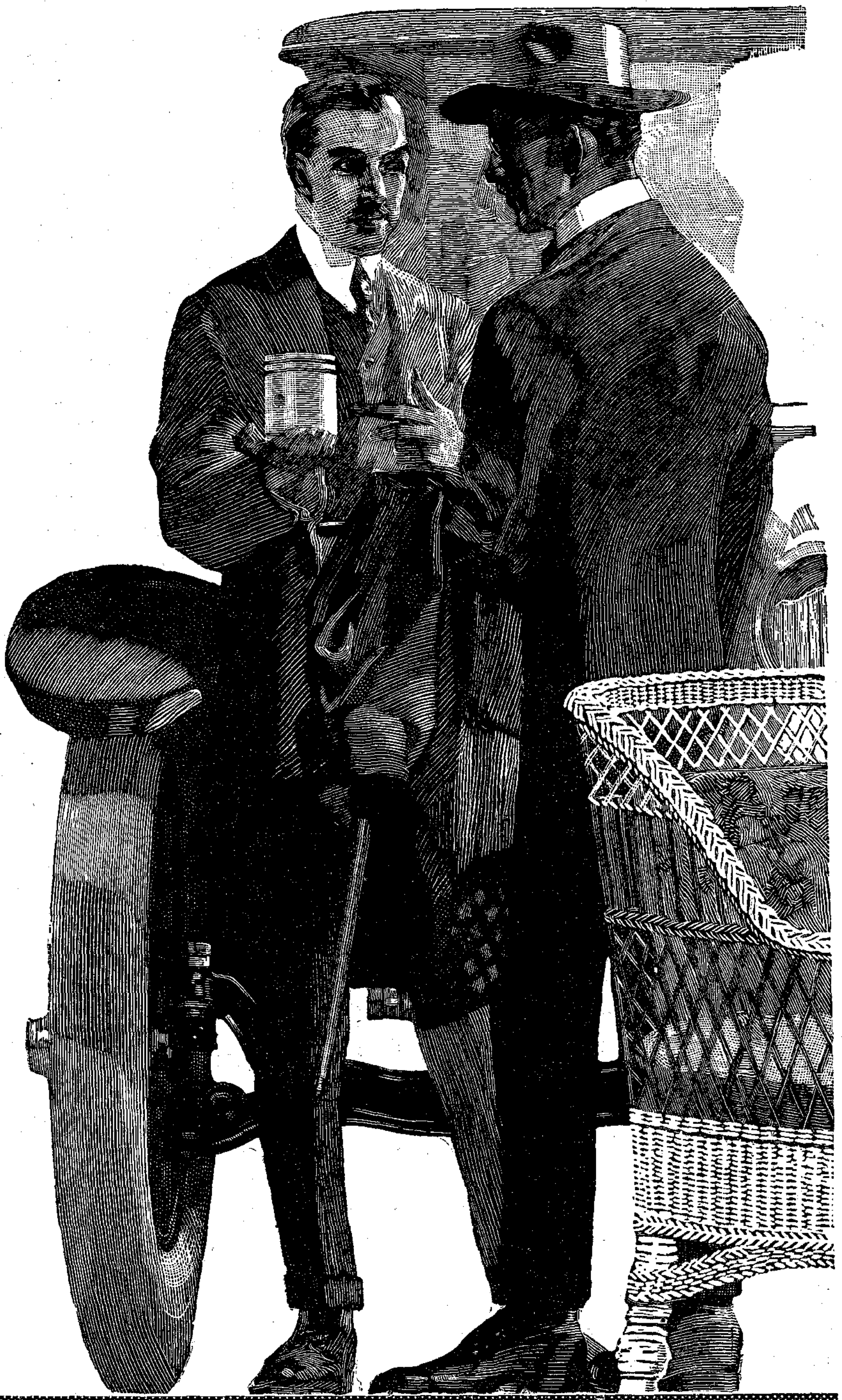
Quiet-Running

"You'll notice you can hardly hear the engine and that there's little or no vibration. That's because cutting down piston-weight has gotten rid of a great part of the pound and shock that come at the end of each piston stroke.

"Makes a lot of difference in the pleasure you get out of driving, doesn't it? And it makes just as big a difference in wear and tear on the car.

Freedom from Carbon

"There's another thing *Lynite* Pistons do for you, too, and that's to keep the engine carbon-free. Carbon, as you know, is simply oil that's been burned on the head of a red-hot piston. Because they stay much cooler than cast-iron, *Lynite* Pistons practically do away with carbon troubles"



The Aluminum Castings Company
Cleveland, Ohio

PISTONS

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust~

Lincoln Highway east of Greensburg, Pa., treated with "Tarvia-B."

PUBLIC ROADS

Whereas, It is essential that all the transportation facilities of the Nation should be brought to the highest state of efficiency in order that food-stuffs may be moved most economically from the farm to the market, that manufactured products be moved at the lowest cost from the factory to the consumer; and,

Whereas, The public highways offer a good, prompt, and economical means to supplement transportation by rail and water; therefore,

Be It Resolved, That the prompt improvement of our public highways is important and should be forwarded in every proper way.

—*Resolution adopted at War Convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.*

Good Roads to the Rescue of the Nation!

OUR industrial and military mobilization has overwhelmed the railroads. Embargoes, a desperate expedient to relieve the glut, are incessant embarrassments to shippers.

Even the Government cannot get its freight through. In some railroad yards the wrecking-derricks are used to get particular cars out of the jam by lifting them bodily from the side-tracks to the main-line. Switch-yards get so full that the main-lines are blocked by waiting trains.

But in those sections where long level routes of good roads connect the cities, motor-trucks are accomplishing marvels of long-distance transportation.

More and more New England is delivering to New York that way, and the Boston Post-Road hums with the endless procession of heavy trucks.

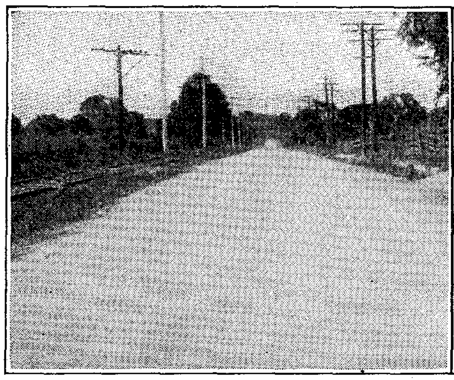
Detroit is sending great caravans all the way to the seaboard, and that is a feat because all the roads are not good.

And one impassable mile in the journey is enough to clog the whole line. Keep the roads good! Make them fit for the new traffic! That should be the watchword! Construct and treat your roads with Tarvia. It will make them not only automobile-proof, but motor-truck-proof. Its use will exclude frost and rain and make an *all-the-year-round* road. It saves labor in replacements and repairs.

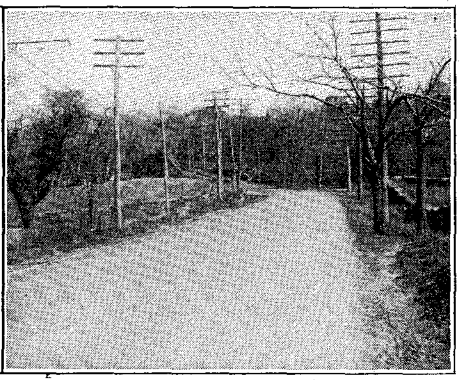
The use of Tarvia will insure *good roads at the lowest possible cost.*

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes* this Department can greatly assist you.



Harrisburg Pike near Columbus, O., built with "Tarvia-X," 1915.



Boston Post-Road—a Connecticut section—treated with "Tarvia-B."

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: Montreal Toronto
Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

STETTINIUS, "MASTER WORKMAN," BUYER FOR UNCLE SAM'S ARMY

EVEN his office-boy admits that Edward R. Stettinius can do his job a little better than he can—and that's "some admission" for an office-boy. That's the way it goes, too, all along the line, through clerks and bookkeepers to directors and owners. All admit that Stettinius is just a bit more competent than themselves—and that's some admission for directors, too. Stettinius knows every detail of his office, and is familiar with the methods of all his expert subordinates. Business men call him the "master workman."

Stettinius is the man who spent $10,000,000 for arms and ammunition and food and clothing for the French and British armies in the field, and he did this so satisfactorily for both buyer and seller that when Uncle Sam took a hand in the war he was made surveyor-general of all his army purchases, or, as Secretary Baker more comprehensively describes the job, he is "in charge of the procurement and production of all supplies for the five army bureaus—ordnance, quartermaster, signal, engineer, and medical." And now Mr. Stettinius has been added to the newly created War-Council.

When the announcement of the President's selection for the big post of war-buyer was cabled abroad Lord Northcliffe—himself something of a genius in the publishing line—received the news with this comment:

"He is easily the ablest business organizer in the ranks of the Allies or the enemy."

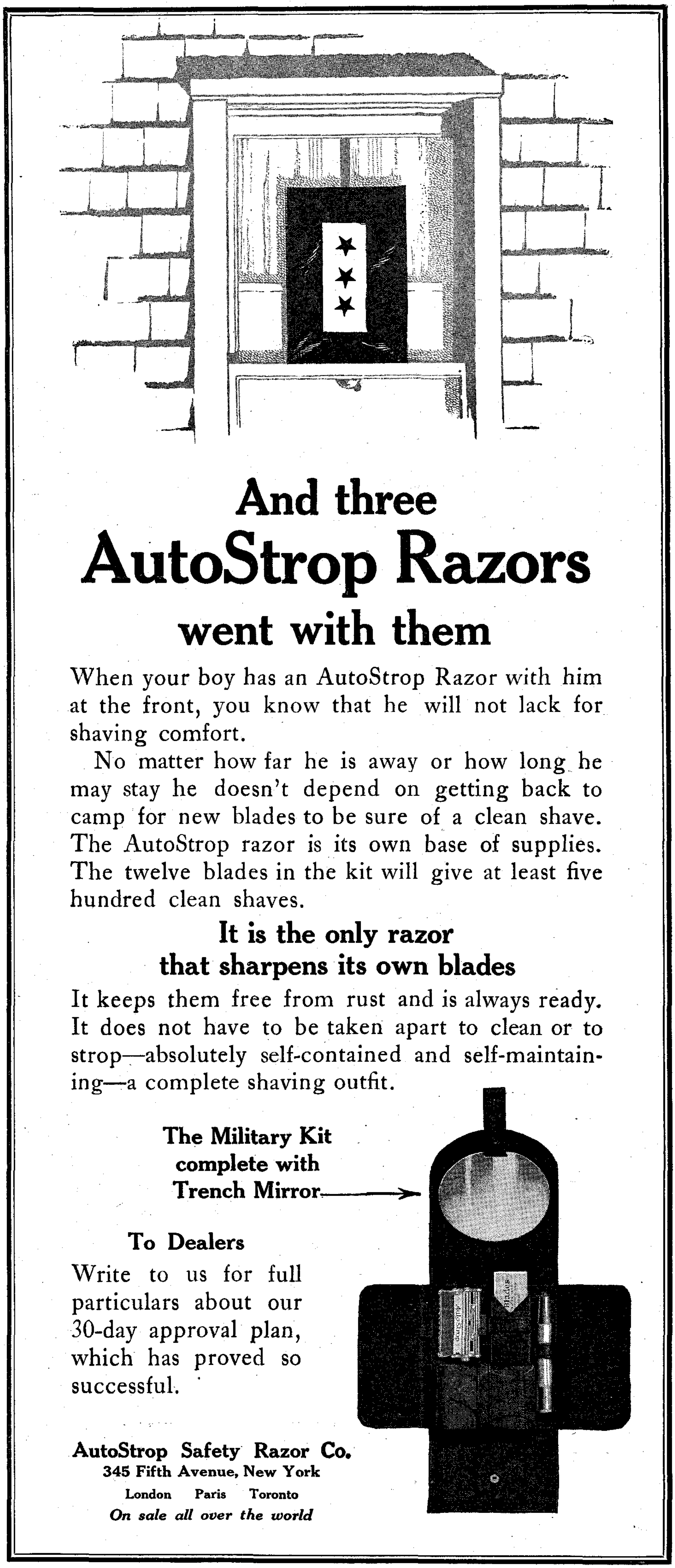
When Great Britain called to the colors nearly a million men the problem of providing them with shoes, guns, and powder immediately arose, and, says a writer in *The Nation's Business:*

> While capacity could be developed, frenzied purchases had to be made in other lands. So in a night, almost, the markets of the United States were nearly overwhelmed. Groups of military men hurried from London on their journey to New York. They were buyers for the cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Arrived in the United States, they began bidding against one another. Last April and later, American officers went through a similar procedure.
>
> Speculating persons, mostly front, with little money but much rhetoric, greeted the Englishmen like old friends. The contracts they gained were sold at a large profit to manufacturers, who were taking contracts themselves at unparalleled figures. Hotels in New York were filled to the roofs with sellers and purchasers.
>
> Two countries were being injured. Great Britain was paying double prices and treble prices for its necessities, because Dover is just over the channel from Calais and the Prussians had already crossed the Belgian frontier. The British injury could be computed in money. Two dollars

> were being spent, or three dollars, when a dollar would have been enough.
>
> The damage to America, prospectively, was social and industrial, as well as financial. Normal business was approaching a collapse. Prices were booming like the batteries of the Huns. Instrumentalities were leaving the ways of peace and going headlong on the road to war. Business America was being forgotten by America in the orgy of profits with which Mars now tempted the neutral world.
>
> London saw its own interest and changed its program by turning to the house of Morgan, which had been financing England's purchases in the United States. The Morgans were made commercial agents of the British Government, which meant that they were to do the British buying in this country, on a commission, and were to arrange for the payments in the best way they could.

By degrees something like stability returned to the markets of America, but the task of the Morgan concern proved enormous. They were bankers and money-lenders and not manufacturers nor merchants, and so they looked about for some one to represent them in the British buying in this country. They chose Edward R. Stettinius, then president of the Diamond Match Company, and his task began to grow, for very shortly afterward the contract for the buying for France was included in the arrangements. Mr. Stettinius was to give three or four hours a day to his task, but, says the writer in *The Nation's Business:*

> Instead, he gave the whole day and part of the night. There were definite things to be accomplished. Buying in itself was only a fraction of the task. Prices, it was true, had to be reasonable, the world at war with itself. But there had to be things that could be purchased. So production came into the problem, and transportation, and the expulsion of the brokers. Labor was also an element in the general situation. What use could be found for a factory if there were no workers in the vicinity? Or no houses in which they could live were they brought from a distance?
>
> Mills and shops, many of them, had to be enlarged. Forges of peace were to be transformed into forges of war. Raw materials were necessary and had to be obtained for the weapons of the battle. And more important, nationally, than anything else, the business of this country had to be maintained and saved from demoralization.
>
> The first aim of Mr. Stettinius was to choose a reliable and able staff. He called to his assistance a small number of eminent manufacturers, engineers, and lawyers—young men, who had dealt with large matters. These are the men, toilers themselves, who call their old chief "a master workman." The lawyers among them say that Stettinius can take a long and technical contract and find its hidden flaws and ambiguities, if any there be, with unerring accuracy. Buyers who helped him, specialists in metals, chemicals, and so on, discovered that he was a versatile specialist himself. They placed their questions before him, not only because he was their leader but also in the knowledge that he could assist them. He would turn from one to another, and from acid to cotton lint, from steel billets to shells,



And three
AutoStrop Razors
went with them

When your boy has an AutoStrop Razor with him at the front, you know that he will not lack for shaving comfort.

No matter how far he is away or how long he may stay he doesn't depend on getting back to camp for new blades to be sure of a clean shave. The AutoStrop razor is its own base of supplies. The twelve blades in the kit will give at least five hundred clean shaves.

It is the only razor that sharpens its own blades

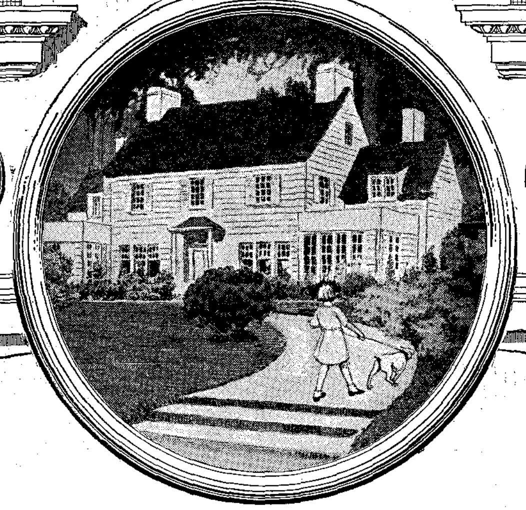
It keeps them free from rust and is always ready. It does not have to be taken apart to clean or to strop—absolutely self-contained and self-maintaining—a complete shaving outfit.

The Military Kit complete with Trench Mirror

To Dealers

Write to us for full particulars about our 30-day approval plan, which has proved so successful.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
345 Fifth Avenue, New York
London Paris Toronto
On sale all over the world



YOUR ARCHITECT

YOUR ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

When Your Architect Begins the Plans, Have a Talk With Your Electrical Contractor

A HOME is made by its beauty, its comforts, its associations. You, your architect and the builders will create the first and second of these. The third is the gift of Life and Time.

Much of the beauty and many of the individual comforts the architect will develop from suggestions that you and your family have already formulated. Your most helpful and effective ideas, however, will be evolved only after your first consultations with him have brought you a stimulating new fund of information on the wonderful art of home-building.

Especially will you be astonished at the importance of electrical equipment in the success of a modern home.

Be Guided by Your Architect

Your architect has the advantage of professional training in both the art and construction phases of architecture. He bears the real responsibility for making your home livable. All of your suggestions are negligible in number compared with the thousand and one details he takes care of without a question.

But remember that your encouragement and co-operation are gratifying and inspiring to him.

The Work of the Electrical Contractor

Inform yourself in the matter of electrical equipment. Talk with your electrical contractor and have him give you an exact definition of the electrical possibilities of your home-to-be—of course, electric lighting is a mere beginning.

Then say to your architect that you wish him to be liberal in his electrical budget—that you want your home to have all present-day electrical advantages and an installation which will anticipate the rapidly expanding application of electric current and power to domestic uses.

The architect will plan for electricity, but the electrical contractor will interpret the plans—will carry the responsibility of correct installation. The co-operation of these two technically trained men will give you complete electrical service and satisfaction. To enjoy continuous satisfaction in that service, see to it that none of your electrical work, even of minor importance, is entrusted to any but a qualified electrical contractor.

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

The Electric Cable Company, 10 East 43rd Street, New York City

Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where rubber-covered wire is used.

without losing a moment in giving his mind a new adjustment.

Memory, of course, explains in part the power of this very uncommon man. Thus prices, past and present, of all the articles, few or many, with which he is concerned, are fixt in his mind. He refers to no papers when talking with contractors or subordinates and so becomes impressive and gives emphasis to the respect that is accorded him by all.

At the end of the year Stettinius was made a partner in the Morgan concern, and now his acquaintance with men is as wide as the American continent, and also embraces a good part of Europe. And in this there is much to his advantage, for it is his custom to call Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, or Cincinnati on the long-distance telephone and talk intimately concerning business or contracts that may be under way.

Of his personal characteristics *The Nation's Business* says:

> He is likable and human—a mathematical astronomer, or a physicist who plays golf, laughs, talks to children, sees the winter red-bird on a garden picket, a splash of high color against the snow; reads politics, now with amusement, again with concern, and keeps anchored to the world.
>
> A natural trader, he is described by those who have watched his methods—the gift of negotiation possibly being an inheritance from his father, who was active with steamboats on the Mississippi River. Born in St. Louis, fifty-two years ago, he grew up there and was educated there by the Jesuit fathers. A century ago Bishop Dubourg rented a one-story stone residence and established a classical school among the French, Indians, and Germans, of Missouri.
>
> The school at last became a university, with large buildings and a great library. Here it was that Edward R. Stettinius, as child and youth, learned to be obedient and diligent and to respect authority.

Not much that is authoritative has been written about Stettinius. He talks little and seldom about himself. Only one biographical sketch was ever published with the full sanction of the subject, and it was less than one hundred words long. One of the sentences that used up nearly a tenth of the limited space stated that "he was actively engaged in business for nine years." The writer in *The Nation's Business*, continuing, says:

> That was in St. Louis. Then he removed to Chicago. He was twenty-six years old. Wheat, rising and falling, up in the morning and down in the afternoon, opened before him a road gay with images and full of song. Whether he lost or won the world has never learned. His written history, which, so far, has been nothing but bones, and few at that, really starts when he was secretary and treasurer of a small steam-boiler concern.
>
> The panic of 1892 came on immediately and the secretary and treasurer met the crisis by adding bookkeeping and order-soliciting, and, perhaps, office-sweeping, to his tasks of the day and hour.
>
> But panics do end and skies of gloom turn clear. The Sterling Boiler Company, for that was the name of the firm, Ohio C.

Barber, president, sailed on and on, after the rough gale from the north became a warm zephyr from the south, with Stettinius at the wheel as general manager.

There were years of creative and organizing toil, followed by growth and an excellent standing in trade, whereupon the Sterling Company was merged with the Babcock & Wilcox Company, one of the largest corporations of its type in the world. Mr. Stettinius was elected vice-president of the consolidated concern.

Bankers, meanwhile, had been observing him—Chicago bankers, and those of them in particular who were large owners of the Diamond Match Company. Eleven years ago, Mr. Stettinius, a master of metals and an expert in machinery, went into matches, and, being young and Mr. Barber, the founder of the business, being well on in years, was given the management of the company's seven factories, of its 180,000 acres of California timber-land, of its northwestern logging road, of its chemical works, of its mills for the making of pasteboard, and of its manufactories and business in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, South Africa, Peru, Chile, Brazil, and the Philippine Islands.

At the end of three years he was chosen president of the corporation. And it was from this office that the house of Morgan took him when it sought a buyer for the British Government.

The purchases made by Mr. Stettinius for the Allies totaled not far from four billion dollars. His work for other nations ceased when the United States entered the war against the Prussians.

A WORKING VISIT WITH THE SMITH COLLEGE GIRLS AT GRECOURT

"THEY are as hard as nails and as happy as clams!"

Sounds like it might be a bunch of cowboys or a college football team in training, doesn't it? It isn't. It is simply an apparently very truthful, concise, and first-hand description of the physical and mental condition of the Smith College Unit at Grecourt, in a badly wrecked part of France. A writer for the New York *Evening Sun* passed a week with the girls, during which time she says she learned the real meaning of a "dead-game sport." The girls live in a *baraque*, and the writer asks:

> Do you know, in the first place, what a *baraque* is? It's a favorite word in France just now. Like everybody else, I've operated it glibly, but in the bottom of me I never had a very clear idea what it stood for. I asked a friend of mind what she thought it was, and she said:
>
> "Oh, a long shanty with rows of beds and a box with a tin basin on it at the head of each bed."
>
> Well, that's about what my idea was, but it's not true. A *baraque* is a shack, yes, and a very shacky shack, sheathed with boards on the inside and covered with a sort of *papier-mâché* on the outside. It has wood floors, raised about one foot off the ground, no more. The Smith girls' *baraques* each have two rooms and two girls sleep in each room. They are heated by stoves, which don't go unless some one stands by and feeds them with a spoon. Some of them have only oil-stoves, which make about as much im-

"Founder," 10c
Actual Size

"Benefactor"
2 for 25c
Actual Size

America's Most Famous Cigar

—the EFFICIENCY CIGAR: it permits men to smoke freely and still be fit. Invariably the heavy cigar smoker finds himself with steadier nerves and a clearer brain after switching to Girards.

Doctors recommend it in place of other cigars —and smoke it themselves, as well.

It is a cigar brimming with the friendly flavor and the ripe bouquet of real Havana—but empty of malice and empty of regret.

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

Every day in every corner of the country, smokers who respect their health as well as their pleasure, are "switching to Girards."

Any cigar dealer from Maine to California can supply you with Girards—if he hasn't them in stock he can get them for you from us. A few puffs will tell you more about the Girard than we can possibly tell you here. Try it—if you haven't already "switched."

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871 **Philadelphia**

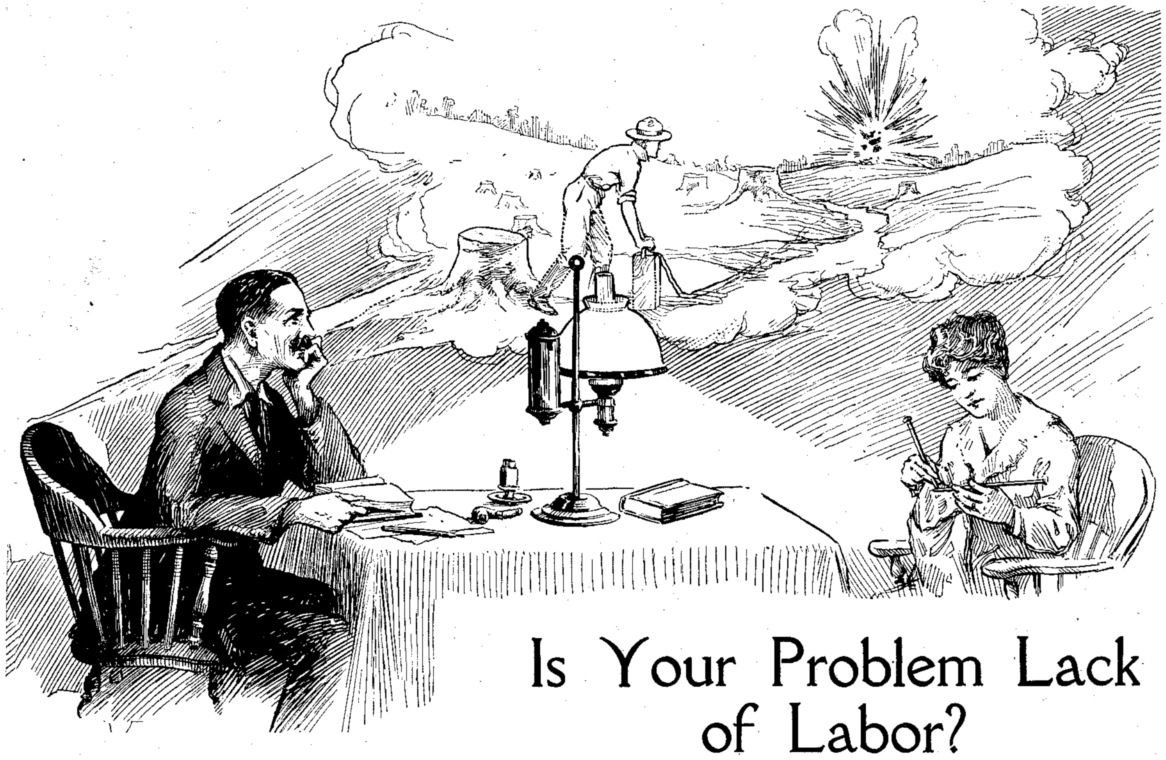
10¢ and up

"Philosopher"
15c
Actual Size

"Director"
3 for 25c
Actual Size

"Broker," 10c
Actual Size

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



Is Your Problem Lack of Labor?

Are you shorthanded on your place? Are there stumps and boulders to remove—swampy places to be drained—ditches or post holes to be dug? Is your new home held up waiting the excavation for its foundation? Is there a crooked, land-eating stream waiting to be straightened? Are you worrying about how you will dig those holes in which to set out your fruit trees? Don't wait—don't worry—find out now about

DU PONT

Red Cross Farm Explosives

Learn how a few pounds of Red Cross Farm Explosives will do more real work for you in a few hours than ten men could do in a week. Learn why that work can be done more thoroughly—more quickly and with much less labor and cost.

Just now the whole world needs food. There's a big market and an eager one. It is every farmer's golden opportunity.

GET OUR NEW FREE BOOK, "THE GIANT LABORER"

It's a remarkable volume that will open your eyes to the many uses for Farm Explosives. Check Farm Explosives in the Coupon. Sign your name and address. Clip it and send it to us now!

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WILMINGTON *Established 1802* DELAWARE

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and Mail This Coupon to
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Py-ra-lin Rods & Tubes
Sanitary Wall Finish
Town & Country Paint
Vitrolac Varnish
Flowkote Enamel
Antoxide Iron Paint
Bridgeport Finishes

Auto Enamel
Rayntite Top Material
Motor Fabrikoid
Craftsman Fabrikoid
Fairfield Rubber Cloth
Anesthesia Ether
Metal Lacquers
Pyroxylin Solvents
Py-ra-lin Enamels
Commercial Acids
Alums
Pigment Bases
Tar Distillates
Bronze Powder

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Address

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Business

Visit the Du Pont Products Store,
1105 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J

THE DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES ARE

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Wilmington, Delaware	Explosives
Du Pont Chemical Works, Equitable Bldg., N. Y.	Pyroxylin and Coal Tar Chemicals
Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Delaware	Leather Substitutes
The Arlington Works, 725 Broadway, N. Y.	Ivory Py-ra-lin and Cleanable Collars
Harrison Works, Philadelphia, Pa.	Paints, Pigments, Acids & Chemicals
Du Pont Dye Works, Wilmington, Delaware	Dyes and Dye Bases

> pression on the atmosphere as a warm dewdrop in a lake.
>
> And you may take my word for it that it's cold up there—the kind of cold that gets through all the layers of clothes you wear. After your first day there you've discarded silk stockings and are wearing one, if not two, pairs of the heaviest made woolens, and you've borrowed every available woollie not in use, and you roll around more like a mechanical pillow than anything else. And still the cold creeps along your marrow and you shiver 'way down underneath the feathers. And your feet are never warm and never dry. If there's not the most adherent, the squashiest, the deepest mud underfoot all the time, there's snow—I don't know which is worse. You get used to air-battles and barbed-wire entanglements left by the *Boche*, but you never get used to the mud—it's a never-ending source of amazement.
>
> You sleep on a sort of mow of blankets so tightly stretched around you that to turn over is a luxury never to be indulged in. It's getting up in the morning that's the hardest. There's never any bright sun to beckon you out to gambol in the snow in northern France; no, there's a faint, cold, gray gleam that comes through the one square inch of your window that isn't frozen, and it's this and the creaking footsteps of the girls shivering by outside that are the things that tell you it's time to get up. Ugh—don't say a word about character and being a sport!
>
> You do have hot water left outside your door by the son of the *concierge* of the château that was, but is now no more; still, if you don't hop up and haul it in quickly it's likely to freeze on your hands. Everything freezes up there. The report one morning was that the alcohol in the dispensary had frozen, and one of the girls swears that she spilled some boiling hot water on the floor and a few minutes later her roommate nearly lost her life slipping on it. I can believe it.
>
> That's the first test—turning out in the morning—but those girls do it without crying. Then after breakfast the fires have to be made if there are to be any—especially in the dispensary, where the red-nosed children from the neighboring villages are already shivering around the door waiting for the daily morning clinic.
>
> Then the girls who tend the store have to go to that pretty little portable house wherein the store is lodged (you know, one of those dainty, canvas-sided affairs you read advertisements of in the back-to-nature magazines), and sell Mother Hubbards and sheets and tin kitchen utensils and such other warm articles, without the sign of a fire to warm their poor toes.
>
> And if there's snow the blessed duck-walks that lead from *baraque* to *baraque* have to be cleared. These are a species of infernal board-walk devised for the comfort of the boys in the trenches—you slide on them, you fall on them, you break your neck on them, you do everything but walk on them.

Then there are the three-times-a-week trips of the traveling store which serves the villages that are too far away for the residents to patronize the château store. The writer made a trip with the pedlers one day—she describes it as the coldest in history—when no one knew the state of the roads. But—

> Blankets, twenty-one I believe, had been promised the village of S—— (the farthest distant village), and the girls were determined to deliver them somehow.
>
> We started with the faithful Ford truck. The first town we made without difficulty. Trade was poor, the drifts being too deep for the peasants to want to dig themselves out of their shelters. So we went on and eventually got to the second town on the itinerary. Here some folk who were probably living on nothing at all themselves called us into their one room and insisted on giving us hot coffee and made us go through the motions of drying our feet.
>
> Then we started for the last, the blanket village. Before us lay the road, winding through a white field. We called it the road because there was evidence that a vehicle—at least one—had passed through there before; so we whipt the faithful Ford and went to it. About half-way through the machine balked. We looked ahead. The wheel-marks of the preceding adventurers were almost completely obliterated by drifts of soft, new, sparkling snow.

With the aid of two soldiers who fortunately happened along they finally got the machine started and delivered the blankets. On the way back, however, they were stuck once more. But again these women, unaided this time, managed to start the truck, and, says the writer:

> We were late for dinner—one of the girls had to stop to rub her feet with snow before she came in; they were frost-nipt a bit. But the peasants of S—— slept warm that night, even if the Grecourt girls didn't.
>
> I am beginning to think that those girls may be proving that the luxury we live in, the so-called "comforts of home" and "decencies of life," are unnecessary. There they are, fifteen girls, living in such hardships as they've hardly ever seen before, and they're as hard as nails and happy as clams. And they are only one of many similar groups of women who are doing the same sort of work. And it is such hard work—regular porter's work. Yet they all tackle it blithely.
>
> Why, even I felt stronger up there, tho if you had told me before I went that I could carry four gallons of milk through a heavy snow-path for two miles I would have sniffed at you. But when I saw the most respected lady doctor shoulder her can of milk without a murmur and the social-service worker sling a bag of heavy supplies across her back ready to start, and the other lady doctor bringing up the rear lugging a heavy valise of bottles and an enormous bottle of malted milk as well—well, I couldn't be a quitter. You see, the children of C—— had to have their milk, and there were some sick kiddies at C——, too, and the roads were too heavy for the machine, so they walked, that's all. Quite simple!
>
> And nobody seemed to think it was sporting. Those girls work harder than the French peasants themselves. They don't like to spend much money, you see, because the more they spend on themselves the less they have for the people, and they haven't an awful lot to spend anyway. The Red Cross helps them—in fact, they're more or less under the Red-Cross wing, if crosses can have wings; that's how they get their supplies and some of the money they spend on blankets and things. The Red Cross is doing its best to keep life going up there and those college girls are helping them do it. Long life to the whole outfit!

WAR ROBBED REDMOND OF A REALIZATION OF HIS LIFE'S DREAM

When the German war-lord was counting his fagots before thrusting his incendiary torch into the structure of civilization he reckoned on the support of Ireland as a strong factor in his plans. But right there William made a serious error. His narrow vision saw the Irish Nationalists seizing with avidity upon this opportunity to strike at England. But he had not counted on the manhood of their leader, John E. Redmond, who rose in the House of Commons and pledged to England the loyal support of the Irish in these historic words:

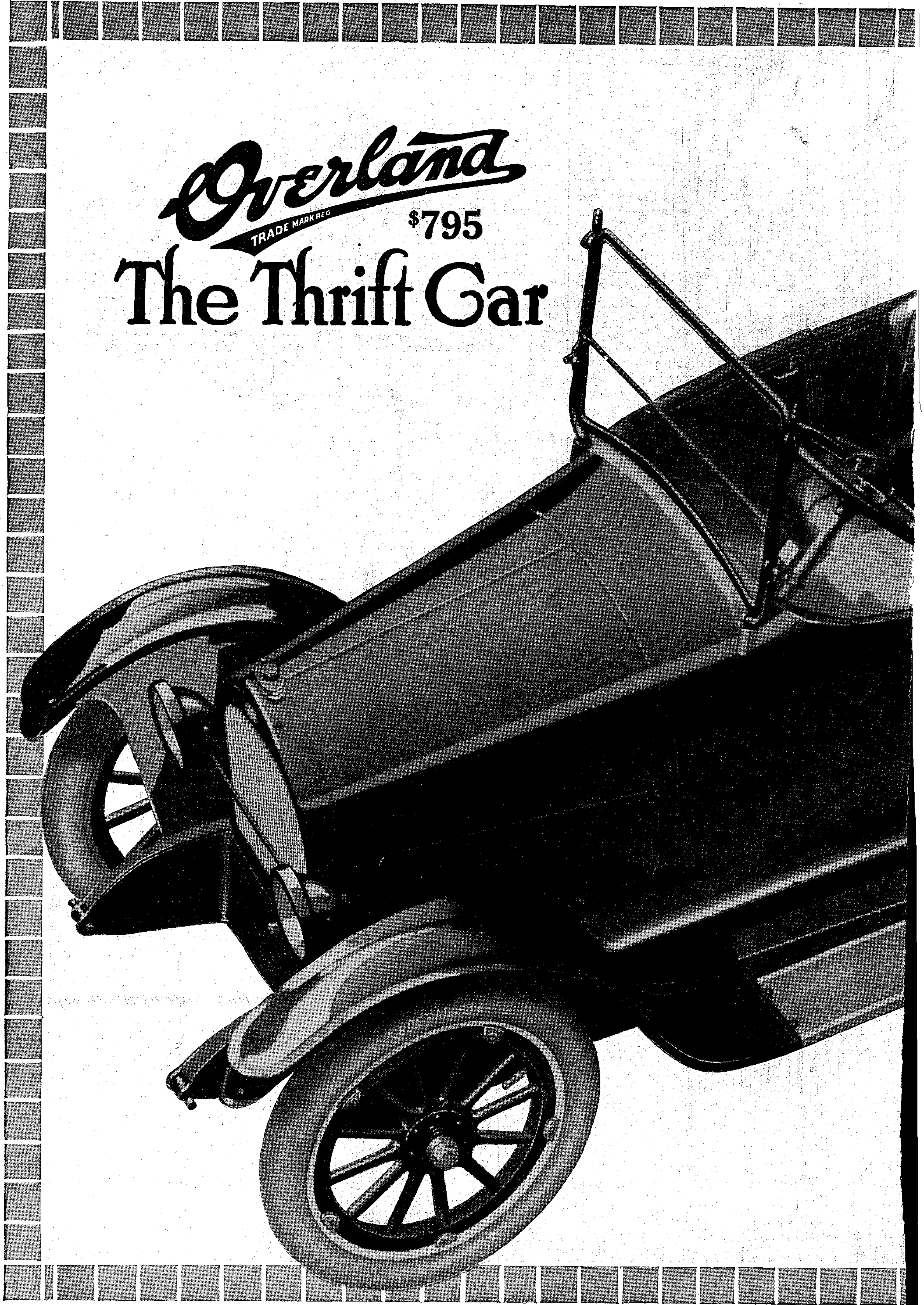
> To-day there are in Ireland two large bodies of volunteers. I say to the Government, they may to-morrow, with safety, withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland, and the coasts of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons. In this matter the armed Catholics of the south will gladly join arms with the armed Protestants of the north.

And yet, despite his loyalty to Ireland, and to the greater cause of humanity, Redmond died without realizing his lifelong dream of seeing Ireland governed by the Irish, and almost his last words to his close friend, Father Vaughan, were:

"I am a broken-hearted man!"

Redmond was born in Dublin in 1851, and was educated at Trinity College. At the completion of his college course he was admitted to the bar, and at the age of twenty-five was elected to the House of Commons. Of his career since then a writer in the New York *Times* says:

> The story of John Edward Redmond is the history of a life singularly devoted to one purpose. Putting aside many opportunities for honor and advancement of one sort and another, Redmond dedicated all his energies, his gifts, and his ambitions to the cause of advancing the interests of the Irish nation. Whatever of fame came to him resulted from his ceaseless activities to that end; whatever of further honor and of riches offered in other directions he time and again put behind him.
>
> All during the years of the great world-war he managed to combine in greater degree than any other Irishman of world-importance devotion to the interests of his own land as he saw them and ungrudging, even militant, loyalty to Great Britain in her death-struggle with the Teutonic Powers. One of the great sorrows of his life was the Dublin uprising, and tho he did what he could to mitigate the fate of those who shared in it, yet he deplored it as another of those terribly abortive efforts of Ireland which time and again had closed to her the opportunity for full national development.
>
> Redmond's leadership of the Irish cause in the House of Commons was a natural, almost an inevitable, succession to the reign of Charles Stewart Parnell. In the early days of Parnell's leadership, it will be remembered, Ireland was convulsed by civil warfare, and in those days of coercion and defiance Parnell aroused a pitch of fervid love in his countrymen which never was vouchsafed to the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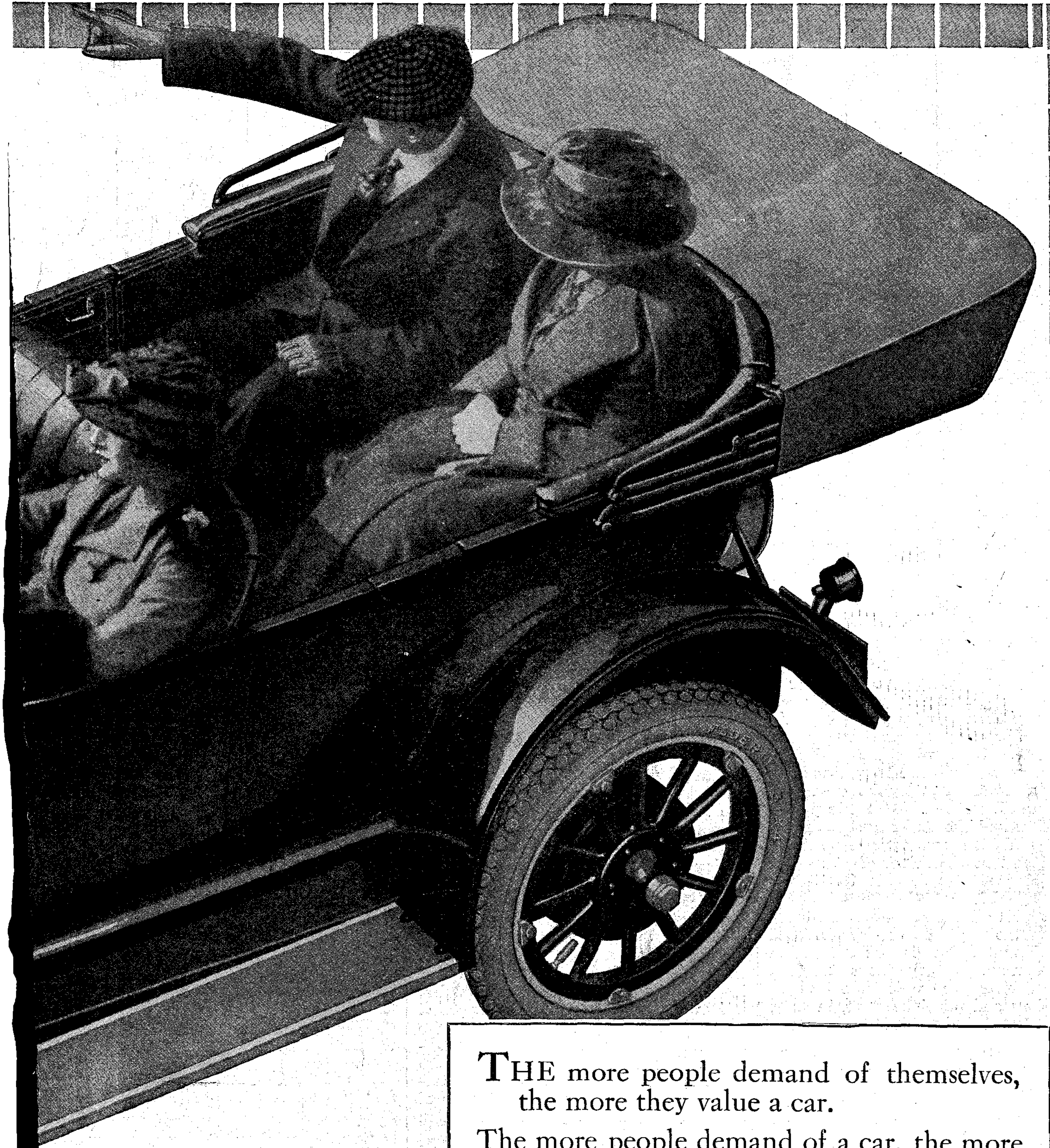

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> less spectacular Redmond in the more peaceful days of the latter's leadership. His first appearance at Westminster was as a clerk in the Vote Office. But a subordinate position did not suit his tastes, and at the age of twenty-five he got himself elected from the now extinct Borough of New Ross. He took the oath on February 2, 1881, and the next day began in stormy fashion the career as M. P. that was to endure more than a quarter of a century. In common with the rest of the Irish party he was suspended on the first day of his appearance for disregarding the orders of the Chair, and the first words he uttered in Parliament were: "As I regard the whole of these proceedings as unmitigated despotism, I refuse to withdraw."
>
> It was during the time of Parnell that Redmond was entrusted with his first important political mission, a visit to Australia, and the financial results were so satisfactory that already his leadership was foreshadowed. During the Gladstone campaign for home rule Redmond gained his first prominence as an orator, his reasoned, logical, cool speeches coming in marked contrast to the fiery Irish oratory of the day.
>
> During the stormy days of Parnell's decline, and even up to the death of the "Uncrowned King," Redmond stood stedfastly at the side of his chief, declining to desert when men of greater standing were leaving him. When Parnell died, Redmond was appointed leader of the Parnell band. From then until 1900 he fought gallantly and persistently for a united Irish party, tho time and again his firm adherence to his own convictions seemed to be one of the greatest excitants to schism. Even while his leadership was derided and ridiculed he persisted in a certain air of aloof mastery that eventually he justified. The fight between the Parnellites and the anti-Parnellites raged furiously during many years both in Ireland and in the House of Commons, and during the battle over Gladstone's Home-Rule bill in 1894 Redmond's open conflict with other Irish members seemed to doom the hopes that many cherished for Irish unity. Yet it was only seven years later, and it was without Redmond having deviated one whit from his own convictions and principles, that, in 1900, he was elected chairman of a united Irish party.

With a true Celtic disposition Redmond continued the fight despite discouragements that would have disheartened one of a less determined character. He could always see the slightest break in the clouds, and in 1910, if not finally successful, says *The Times*—

> He at least came to a position of recognized national and international prominence when he was credited with forcing Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, to a declaration of policy, which was just what Redmond had fought for so many years. British Liberals and British democracy were credited, even by one-time enemies of the Irish leader, with owing their salvation to him and the Irish party lined up behind Asquith, while all the English press exclaimed in amazement at Redmond's powers of leadership. Only a few months before Redmond had come again to America, as always, in the interest of his life purpose, and had been met here by fierce attacks from the revolutionary party and scornful challenging of his leadership. For the time at least his critics on this side of the water were silenced by his triumph six months later.
>
> Just a year later Redmond's son, W. Archer Redmond, entered Parliament to demonstrate himself a true "chip of the old block," and the same year a drama by his daughter Johanna was produced in London. Redmond had married in Australia early in his career, and his wife had died not long after the birth of the couple's children. One finds this reference to his children almost as a curious contrast in the newspaper chronology of his doings, so little was his private life mentioned. He "lived and moved and had his being" in the House of Commons and, as some one once said, when he stept into his cab he was lost to public view.
>
> During the Ulster uprising of 1914-15 Redmond called upon his followers to arm themselves, throwing the full support of the Nationalist party behind the Nationalist Volunteer movement to quell the disturbances. But even during the hottest days of the Irish conflict, when civil war threatened hour by hour, he refused to compromise and stood firm in that refusal even when Asquith and Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, tried to sway him. And only a few months later Redmond was being cheered by the Irish Guards in Ireland, and of the two armies which had organized to fight each other 50,000 were fighting side by side in defense of Great Britain.
>
> The Nationalist leader fought Irish conscription; he demanded all during the war that Home Rule be granted as the logical, the just, and the most expedient method of securing united Irish loyalty to the Allied cause, and he attacked Lord Lansdowne and others whom he suspected of using the war as a cloak for anti-Irish schemes just as bitterly during the height of the struggle as did he in peace times. Always when loyalty to Great Britain was threatened, notably during the Sinn-Fein revolution, he was on the side of the British Empire, but let the slightest internal assault be made upon his native country and once more he was battling in the front rank for Ireland.
>
> Several times during the last two or three years Redmond found time to turn his attention to the Irish in America, and without hesitation he excoriated that noisy minority which under one guise or another espoused the cause of Germany. His attitude brought him the bitter hatred of the Sinn Fein, and during a visit to Ireland in 1917 a mob of that ilk hooted and jeered and jostled him.
>
> Major William Redmond, a brother of the leader, was one of the conspicuous minor officers of the British Army, having died gallantly at the front after he had rendered distinguished service.

While the war caused the suspension of the operations of the Home-Rule bill and prevented Redmond from witnessing the triumph of the cause to which he had devoted his life, he never wavered in his loyalty to the British cause in the war. A writer in the New York *Tribune*, in presenting this phase of his career, says:

> Many of Redmond's followers in Parliament and thousands of his supporters in Ireland were bitterly disappointed at this delay. They threatened trouble, but Redmond held that winning the war was of much more importance.
>
> That he was right was proved by the abortive attempt at rebellion which followed in Dublin. It was exactly what he had warned against. When it broke, thoroughly out of sympathy with it as he was, he pleaded for clemency for the leaders who had escaped execution at the hands of the military authorities, at the same time denouncing the slaying of Skeffington and others as a fearful mistake. Lloyd George afterward admitted the logic of these views on the floor of the House of Commons.
>
> Subsequently, Lloyd George submitted to Redmond two plans for settlement of the Irish question, one involving the setting apart of Ulster, the other calling for a convention of the Irish people in which all factions and sections should be represented in an effort to work out their own salvation. Redmond chose the latter and sat as a member at the various sessions of the convention, which has yet to make a report.
>
> Redmond was rated among scholars as one of the best-read men in Parliament, receiving the unusual honor for an Irish Nationalist of being invited to lecture at Oxford, while barristers said his eloquence and ability as a lawyer would have won him a competence had be chosen to practise at the English or Irish bar.
>
> Mr. Redmond was well known in the United States. He came here in 1898 and again in 1910. Few Irish-Americans of prominence visited England without calling on him, and he was equally well known in Canada and Australia.
>
> His visit to the latter country in 1883 was a triumph. There he met and married Johanna Dalton, an heiress, whose sister, Eleanor, later married his brother, the late Major William H. K. Redmond.

GLEANING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT

WHEN the tide of battle has ebbed and the fallen fighters have found a soldier's grave there remains a vast amount of wreckage that well repays salvage. How the work of weeding out what has value from what is worthless is carried out on the Allied front is told by the correspondent of the New York *Globe* and the Chicago *Daily News*. He says:

> The visitor to a recent battle-field or a freshly abandoned line of trenches is immediately imprest by the vast amount of rifles—broken and whole—bayonets, trench- and field-cannon, unexploded shells and cartridges, steel helmets, rolls of barbed wire, broken carts, pots, pans, grenades, wood, and metalwork of all sorts used in war, that lies scattered helter-skelter about, and one deplores that so much useful material should go to waste. But visit the same spot a few weeks later, and one is even more imprest by the speed with which the débris has been cleared away, and of the order which reigns where once seemed but hopeless confusion.
>
> The work of clearing up battle-fields is systematically organized, special formations of men being regularly detailed for it, and is ranged in two categories:
>
> First, gathering up of portable arms, machine guns, trench-mortars, cannon, munitions, and supplies captured from or abandoned by the enemy; secondly, salvaging of the material existing in the shelters and defensive organizations from which the enemy has been driven or from

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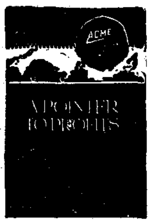

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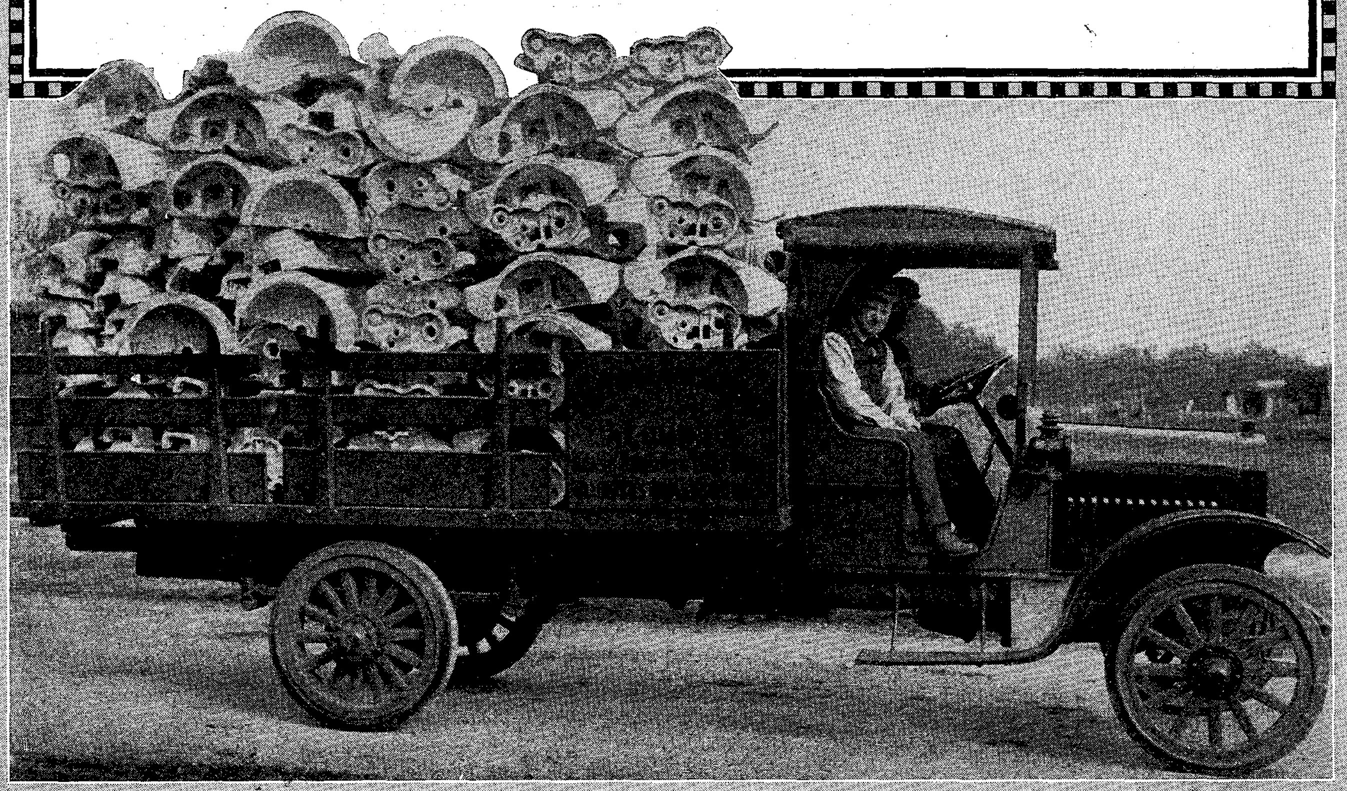

which he has retreated. Special measures to assure this work are taken after each attack, or after an enemy retreat, such as took place at the Oise and the Aisne in March, 1917.

The material and munitions belonging to the first category are assembled in army parks, where they are examined; everything that looks interesting because of its novelty is sent at once to a special establishment, where it is studied in detail: reports concerning these studies are made, which permit the general staff to be efficaciously informed concerning the technical progress realized by the enemy, and in consequence to take necessary measures to annul the effects.

The material of kind already familiar is partly sent to establishments in the interior and placed at the disposition of the war-ministry. Other elements of this material are sold to the Allied armies, who are able to use it; still others are saved as trophies or sent to the foundries or destroyed. Another part is conserved for the time being by the French armies, where it serves for teaching the officers and soldiers how to use against the enemy during an action such material as may be captured in good condition. There are numerous instances of men thus instructed saving the day by turning against the foe his own machine guns or hand-grenades captured in the course of the action.

The material belonging to the second category is gathered from the shelters and defensive works by special crews; it is taken to depots behind the front, where it is completely sorted. The woods and iron in good condition are used for resupplying the army, the materials which can not be utilized are considered as wreckage and shipped to one of the numerous sorting centers which exist all over France.

The work of salvage is so splendidly systematized that nothing is overlooked and anything that can have any possibility of use is carefully preserved and shipped to an appropriate supply-depot. The writer continues:

> Because of the increasing needs of the industries working for the national defense and the difficulty in securing the necessary supplies of first-hand materials it has been necessary to intensify the sending from the front to the interior of all useless materials, of all bits of metal, and in general of all objects likely to be used again after repair or transformation. In every sector of the front special crews gather together all abandoned objects and materials and assemble them in depots, where a summary sorting is made. As soon as a sufficient quantity of material is on hand it is transported by wagons or trucks to stations designated for the purpose and sent to one of the sorting establishments in the interior.
>
> The salvaging of this material is very important as to tonnage, and the nature of the objects is diverse. The organization which cares for the work comprises a numerous personnel of officers and men. The sorting centers are arranged to receive and care for large numbers of car-loads of material; the sorting of objects is done as rapidly as possible. The material sorted is then either forwarded to workshops, which can put it in shape or utilize certain elements in the construction of new materials, or, for the metallurgical materials, sent to the industrial centers, where they are sold to metal-working establishments and sent to the foundry.
>
> Finally, in connection with the preceding services, the minister for armament and war-manufacturing has instituted a service of requisitions and evacuations which has for its purpose the protection or evacuation of all material and objects existing in places or factories located near the front and exposed to destruction by the enemy's fire. This work is accomplished by accord between the state and the proprietors or the municipalities if the proprietors can not be located. The material requisitioned is utilized by the industries working for the national defense; the material simply evacuated is stored in warerooms in the interior, where the proprietors will find it at the end of the war. These measures have been taken to avoid the useless payments to proprietors of large indemnities for war-damages, as the expense of evacuation and storing are much smaller than the indemnities payable for total loss. This salvaging work goes on daily all along the front and becomes more and more important. An average of 7,800 tons of used shell cartridges alone are sent monthly to the sorting centers, and the amount of various irons runs about 4,500 tons in the same length of time. The salvaging crews are to be seen at their work no matter how bitter the cold or how hot the sun.

"CAN THE CANINES!" A WAR-SLOGAN THAT MAY DRAW FIRE

"CAN the Canines!"

This is the war-slogan of Dr. Evan O'Neill Kane, and it is safe to say it will draw a heavy fire from the trenches of the dog lovers. Dr. Kane, of Kane, Pa., has started a crusade to make Uncle Sam's 10,000,000 dogs—from Fido to Bruno, and even old dog Tray—pay for their keep or "cash in." In a brief that he has caused to be circulated Dr. Kane sets forth in quite startling figures some facts in support of his theory that dogs in war-time are a serious drain, next, in fact, to the manufacture of malt liquors, upon our resources.

Dr. Kane, it would appear, regards canines as nuisances at all times, and as a partial remedy for the situation he proposes a high Federal dog tax which he believes would alleviate the food shortage, while the revenue could be applied to the care of our war-wounded. Just where he gathered his statistics the doctor does not say, but he starts right off with some big figures when he states:

> There are ten million dogs, approximately, in the United States at this time, and they cost the nation annually anywhere from one-fourth billion to a billion dollars for their food support. These animals may be conveniently grouped under two heads—unprofitable luxuries and dangerous nuisances.
>
> As luxuries, in addition to the tremendous expense of their keep (many of them eat as much or more than an adult man), the time expended upon them or engaged in amusement with them is valuable time lost. Many wealthy women take them in lieu of children, and with sporting men they are given first consideration, the home and family coming second. As nuisances, they are germ and parasitic disease-bearers of a prolific character; they disturb the peace of the community, and since there

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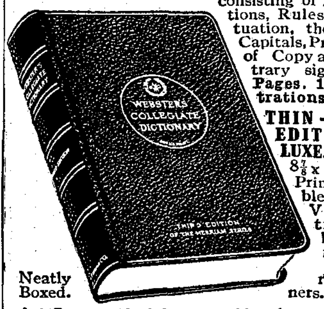
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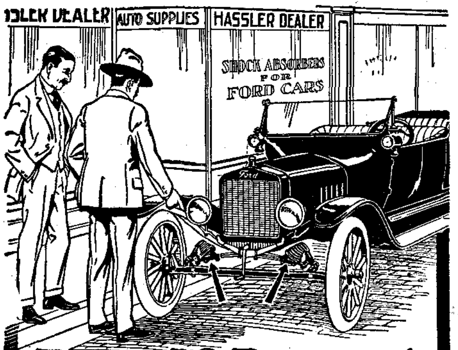

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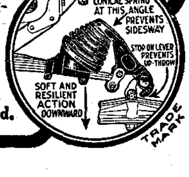
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is a small minority who have dogs these are execrated by the non-dog-owners for their disturbance of sleep and other ways in which neighbors' dogs are a torment. Hydrophobia, too, is not so uncommon but that the frequent dog-bites which occur occasion much serious alarm.

It is owing to the sheep-killing propensities of predatory hounds that these animals so well deserve the name of "dangerous nuisances." More than one hundred thousand sheep are killed each year in the sheep-raising states, amounting to a loss close to a million dollars annually. It is further estimated that the discouragement caused to farmers who would raise sheep but for the frightful inroads made upon their flocks by these vicious curs has so retarded the industry that it is less than one-tenth what it would be were there no dogs to prey upon them. Calculating our total number of sheep to be approximately forty millions, it will be fair to state that minus dogs our country would soon be richer by billions of dollars worth more of mutton and wool.

Dr. Kane states quite confidently that the food "wasted" on dogs would relieve the shortage in Europe and replenish our own "rapidly exhausting" supplies. Therefore, he says, the extermination of dogs is clearly demanded, and he emphasizes the word extermination by the use of italics. There may be some question as to whether he has gaged public sentiment in the matter quite right when he places the idle rich and the sporting fraternity first among dog lovers, for his crusade will undoubtedly uncover many who feel like the man whose views were exprest in the rime that at one time gained some political distinction:

> "It makes no difference if he is a hound,
> You've got to quit kicking my dog around."

Anyway, Dr. Kane says on this point:

I appreciate the difficulty of overcoming popular prejudice and the sentiment in favor of these "humble friends of humanity." As a more than sufficient offset to such prejudice and false sentiment I propose that a high dog tax be levied, so large as to be prohibitive to all but the idle rich and sporting classes, or to such other dog lovers as care to pay this high premium to retain their family pets, the revenue from which tax should be devoted to the care of our war-wounded, the better equipment of military hospitals, and more adequate salaries for army surgeons. Thus, those who are inclined to object to the loss of their dogs or to paying so high a tax for their preservation would have sentiment all against them, the public realizing the selfishness of their opposition.

State control of the dog nuisance has always proved inadequate, but even if it had not, to bring about the cooperation of all our States through legislative enactments must take years, and the winning of the war depends upon what can be done now. Therefore, this is a subject for immediate national legislation.

Being on the subject of dogs there is a little story about a North Dakota "mut" that may interest Dr. Kane. The editor of the Bismarck *Tribune* shared the doctor's views until—but get it straight from the editor himself:

Jim Walbridge, the wealthy man of Towanda, Pa., has buried his dog at an expense of $500, and is being roasted for extravagance by newspapers all over the country, but the fierce criticism is unwarranted, for the reason that there's no information as to why Jim spent $500 on burying the dog. We don't know Jim's why, but it reminds us of a Story About A Dog.

Several times we have been ready and willing to spend $500 on burying a dog, the same dog every time. It is a small but very hairy, remnant-looking dog, with the mien of a cur and, apparently, the disposition of a sand-storm in Los Angeles suburbs. This canine has a voice with Caruso depth and Schumann-Heink range, and 11 P.M. to 2 A.M. is his favorite period for rehearsal. He will rehearse because the moon is listening or just because he has a voice, exactly like some humans.

Besides being a conscientious coloraturist, this dog is a devoted agriculturist. At the first spring twitter of the robin, at the first unfolding of dainty petals by the modest little crocus, this dog begins the planting of a skeleton of a horse, or something equally as good, in our best flower-bed, and, every sunrise throughout the livelong summer, he digs up the bones to see if they've sprouted.

Diplomat of high order is this dog, too. He has learned to knock over the family milk-bottle and lap its streaming contents daily, and there is no gun, rock, or club that can draw a bead on him.

One day we started over to the house of the owner of this dog to offer $500, or something mercenary like that, for permission to bury him (the dog). At the third corner we came upon a ragged, starved-looking little girl of perhaps two years of age, sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. She had been crying, as the streaks of tears through the dirt on her face showed.

Say, fellows, did you ever notice the tear-stains on the face of one of these old, old-faced children of the streets? Sometime, pick up one of these babies with the eighty-year-old face and study the stains, the wrinkles, the hopelessness, the dirt. Therein is written the centuries-old story of wrong, oppression, and neglect. Therein is the power that makes "the man with the hoe" turn upon his "masters, rulers, kings," at the judgment seat of God and ask his awful "Why?" Look into one of these old, worn child-faces, sometime, fellows, and see the whole history of what men have done, and haven't.

But this child we came upon, that time, was no longer miserable. She gurgled, she shrieked joyously, she clapped her hands, her eyes sparkled with fun. Hunger, neglect, rags, loneliness were forgotten. She was happy as a child with a new toy. Around her, leaping, crouching, smiling, now nibbling at her rags, now licking her face, playful, joyous, sunshiny, frisked that blamed night-howling, milk-thief cur. And we went straight home and saved $500, or thereabouts.

Maybe Jim Walbridge made a good investment in paying $500 to bury his dog. Maybe not.

Moral? Certainly.

Don't pay big to bury a dog, or a man either, without being sure what kind he was.

And speaking of that fire from the trenches it is a good safe 100 to 1 shot that if a certain English soldier ever hears of Dr. Kane's crusade America will be shy one individual ally—at heart at least.

"Higher Mileage —how can I get it?"

The 6- to 600-car experience of operators of business automobiles points a way

LOOK at a few average cars along any curb. Not infrequently you find a different make of tire on each of the four rims!

Why is that? The motorist says he is "looking for higher-mileage tires."

But a loose-kept record of a single tire, or two, is no conclusive test of cost-per-mile.

That is why the Sterling Tire Corporation has spent most of its sales efforts on operators of *fleets* of salesmen's automobiles and delivery trucks. Users of this kind keep accurate records of tire-cost per mile.

Why They Come Back

While we do business with all kinds of tire buyers, we like best to sell to traffic managers who are responsible for the tire economy of several or several hundred cars.

Such men know the folly of a one- or two-tire try-out. Any tires they test go at least onto all four wheels of one car. They card-index every tire they buy, and keep the other eye on the speedometer.

74% of all Sterling Tires sold last year went to people who had bought Sterling Tires before.

One cigarette manufacturer now puts nothing but Sterling Tires on 400 cars. A famous chain of grocery stores, operating over 250 cars, now buys only Sterling Tires in those cities where Sterling Tires are obtainable.

A leading manufacturer of national reputation uses Sterling Tires on over 500 delivery cars. During his third year with us, he reported an average mileage yield exceeding 10,000 at a cost of $\frac{1}{7}$ of a cent per mile.

A Police Department reported an average mileage yield of 6,732 on 158 Sterling Tires—mostly large sizes, on heavy cars and patrol wagons.

90% on Business Cars

To the above reports may be added others from tobacco companies, bakers, city departments, public service corporations, oil refineries, department stores and other large concerns.

In short, 90% of all Sterling Tires in service today are working for business men on business vehicles. These users know that the duty of a tire is to yield high mileage. They know that they are now *getting* such mileage.

A Guarantee That Means Something

Sterling Tires are made in both cord and fabric types and are guaranteed for 5,000 miles (6,000 on 30x3½ and 31x4). If for any reason a Sterling Tire does not yield this mileage, we want to know it. We will make good any shortcoming to the full satisfaction of the purchaser.

We believe, however, that motorists want mileage—not adjustments. So we couple our guarantee with an unusual form of after-service which is available for every Sterling Tire sold.

During the entire life of every Sterling Tire we keep it in repair—free of charge.

This is only common-sense economy for both user and seller.

Prompt healing of minor cuts, bruises, blisters or chafing ensures the full mileage yield—usually an average excess of hundreds and even thousands of miles. This in turn makes a booster of the user who sees that he has bought high mileage at low cost.

Please address the nearest Branch for full details. Please use the coupon.

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The *Vacuum Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds.* It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

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BALTIMORE, Md.	1705 N. Charles Street
BOSTON, Mass.	205 Clarendon Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	53 Rogers Avenue
BUFFALO, N. Y.	210 Franklin Street
CHICAGO, Ill.	3031 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street
CLEVELAND, Ohio	5018 Euclid Avenue
DETROIT, Mich.	940 Woodward Avenue
HACKENSACK, N. J.	Main and Passaic Sts.
HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street
JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2982 Hudson Blvd.
NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street
NEW HAVEN, Conn.	232 Crown Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 55th Street
PATERSON, N. J.	53 Ward Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	1238 Spring Garden St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	540 N. Craig Street
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	234 Broad Street
READING, Pa.	104-106 N. 5th Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	565 East Main Street
RUTHERFORD, N. J.	Maple St. and Erie Ave.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	2824A Locust Street
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Sterling Tire Corporation

Gentlemen:

I would like to receive full data on STERLING TIRES.

My tire size is ....

Name ....

Address ....

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(Established 1908)

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TO DEALERS:

There is at least one man in every sizeable town who will agree with the Sterling spirit and Sterling policy, and who can do a satisfactory and agreeable business, increasing year by year, as Sterling quality proves itself. To such dealers, outside of the cities in which we maintain branches, we are prepared to make a proposition for exclusive representation of Sterling Tires and Tubes.

Our years of direct retail selling have given us a system which we know will be valuable to our dealers. Please address the home office.

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

Read this story of a dog's devotion as told in the London *Referee:*

> For a long time past George Lambton tells me that when at Cambridge Station he had constantly noticed a collie on the platform. His curiosity was aroused, and on inquiry he learned that eighteen months before this dog had gone to see his master off to the front. Since then he has returned to the spot every morning and has stayed there till late at night, evidently waiting in the earnest hope that his master will be arriving by one of the trains. The dog was a most friendly creature, and acknowledged any little attention bestowed upon him; but his heart was set on one thing. And the other day his fervent desire was gratified. A soldier in khaki descended from a carriage. At first the good dog could not believe his eyes, but another look and a sniff sufficed, and with one bound he sprang up, got his paws on his master's shoulder and clung hard. His eighteen long months of waiting were at last rewarded.

“REVELATION,” NAZIMOVA'S GREAT PHOTO-PLAY, BREAKS SOME RECORDS

THE latest photo-play in which Mme. Nazimova is featured has established several records. One is revealed in the comment of a well-known dramatic reviewer who, after witnessing its premier, declared: "I have been going to pictures for a long time looking for what I consider a real photo-play. At last I have found one."

Then there always has been the opinion of experts to combat to the effect that the most successful photo-plays are not made from novels or romances, but are written originally for the screen. Here "Revelation" makes another record for itself, for it was adapted from the romance, "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years," written by Mrs. Mabel Wagnalls, a charming story of the awakening of the soul of a beautiful *Parisienne.*

And then comes the triumph of Nazimova herself, who finds in this new vehicle an opportunity for the display of all her unquestioned talents, for it is a "moving" picture in every sense of the word. The New York *Journal of Commerce* says of the play and its presentation:

> It is a beautiful story, beautifully told and wonderfully well acted. Practically all the interest centers in the one character, *Joline*, played by Mme. Nazimova. There never has been, never can be, any question as to the talent of this actress, and in the rôle of *Joline*, the vivid, picturesque little model of the Latin Quarter, who, through a miracle, finds her soul, Mme. Nazimova is suited as she seldom has been before.
>
> The picture, adapted from Mabel Wagnall's story, "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years," is based on an old legend. A monk planted a rose-bush in the monastery garden, but it never bloomed, and the monks considered this a sign of divine displeasure. One day the monk prayed beside the bush, and, as he looked up, he saw the Holy Mother standing among the branches and saw that the bush was covered with roses.
>
> *Joline*, when the picture starts, is in a Paris cabaret, drest as a bacchante. She is imprest by the sketches made of her by Paul Granville, an American artist, calls the attention of patrons of art to him, and offers to pose for him without pay. He paints a picture of her as a bacchante, which is the sensation of the Salon, and her former lover, an Apache, cuts it to ribbons. *Paul*, however, still with *Joline* as model, paints other pictures, and with each his fame grows. At last he is commissioned to paint the "Madonna of the Rose-bush," and he goes to the monastery with *Joline.*
>
> They trick the monks into allowing *Joline* to enter the garden by dressing her as a boy. Once inside, she puts on the robes of the Madonna, and poses beside the bush. *Brother Augustine*, one of the monks, sees her, and, believing her a vision, faints, while *Paul* and *Joline* hurry away. But the bush blooms and the entire village hails the vision as another miracle. *Joline*, conscience-smitten, goes to the prior and confesses her part in the trick. The prior shows her the blooming bush, places a rose from it in her hand, and her soul awakes. She leaves *Paul*, and wanders away alone.
>
> *Paul* searches for her, but in vain. Then the war comes; the American troops go to France; *Paul* enlists, and *Joline*, as a Red-Cross nurse, saves him in No Man's Land. She nurses him back to health and they are married.

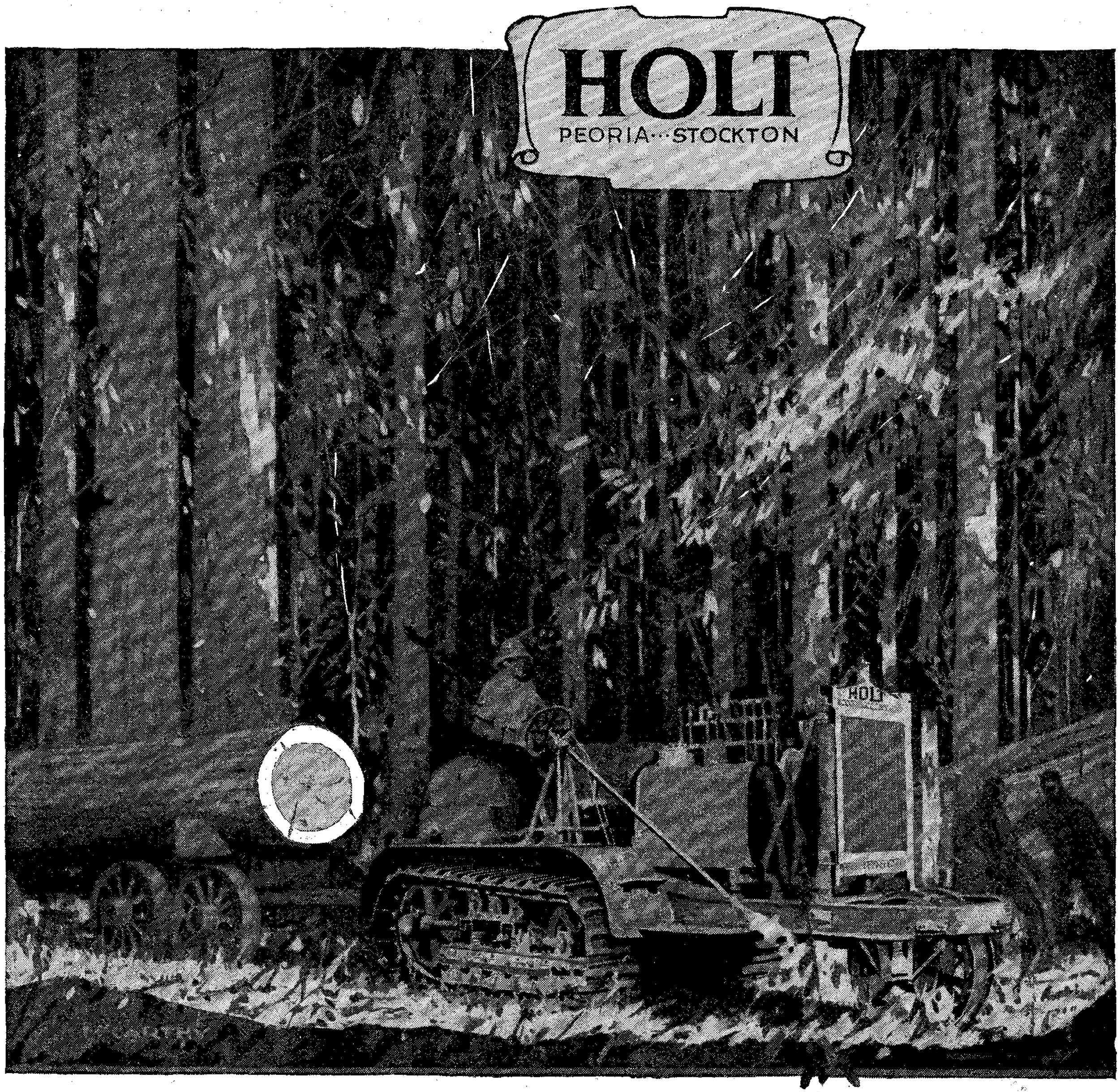
The critic closes his review by the terse statement:

> Altogether, "Revelation" is a truly great picture, one of the best ever screened.

HOW AIR-FIGHTING HAS REVIVED THE DUELLO

BY one of those curious paradoxes that sometimes occur in the development of the diverse elements that combine to make up our modern civilization, the aeroplane, the last word in man's progress toward mechanical perfection, has by its adaptation to the uses of war revived a practically obsolete custom of medieval origin, the duel. After the lapse of a century this ancient practise of the days of chivalry has become a matter of every-day occurrence along the various battle-fronts in France and Italy. An interesting article in the New York *Sun*, by Edwin C. Hill, has this to say of this reversion to the methods of our forefathers:

> The duel triumphs over edicts of State and anathemas of the Church. In one century it is plainly ridiculous. In another it seems godlike. It survives against reason and policy because it functions the inherent and irrepressible passion of men to right wrongs, achieve justice, prove vanity, attain glory, accomplish revenge, at hand grips.
>
> Kings and cardinals have sent fine fellows to the gibbet because of it. Popes have leveled the terrors of hell against it. Good officers, cashiered, have ended in the gutter because they would play at it. Since Louis XIV. civilization has labeled it murder. It made little difference in the sweep of time.
>
> Force, all the powers of law and religion, could not abolish it. Ridicule was more effective, but not abolitionary. Boulanger lost his chance to be another Napoleon because he was foolish enough to get himself pinked by an ordinary fellow. Thereafter the French duel was a thing to laugh about for thirty years.
>
> Nobody laughs nowadays. The code duello is practised in the air. Men assail each other above the clouds, as eagles fight, and the very instinct which authority sought to stamp out is now lauded by authority as the noblest expression of courage.
>
> "Good duelist, bad soldier," said the great Napoleon sententiously. Joffre pinned the War-Cross upon the breast of a twentieth-century duelist who had proved at 10,000 feet above the trenches that a good duelist is France's best soldier. Old Wellington knew better than the man he beat at Waterloo. "A little dueling now and then doesn't hurt the Hussars," said the Iron Duke when the Prince Regent consulted him about punishments. Wellington had been out himself.
>
> Possibly Buckle had the feel of it—the sense of its potential value. To this big brain dueling was obviously a development of chivalry, as chivalry was a phase of the protective spirit. The flying fighters of France, of England, of Italy, of the United States, yes, even of Germany (tho the German code has little of chivalry in it), duel to-day as the jackbooted swashbucklers of the thirteenth Louis fought out their quarrels in the Place Royale.
>
> What was Guynemer but a d'Artagnan? Bishop, of the British Flying Corps, is another Athos—happily survived. Boelke was a Teuton De Wardes. The fatal encounters high above Flanders and Picardy that have thrilled the world for three years and more are simply the modern expression of the ineradicable thirst of men for personal combat.
>
> The thing will not die out. Two thousand years ago Cæsar's legionaries looked on with amusement and contempt while Germans in the Teutonic forests met in an atmosphere of judicial and religious mummery and banged each other over their thick heads to prove the right. As far back as that it was Teutonic doctrine that a just God's providence must favor the juster cause in private combat. Silly, of course, but all Europe adored the notion for centuries.
>
> The wager of battle survived every attack save that of laughter. A century before Columbus sent a queen to the pawnbroker's an Italian lady complained of a blazing indiscretion on the part of a gentleman who called after hours. They gave the poor fellow a sword and set him against a bravo. Naturally he left the world in haste. Then the rascally sneak that had imposed upon the lady confessed his fault. Dueling was in poor grace for a century or two.
>
> But always it has revived in some form or other to give it heroism or dignity. Queen Anne's gentlemen fought all over the shop. We know what a trial it was to Richelieu and how that eminent statesman shocked the *noblesse* out of the habit. Two hundred years later it turned up in republican France to make meat for feuilletonists.
>
> We have our own tragedy of Weehawken. Probably there has not been a year out of the calendar when hot-blooded, hot-headed gentlemen have not settled their differences with rapier or pistol in some corner of this commercialized world. The point is that dueling and the code duello have again become honorable and heroic things in the eyes of men. It is not called dueling, these Homeric combats of the French or the English against the



"In a Mahogany Forest of Africa"

THROUGH the dense mahogany forests in the Gold Coast country of West Africa, the huge twenty-thousand-pound logs were formerly dragged to the inland streams by native labor—a hundred sweating black men to each log. No roads—mere trails winding through rough, hilly country densely matted with tropical growth. But the "CATERPILLAR" Tractor mastered these primitive conditions—hauling great log-trains dozens of miles to the seacoast, in a cheaper and surer fashion.

Time after time, just such severe jobs have been handled by the "CATERPILLAR" Tractor, hauling the products of mine, field and forest, and bringing the outposts of civilization into close contact with the world's markets.

Primarily designed for Agriculture, the "CATERPILLAR" Tractor for over a dozen years has proved supreme in every branch of general farming work in thirty-five different countries.

It was not produced in response to urgent military necessity, yet its performance on the battlefields of Europe has astounded the world.

There is but one "CATERPILLAR"—Holt builds it. The name "CATERPILLAR" is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Holt Manufacturing Company, Stockton, California, and Peoria, Illinois. It stands alone by name, quality and record for successful performance.

Catalog will be sent upon request.

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CONVERTIBLE CAR

The convertible sedan serves the entire family in so many ways, and conserves their comfort so well in all seasons and all latitudes that its great popularity is not surprising.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
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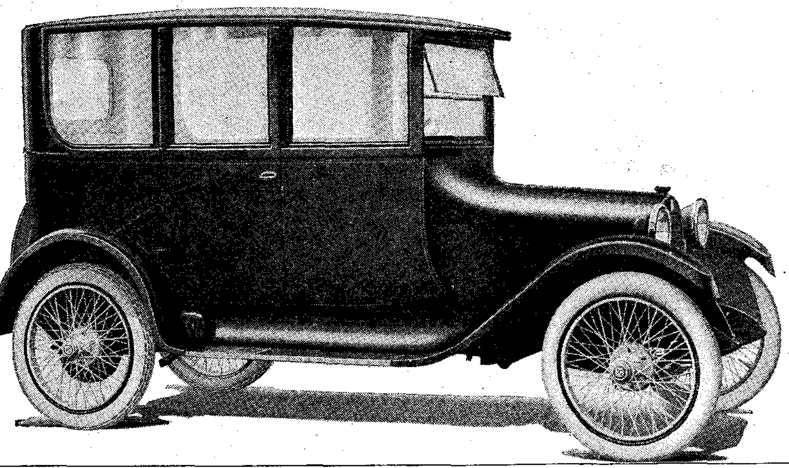

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FEVER THERMOMETER
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Germans along the air roads. It is, however, the fact.

Guynemer died that way. Guynemer's victorious assailant was challenged and destroyed by Guynemer's friend. Boelke, a savage duelist, without bowels of compassion, as he proved in letters to his own family, died in a duel. Captain Ball, the great British "ace," finished with life when he encountered a Teuton hawk that had pursued him for months. One of the most expert of British fliers was killed in an air-duel by a German whom he had insulted in a Berlin beer-garden two years before Germany set fire to the world.

Individual combats, as such, are not officially recognized by those in command of the opposing armies, yet while officialdom frowns at the mention of the word "duel" it tacitly recognizes the custom. That these encounters are duels and nothing else the writer shows very clearly.

Boelke, the German, in forty air-fights fought, it is said, ten duels with men he had challenged or been challenged by. In more than one encounter he escaped because his antagonists played the game according to the old chivalric rules. Boelke had no use for these rules.

The duel lives. Augustus Post, of the Aero Club, just back from France, found France thrilled by tales of personal combat in the air—combat deliberately arranged for by rival heroes jealous, it may have been, of the fame of the others' prowess; anxious, certainly, to rid their side of terrible foes.

Innumerable duels have been hinted at in the condensed dispatches. More and more air-fighting has resolved itself into combats by squadrons and small fleets—"flights"—in which a dozen or twenty machines on a side will gain contact after complicated maneuverings. But duels have not been stopt nor are they likely to be so long as men remain what they are.

Early in 1913 a Prussian officer ogled an Englishwoman in the most celebrated beer-garden of Berlin. An English civilian rebuked him quietly for this offensiveness, and then for excellent reasons slapped the Prussian's face. There was a great flurry and to do, but for political reasons (the Germans knowing what they knew) a duel was made impossible and the Englishman returned to his own home.

When the war began the Prussian officer in infantry service learned that the Englishman was a flying man in the British forces. He managed to get himself transferred to aviation, moved by the one obsessive thought of finding that Englishman some day and killing him.

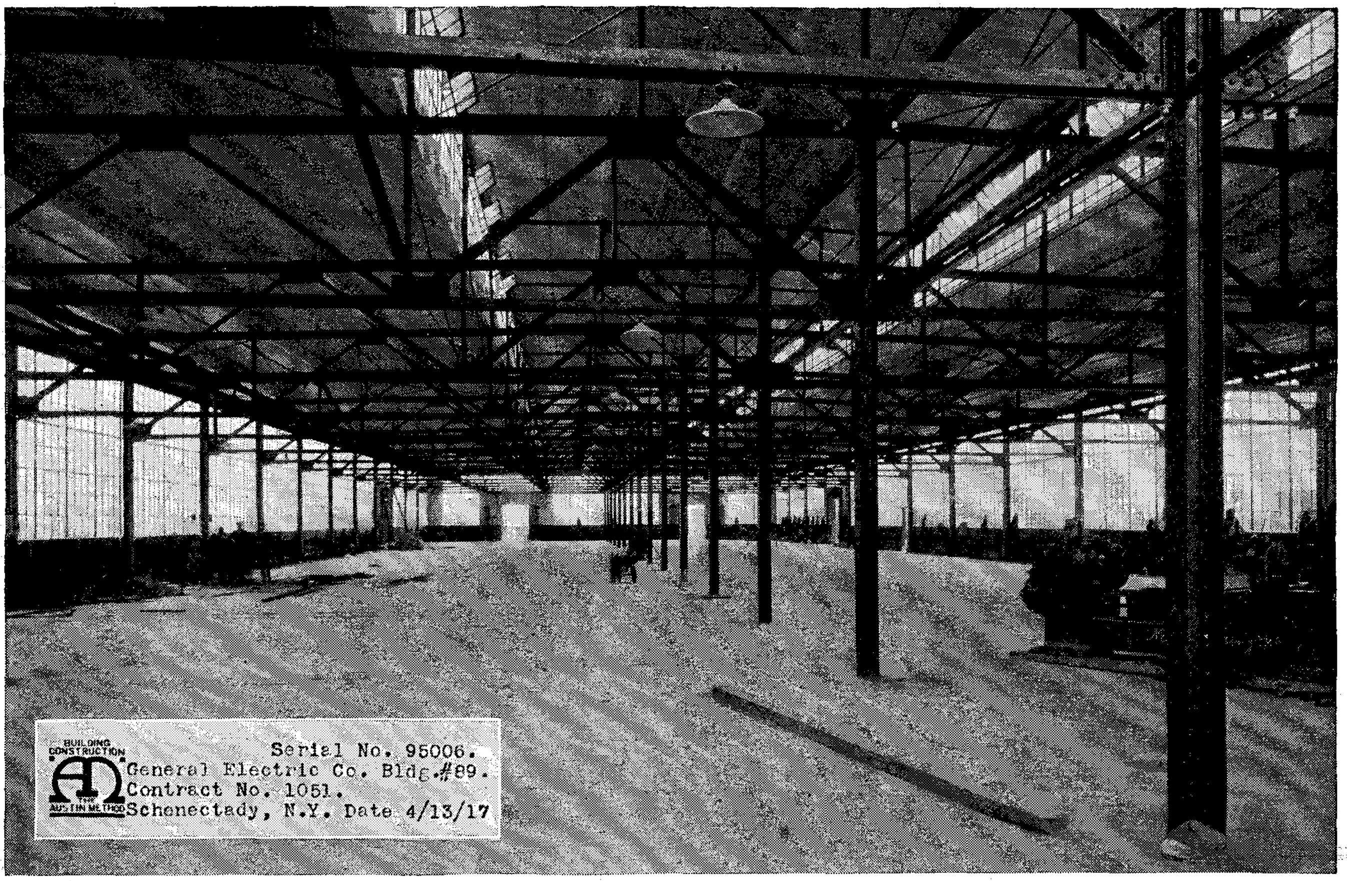
For two years, each flying his course, they missed contact, but it was observed that the Prussian invariably before attacking an Ally machine invariably took extra risks by close-flying and by taking time to scrutinize carefully the features of the enemy pilot. He killed, when he could, without heat. From time to time, flying over British camps, he dropt his card with provocative and insulting comments addrest to the Englishman he was hunting the air for. They met in 1916 above the Somme. Both were killed.

There are other such stories, doubtless, in the annals of English flying, but the English are close-mouthed about their air-exploits. They are averse to revealing their own triumphs or the successes of the *Boche*. The French are franker. We, it now appears, are following the custom of the French. It was revealed officially

MANY of our dealers are assuring their customers of not less than 20 miles to a gallon of gasoline in the new Hupmobile.

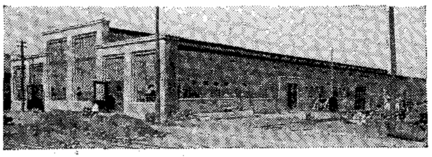
Records of individual owners with *The Comfort Car* are running far above that figure.

Wonderful riding ease, splendid steadiness and pick-up, and abundant power are accompanied in the new Hupmobile by the gratifying certainty of *marked economy*, not only in gasoline but in tire-mileage.



The Interior of an Austin Standard No. 3 Factory-Building as Built for The General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Austin Standard Factory-Buildings Complete in Thirty Working-Days



Exterior of the General Electric Building shown above.

No. 3 Exterior as used by the Standard Equip. Co., Cleveland, O.

The Austin motto—"Results, Not Excuses."

The Austin record—"120,000 Square Feet on One Job in 30 Working-Days; 540,000 Square Feet in 55 Calendar Days."

The Austin Company

Industrial Engineers and Builders

IN thirty working-days *from date of order* The Austin Company will turn over to you, under a penalty-and-bonus contract, any reasonable amount of No. 3 floor space like that shown above—a completed building on your property, broom-clean and windows washed—ready for useful occupancy.

Materials Now Ready

The Austin Company owns outright and holds for your order, subject to prior sale, all the structural steel and essential materials required to erect eleven thousand lineal feet of the No. 3 type of the Austin Standard Factory-Building shown above.

These materials, located at strategic points throughout the Eastern section of the country, are ready for immediate shipment from stock.

At a Definite Price

The Austin 30-day Standard Building contract provides for a definite lump-sum price for the completed building. You know what the final cost will be before a shovelful of earth is turned.

How many feet of Austin No. 3 Factory do you need now? A wire or phone call to the nearest Austin Company office will start a shipment of materials at once. Occupancy guaranteed in thirty working-days.

RECENT CUSTOMERS—General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.; The Curtiss Aeroplane Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; Nordyke & Marmon, Indianapolis, Ind.; Peters Chocolate Company, Fulton, N. Y.; American Engineering Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; American Refractories Co., Baltimore, Md.; The U. S. Government.

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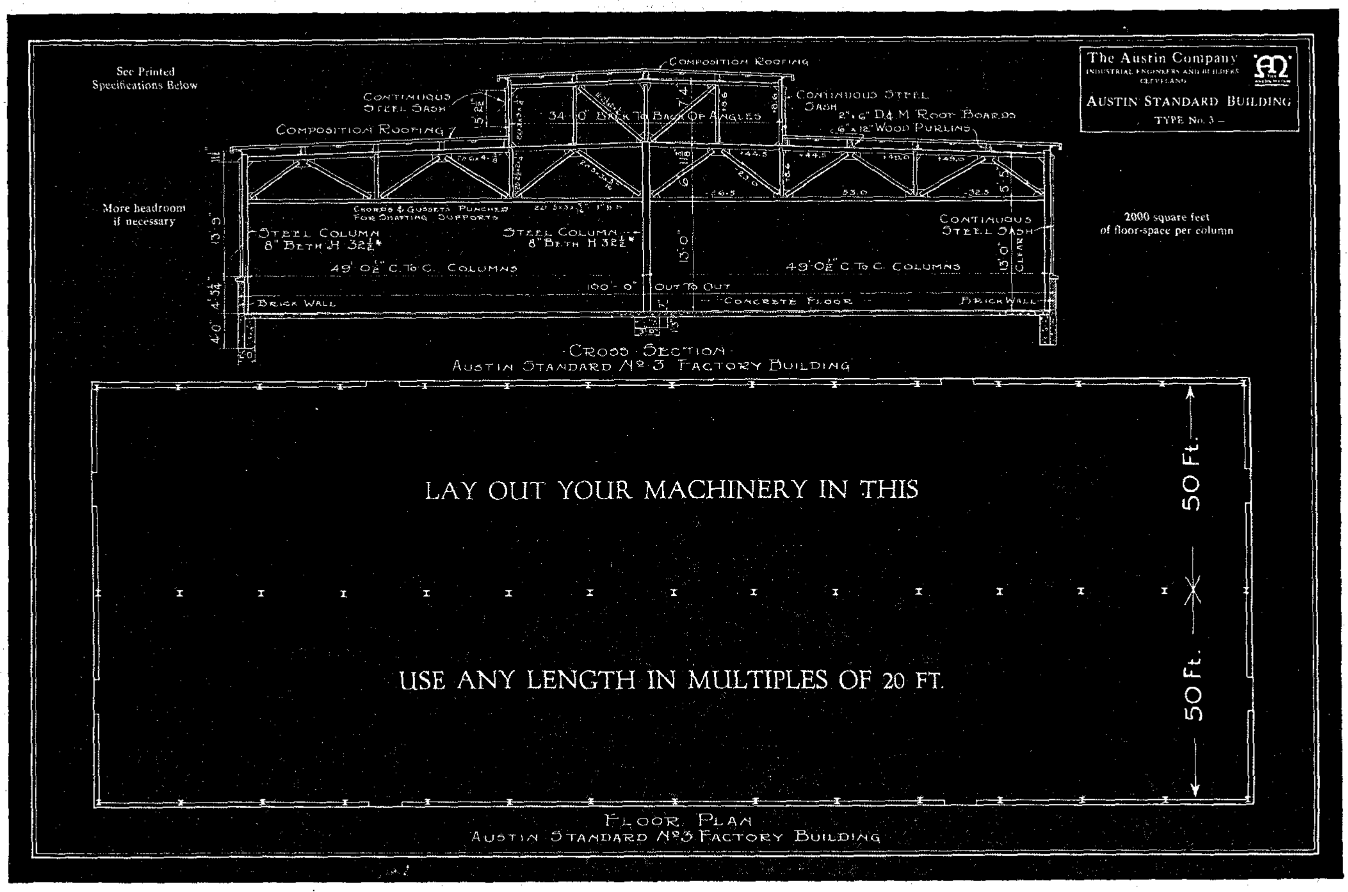
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LAY OUT YOUR MACHINERY IN THIS
USE ANY LENGTH IN MULTIPLES OF 20 FT.
50 Ft.
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Floor Plan
Austin Standard No. 3 Factory Building

7 Miles in Service—2 Miles in Stock Ready for Immediate Shipment

BUILT now and in service, there are seven miles of Austin Standard Factory-Buildings. With the complete materials for two miles of standard building now in stock, the Austin Company stands ready to make immediate shipment and produce a building complete in record time.

Other Austin Standards

No. 1 Factory-Building is 60 feet wide with one row of columns, and no monitor. It can be used for light machine-work or storage. Erected complete, any reasonable length, in 30 working-days.

No. 2. Standard is 90 feet wide with two rows of columns, and a monitor to give good light and air. This building can also have a crane-way, if desired. It is used for light-foundry and heavy-machine and erecting-shop work. Built in 30 working-days.

No. 4 is a well-lighted and ventilated saw-tooth building with columns spaced 20x30 feet. Ready in 60 working-days.

Nos. 5, 6 and 7 are heavy-machine shops and foundries, with traveling cranes and monitors. Built in 60 working-days.

No. 8 is a heavy mill-type building of steel and timber, and No. 9 is a flat-slab, re-inforced concrete, fireproof building. These take longer time.

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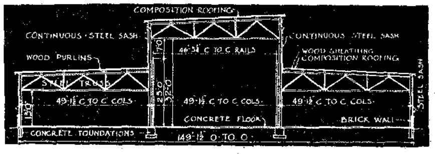
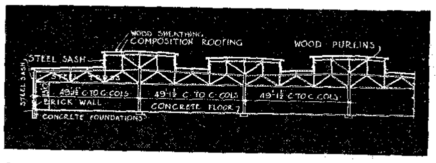
The Engineering and Construction Departments of the Austin Company are equipped to study your individual problems and make direct or revised application of Austin Standard Buildings. In addition to these building operations, the Austin Company is prepared to design, purchase and completely install the heating, plumbing, electrical and mechanical equipment.


COMPOSITION ROOFING
CONTINUOUS STEEL SASH
CONTINUOUS STEEL SASH
WOOD PURLINS
46'3½" C TO C RAILS
WOOD SHEATHING COMPOSITION ROOFING
STEEL TRUSS
STEEL SASH
49'1½" C TO C COLS
49'1½" C TO C COLS
49'1½" C TO C COLS
CONCRETE FLOOR
BRICK WALL
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS
149'1½" O TO O

Possible variation of Austin No. 3 heavy-machine or ordnance work.


WOOD SHEATHING COMPOSITION ROOFING
WOOD PURLINS
STEEL SASH
STEEL SASH
STEEL TRUSS
49'1½" C TO C COLS
49'1½" C TO C COLS
49'1½" C TO C COLS
BRICK WALL
CONCRETE FLOOR
CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS

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- Steel-Sash
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The Austin Company

Industrial Engineers and Builders

> just the other day that one of Princeton's greatest athletic heroes, Hobey Baker, had shot down a German plane in a hard-fought duel.
>
> The new code duello of the air, thrilling heritage of the bad old centuries, has its recognized, defined provisions. These are always observed by the French and by the English, tho often scorned by the Germans, as Boelke's case proves. It is applied when great identities appear.
>
> The Germans develop eagles that seem unconquerable, men that count their victims by the score. The French breed air-fighters that are hated individually by the *Boches,* who are pursued individually. This is true with the English.
>
> It becomes a matter of military policy to search out and destroy individuals, each as dangerous as an army corps. Moreover, a sort of splendid jealousy develops. Boelke resents the greatness of Guynemer. It becomes his or another German's obsession to find and kill this troublesome rival. Conditions therefore have made for individual combat.
>
> With insolent daring these supermen challenge each other. From pin-point height a German plane drops a card of challenge upon a French or British camp, or an Ally aviator, swooping over the German lines, flutters down the dare direct. So acutely do these men observe that the actual lines of individual planes are perfectly recognizable. Two Frenchmen and an Englishman pursued the celebrated von Richthofen for a year before a Frenchman ended him. Guynemer won a score of such duels before his time came. Opportunities for these combats were deliberately made.

The writer then quotes from *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* a story which came from Capt. Charles J. Biddle, of the aviation service in France, to a friend in this country, who contributed it to that periodical, with the tale of how Guynemer was avenged in another spectacular aerial combat. Here is the account:

> He (Guynemer) and another officer went out on Tuesday morning to hunt the Hun. They were flying fairly high, somewhere around 16,000 feet, I think, and Guynemer went down a little way to attack a biplane, while the lieutenant who was with him stayed up to protect his rear.
>
> About that time eight *Boche* monoplane machines put in an appearance and the lieutenant was busy trying to worry them and keep them from going down to the captain. He succeeded, and none of the *Boches* dived down, but in the general mix-up he lost track of Guynemer and he has not been heard from since.
>
> The loss of this man is very great, as he was by all odds the greatest aviator and individual fighter the war has produced.
>
> As I have already written you, he was very small and of frail appearance. I believe his health was very far from good, and the high altitudes sometimes made him so sick he had to come down. He would fly for a week and then go away for a rest, as he was not strong enough to stand any more.
>
> In the course of several hundred fights he had been shot down seven times and twice wounded. To keep at it under such circumstances and after all he had gone through, a man's heart has to be in the right place. He certainly deserved to live the rest of his days in peace, and one hates to see a man like that get it. Long immunity breeds a contempt of danger, which is probably the greatest danger of all.

As everybody knows, the gallant Guynemer was finally killed in a cloud-battle with German machines. His body was found later lying by a French roadside. Naturally the desire for revenge was aroused in the hearts of French aviators, and they set out as one man to get the German flier credited with Guynemer's death. How this airman's downfall was accomplished is graphically reported by Captain Biddle:

> One of our cracks got square the other day with the man who is reported to have killed Guynemer. This German was a captain and observer in a biplane. The observer is the man who handles the movable machine gun in a biplane.
>
> The *Boche* machine had flown from far behind our lines to take pictures, but was very high, over 20,000 feet, probably relying largely upon his height for protection, for an ordinary fighting plane will not go that high. Our man, who is very expert and who has been a pilot for a long time, was in a particularly powerful machine, and was the only one who saw the *Boche* who could get up to him.
>
> He climbed up under and behind his tail. Every time the *Boche* pilot would try to turn in order to give his gunner a shot the Frenchman would slide around also, always keeping the Hun's own tail between himself and the machine-gunner so that the latter could not shoot without shooting away his own controls.
>
> In this manner he got right on top of the *Boche* and at the first salvo put his machine gun out of business and probably hit the gunner, that is, the captain who is supposed to have shot Guynemer. After that there was nothing to it. The second dose the Frenchman gave him cut away the supports of the wings on one side so that they came out of position. The Hun flopped over on his back and Guynemer's supposed slayer fell out of his machine, taking a nice little tumble of 20,000 feet.
>
> The machine and pilot tumbled end over end, and as they went by a number of French machines waiting below, who had not been able to get up, amused themselves by taking pot shots at them.

The writer in *The Sun* concludes with some statistics regarding the number of victories credited to certain well-known airmen, German and Allied. He says:

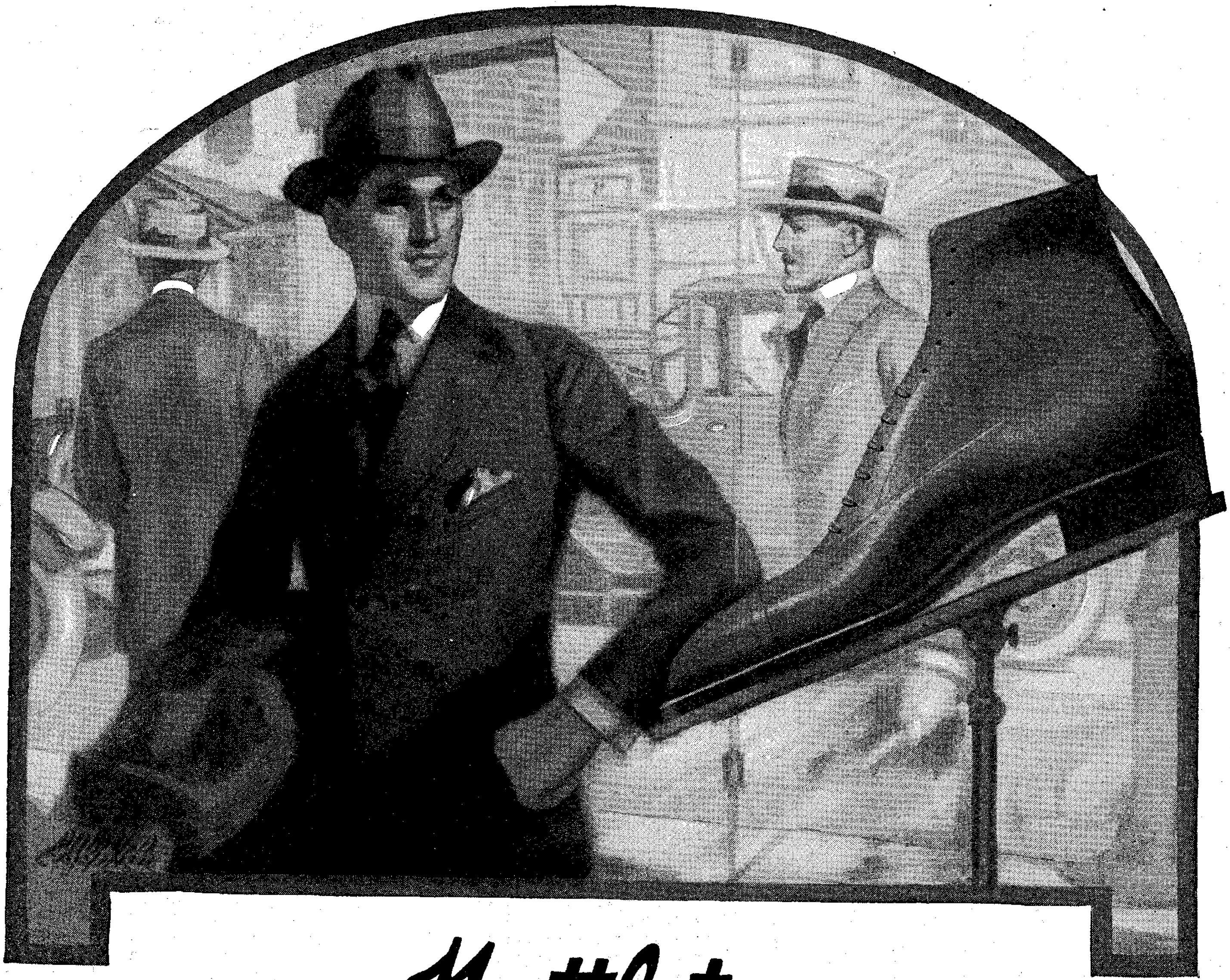
> This is a story of hundreds springing from the new code duello of the air. "Fantomas," a noted German flier, identified as a bicycle-rider who often took part in the six-day contests here in Madison Square Garden, was shot to death by a Frenchman in a duel. The best of every service have ended that way, some of the German victims being Lieut. Werner Moss, of Crefeld, with 47 machines to his credit; Captain Boelke, with 40; Lieutenant Wolf, with 33, and Lieutenant Schafer, with 30.
>
> Nungessor survives among the greatest of the French. Lufbery, a major now in the American service with William Thaw, is nearing the 20 mark.
>
> Man's desire to fight it out with his dearest enemy does not change. Achilles pursuing Hector around the walls of Troy is simply Nungessor seeking Immelman among the clouds.

MARK TWAIN'S CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART RECALLS THEIR ROMANCE

YOU know how it is yourself. When you were a boy of ten or twelve—Cupid draws no exact imaginary line, as does the law when it separates youth from maturity—you had a sweetheart. A new girl came to school, and because her shining pigtails were tied with red ribbons and because her dancing brown eyes rested on you with shy interest, you straightway fell head over heels in love with her. After school you said, "I'm going home your way," not knowing which way she was going, and you thrust into her chubby little hand the blue celluloid ring, twisted in three coils like a snake, which you had got at noon with a penny's worth of white paraffin gum. The other boys yelled to you, "Come on and play Ante-Over," but you said, "G'wan, I've got to hurry home and get in the wood." The other girls sharpened their fingers at you and screamed, "Johnny and Mary, Johnny and Mary," with childish maliciousness. Then the boys took it up, and ran on ahead of you, and wrote "Johnny and Mary" in brown and yellow chalk on the board sidewalks. But all the while you stuck close to the new girl, and she prattled to you of big sister and little brother and papa and mama and the wonders of the town they had come from. That is Childhood's Courtship.

Which of us can not turn back the pages of time and recall incidents of his or her own schooldays with a startling family resemblance to this very human description by a writer in the Kansas City *Star,* forming part of an interview with Mrs. Laura Frazer, of Hannibal, Missouri, scene of *Tom Sawyer's* immortal adventures, who now informs us that she was the original of *Becky Thatcher,* the charming little maiden who captured *Tom's* heart in that captivating history? Here is the old lady's confession, for she is an old lady now, albeit winsome and charming still, in her own words:

> "Yes, I was the *Becky Thatcher* of Mr. Clemens's book," Mrs. Frazer said the other day as she sat in the big second-floor front parlor of the old-time mansion in Hannibal, which is now the Home for the Friendless. Mrs. Frazer is the matron of the home.
>
> "Of course I suspected it when I first read the 'Adventures of Tom Sawyer,'" she went on. "There were so many incidents which I recalled as happening to Sam Clemens and myself that I felt he had drawn a picture of his memory of me in the character of Judge Thatcher's little daughter. But I never confided my belief to any one. I felt that it would be a presumption to take the honor to myself.
>
> "There were other women who had no such scruples—some of them right here in Hannibal—and they attempted to gain a little reflected notoriety by asserting that they were the prototypes of the character. When Albert Bigelow Paine, Mr. Clemens's biographer, gathered the material for his life of the author he found no fewer than twenty-five women in Missouri and elsewhere, each of whom declared she was *Becky Thatcher,* but he settled the controversy for all time on Mr. Clemens's authority when the biography was published. In it you will find that *Becky Thatcher* was



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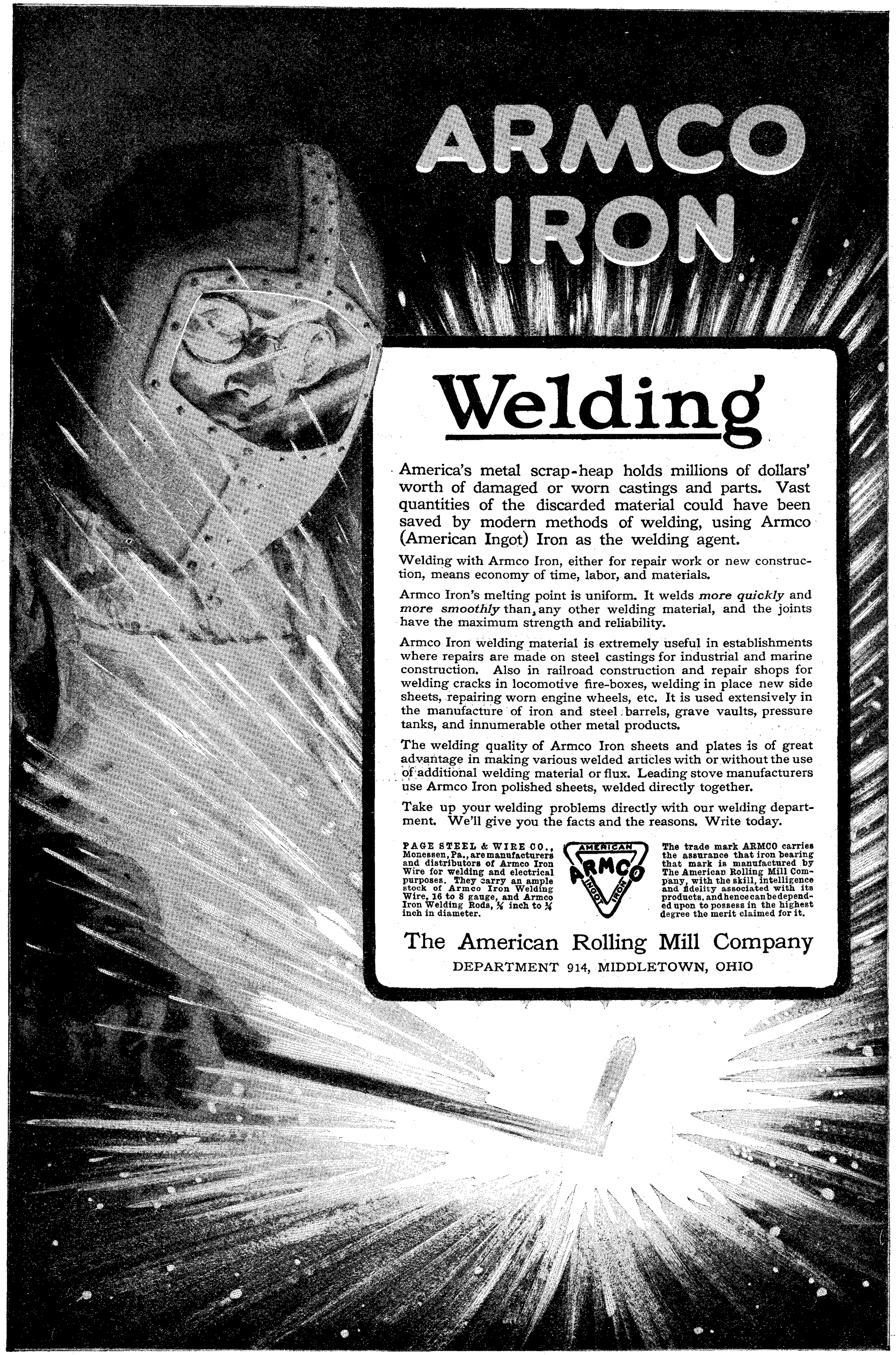

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The welding quality of Armco Iron sheets and plates is of great advantage in making various welded articles with or without the use of additional welding material or flux. Leading stove manufacturers use Armco Iron polished sheets, welded directly together.

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Laura Hawkins, which was my maiden name.

"We were boy and girl sweethearts, Sam Clemens and I," Mrs. Frazer said with a gentle little laugh.

It was seventy years ago that her friendship with Mark Twain began, and her hair is gray. But her heart is young, and she finds in her work of mothering the twenty-five boys and girls in her charge the secret of defying age. On this particular afternoon she wore black-and-white striped silk, the effect of which was a soft gray to match her hair, and her placid face was lighted with smiles of reminiscence.

"Children are wholly unartificial, you know," she explained. "They do not learn to conceal their feelings until they begin to grow up. The courtship of childhood, therefore, is a matter of preference and of comradeship. I liked Sam better than the other boys, and he liked me better than the other girls, and that was all there was to it."

To see this lady of old Missouri telling of her far-off childhood, the interviewer goes on to say, would bring back instinctively to the mind of every lover of Mark Twain the description he penned of her as a child in the sleepy village on the Mississippi:

"A lovely little blue-eyed creature with yellow hair plaited into two long tails, white summer frock and embroidered pantalettes. . . . He worshiped this new angel with furtive eye until he saw that she had discovered him; then he pretended he did not know she was present, and began to 'show off' in all sorts of absurd boyish ways, in order to win her admiration."

It would be an easy matter, we are assured, to realize that the speaker's gentle face was once round and rosy, and that the quiet, gray eyes were once blue and sparkling and the silver hair of the color of fine gold.

"I must have been six or seven years old when we moved to Hannibal," Mrs. Frazer said. "My father had owned a big mill and a store and a plantation worked by many negro slaves farther inland, but he found the task of managing all too heavy for him, and so he bought a home in Hannibal and was preparing to move to it when he died. My mother left the mill and the plantation in the hands of my grown brothers—I was one of ten children, by the way—and came to Hannibal. Our house stood at the corner of Hill and Main streets, and just a few doors west, on Hill Street, lived the Clemens family.

"I think I must have liked Sam Clemens the very first time I saw him. He was different from the other boys. I didn't know then, of course, what it was that made him different, but afterward, when my knowledge of the world and its people grew, I realized that it was his natural refinement. He played hookey from school, he cared nothing at all for his books, and he was guilty of all sorts of mischievous pranks, just as *Tom Sawyer* is in the book, but I never heard a coarse word from him in all our childhood acquaintance.

"Hannibal was a little town which hugged the steamboat landing in those days. If you will go down through the old part of the city now you will find it much as it was when I was a child, for the quaint old weatherbeaten buildings still stand, proving how thoroughly the pioneers did their work. We went to school, we had picnics, we explored the big cave—they call it the Mark Twain Cave now, you know."

In response to a query as to whether the story of the two children being lost in the cave were a record of actual fact, Mrs. Frazer replied in the negative. That is part of the fiction of the book, but the description of the cave is real enough—

"As a matter of fact, some older persons always went with us. Usually my elder sister and Sam Clemens's elder sister, who were great friends, were along to see that we didn't get lost among the winding passages where our candles lighted up the great stalagmites and stalactites, and where water was dripping from the stone roof overhead, just as Mr. Clemens has described it."

Then she went on to explain that the "little red schoolhouse" was also one of the great humorist's interpolations, picturesque, but non-existent in her childhood days in Hannibal.

"In those days we had only private schools," Mrs. Frazer said. "If there were public schools I never heard of them. The first school I went to was taught by Mr. Cross, who had canvassed the town and obtained perhaps twenty-five private pupils at a stated price for the tuition of each. I do not know how much Mr. Cross charged, but when I was older I remember that a young woman teacher opened a school after getting twenty-five pupils at $25 each for the year's tuition. I will never forget that Mr. Cross did not belie his name, however, or that Sam Clemens wrote a bit of doggerel about him."

She quoted it this way:

Cross by name and Cross by nature,
Cross hopped out of an Irish potato.

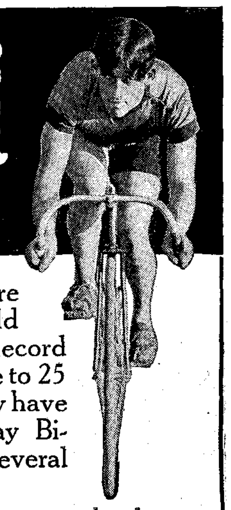
"The schoolhouse was a two-story frame building with a gallery across the entire front," she resumed. "After a year together in that school Sam and I went to the school taught by Mrs. Horr. It was then he used to write notes to me and bring apples to school and put them on my desk. And once, as a punishment for some prank, he had to sit with the girls and occupied a vacant seat by me. He didn't seem to mind the penalty at all," Mrs. Frazer added with another laugh, "so I don't know whether it was effective as a punishment or not.

"We hadn't reached the dancing age then, but we went to many 'play parties' together and romped through 'Going to Jerusalem,' 'King William was King George's Son,' and 'Green Grow the Rushes—O.'"

She then told of the causes that led to the breaking off of the friendship between the two families and brought about the parting of the ways for *Becky* and *Tom*—

"Judge Clemens, Sam's father, died and left the family in straitened circumstances, and Sam's schooling ended there. He began work in the printing-office to help out, and when he was seventeen or eighteen he left Hannibal to go to work in St. Louis. He never returned to live, but he visited here often in the years that followed."

Mrs. Frazer's own story formed the next chapter of her narrative. A young



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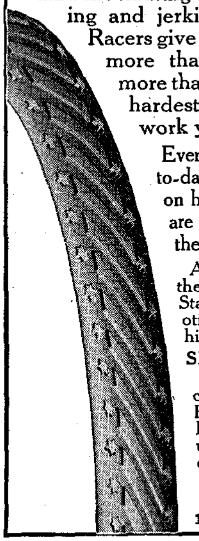

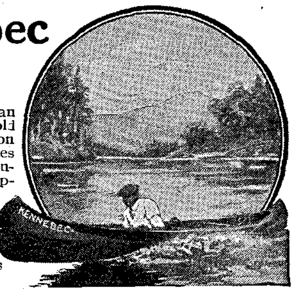

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physician, Dr. Frazer, of Madisonville, which was a little inland village in Ralls County, adjoining, came often to Hannibal and courted pretty Laura Hawkins. When she was twenty they were married and went to live in the new house Dr. Frazer had built for his bride at Madisonville. There they reared two sons until they required better school facilities, when they went to Rensselaer, also in Ralls County, but nearer Hannibal. They lived in Rensselaer until Dr. Frazer's death, when the mother and younger son moved to the General Canby farm. This son's marriage led to Mrs. Frazer's return to Hannibal twenty-two years ago. She was offered the position of matron at the Home for the Friendless, and for twenty-two years she has managed it.

But destiny had not finished its work with the two childish sweethearts. After a lapse of half a century the opportunity was given them for a brief renewal of their youthful friendship. As we read:

In 1908 Mrs. Frazer made a trip East, accepting an invitation to visit Albert Bigelow Paine at Redding, Conn. Mr. Paine had visited Hannibal two years before in a search for material for his biography of Mark Twain and had made Mrs. Frazer's acquaintance then. He mentioned the approaching visit to the great humorist, and Mark Twain promptly sat down and wrote Mrs. Frazer that she must be a guest also at Stormfield, his Redding estate. So it came about that the one-time little Laura Hawkins found herself lifting the knocker at the beautiful country home of Mark Twain in the Connecticut hills.

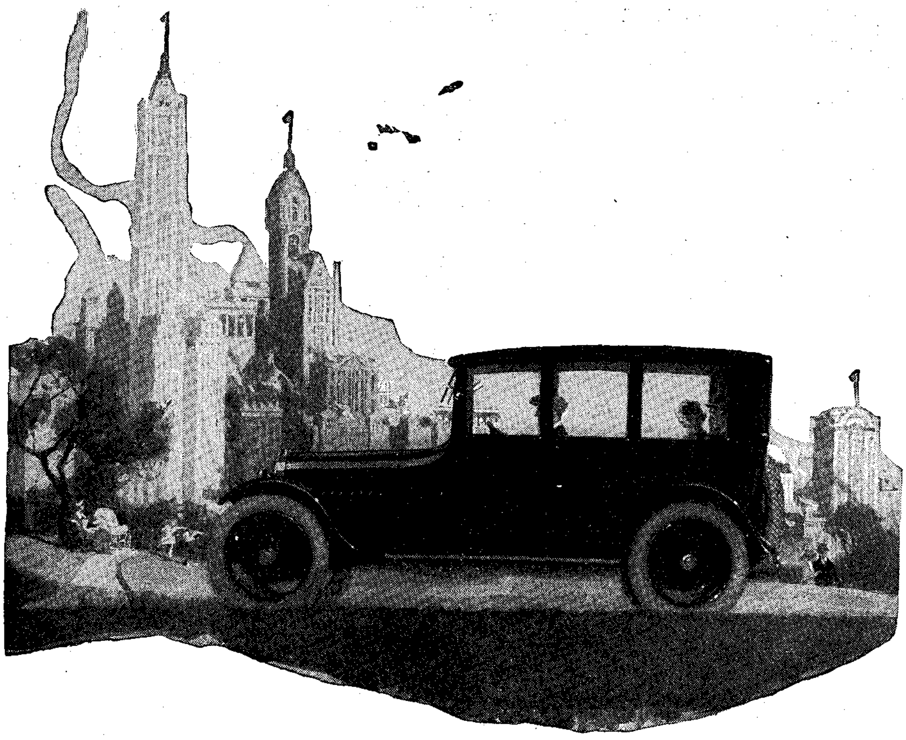
"The door was opened by Clara Clemens, Mr. Clemens's daughter," Mrs. Frazer said, "and she threw her arms about me and cried:

"'I know you, for I've seen your picture, and father has told me about you. You are *Becky Thatcher*, and I'm happy to see you.'

"And that," Mrs. Frazer said, "was the first time I really knew I was the original of the character, altho I had suspected it for thirty years. Clara Clemens, you know, even then was a famous contralto, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, whose wife she is now, was 'waiting' on her at the time.

"It was a wonderful visit," she went on. "Mr. Clemens took me over Stormfield. It must have been a tract of three hundred acres. We went through the fields, which were not fields at all, since they were not cultivated, and across a rustic bridge over a little rushing brook, which boiled and bubbled among the rocks in the bed of a great ravine, and we sat down under a rustic arbor and talked of the old days in Hannibal when he was a little boy and I a little girl, before he went out into the world to win fame and before I lived my own happy married life. Mr. Clemens had that rare faculty of loyalty to his friends which made the lapse of fifty years merely an interim. It was as if the half-century had rolled away and we were there looking on the boy and girl we had been.

"Mr. Clemens had won world-wide fame; he had been a welcome guest in the palaces of Old-World rulers and lionized in the great cities of his own country. He had been made a Doctor of Literature by the University of Oxford, the highest honor of the greatest university in the world, and yet there at



This Car for Continuous Service

THE part the automobile now is called upon to perform in American affairs demands a combination of qualities somewhat unusual.

The automobile is no longer merely a supplement to other carriers; it is itself a most important and essential means of transportation.

As such, its use cannot profitably be limited to favorable seasons; it must serve continuously and economically throughout the whole year.

Few cars so successfully meet the requirements of such service as this Oakland Sensible Six unit body Sedan.

Quickly alterable from a closed winter car to an open summer model, this Sedan has ample power for town or country usage in any season.

The carefully made and finely equipped body is unusually roomy and comfortable; it is very easy to enter and leave.

Unique construction has eliminated all useless weight from the roof, protecting the chassis from overloading and the body and roof supports from undue strain.

The car has staggered doors, the forward one opening to the left at the driver's seat and the rear one opening to the right at the curb.

The high-speed overhead-valve Oakland Sensible Six engine delivers 44 horsepower at 2600 r. p. m., or one full horsepower to every 55 pounds of car weight in this Sedan.

Its smooth action, its high carburetion efficiency and its unusual ratio of power to weight, assure users maximum mileage from gasoline and tires.

THE individual front seats and the wide tonneau seat in this Oakland Sensible Six unit-body Sedan are upholstered in fine quality gray automobile cloth, in keeping with the car's interior.

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F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

Stormfield to me he seemed to be Sam Clemens of old Hannibal rather than the foremost man in the American world of letters.

"That, I believe, is my most treasured memory of Sam Clemens," Mrs. Frazer ended. "I love to think of him as the curly-headed, rollicking, clean-minded little boy I played with as a child, but I like still better to think of him as he was in his last days, when all that fame and fortune had showered on him did not, even momentarily, make him waver in his loyalty to the friends of his youth."

The quaint little two-story house where Samuel Clemens lived as a boy still stands in Hannibal, now restored and maintained as a memorial to the best loved of American writers. There, seated in a chair that once belonged to Mark Twain and pouring tea at a table on which he once wrote, Mrs. Frazer may be found to-day by pilgrims to this hallowed literary shrine:

There they will see *Becky Thatcher* in the flesh, silken-gowned, gray-haired, and grown old, but *Becky Thatcher* just the same. And if the aroma of the cup she hands out to each visitor doesn't waft before his mind a vision of a curly-headed boy and a little girl with golden long-tails at play on the wharf of old Hannibal while the ancient packets ply up and down the rolling blue Mississippi, there is nothing whatever in the white magic of association.

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?" READ THE SPARTANBURG "GAS ATTACK"

"WE *are* cheered up," writes Private Charles Devine in a recent editorial in *The Gas Attack.* And nobody who reads that lively periodical would doubt him for a moment. Some of the good civilians who are in the doldrums over the sad fate of our poor boys might do worse than subscribe for this magazine, full to the brim of real American pep and sparkle and wholesome fun. The magazine is published under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., and its excellence is not surprizing, as we are told that all the editorial staff are men with former journalistic experience. But whatever they were before, they are now soldiers wholeheartedly. Listen to this brotherly admonition which we take from the editorial page under the caption "Carry On! Smartly:"

Quit knocking the division because we haven't got to France yet. Quit complaining because we aren't already on the briny going through life-boat drill and casting suspicious glances to the offing. Quit pestering your lot with futile ejaculations because you aren't doing stand-to this minute in a field in Flanders. . . . . . .

The desire to get to the other side is the proper longing by which to be animated. It's all over camp, we hope, as ubiquitous as the mud. We'd be a poor lot of Americans if we didn't feel that way about it.

But here's the point: events are being shaped by wiser men. Just as soon as the time is ripe for us to go over, we'll get the word to pack up our kits and our sweetheart's picture, and we'll go, singing!

Meanwhile, we're here. While we're

Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs

THINK of the tremendous and constantly varying pressure which the spark plugs must stand in the engines that drive the war tanks.

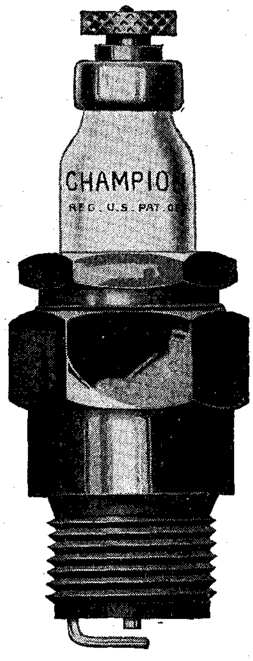
As it rears and plunges over trenched and shell torn ground, the load which the motor must pull is terrific or negligible in rapid succession.

The spark plugs in that motor must be a rare combination of efficiency and durability—must exhibit unfailing dependability.

The world holds no finer example of utter dependability than Champion Spark Plugs which supply the spark of life to an overwhelming majority of all the gasoline motors in use in the world today.

It takes over a million Champions every ten working days to supply the world-wide demand for dependability in spark plugs.

When you want to equip your motor dependably, see that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.



Heavy Stone
For high powered cars
$1.00

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Office: Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

A Tribute

The patriotism of the employes of Swift & Company is being manifested in so many substantial ways that we take pride in acknowledging here the evidence of their staunch Americanism

3089 men from our ranks are now in army khaki and sailor blue uniforms.

This impressive figure represents nearly a full regiment from this firm.

In this Swift Legion of Honor, 103 of the men have won commissions in the army.

When "Preparedness" was the admonishment of the hour—the Swift Military Club was organized—in it have been trained hundreds of men.

It is our local "West Point"—we know that its graduates are better soldiers because they have gone into the army and have been promptly promoted. Some of them have won commissions.

28,718 Swift employes own Liberty Bonds, to the amount of $3,879,700.

The women employes of Swift & Company, and the wives and mothers of employes, have turned thousands of pounds of wool into sweaters, socks, helmets and scarfs for our men in uniform.

They have donated large sums of money to the Red Cross.

They have contributed to the war funds of the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus.

It is an inspiration to observe the flags waving on the desks of department heads in our Chicago office, indicating that every employe in the department is buying War Savings Stamps every week.

Swift employes, voluntarily, are contributing weekly sums to a comfort fund through their Military Welfare Association to provide their associates in service with smokes, sweets and other needs.

Food Conservation pledges are being kept in their homes.

In our employes' restaurants we are abstaining from meat and wheat on the days now on our war calendar, and are doing it cheerfully.

The name of Swift was never associated with more valiant patriots than the men and women who make up its official family.

The company is proud of this magnificent war record.

Our employes know that there will be other appeals and they stand as a unit, 48,000 strong, eager to give and sacrifice more.

With a full and grave conception of our mutual obligation we blend our loyalty and responsibility with theirs.

Swift & Company
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.
L. F. Swift President.

> here, the thing to do is to be a good soldier where we are. This is our period of trial. The way to meet it is by plugging ahead with our training with just as much snap as if we knew we were going to entrain to-morrow.
>
> As a matter of fact, we are in a pleasant place, here at Camp Wadsworth. And even tho we would rather be in an unpleasant place over there, and be there, instead of here, yet the fact remains that where we are, there is more or less warm sunshine, there are tree-clad hills, winding tranquil roads, a charming city—many things to enjoy. So, let's take it as it comes!
>
> You're no better, that you should be already somewhere in France getting a medal pinned on you by the assembled Entente generals, than any of the rest of us. We've got a chest of sufficient expanse to support a medal, too.
>
> Our time will come.

And here is something over which the folks at home may profitably ponder. It is taken from an editorial entitled "What We Want."

> We don't know how others may feel about it, but for ourselves we are getting tired of "cheer-up" letters. We are growing infinitely weary of *receiving* letters in which the writers say: "Cheer up, laddies. The war will soon be over and you'll come marching back."
>
> We don't want to be cheered up that way. We don't want the war to end until the Kaiser has been knocked out, and a gigantic wrench flung into the German military machinery, and the world made a habitable place for democratic folk to make merry in.
>
> To distract attention from the all-important necessity of putting through these wholesome reforms is a harmful act. To tell us to cheer up, the war will soon be over, is not only a piece of false philosophy, but it is bad business! Nothing should be allowed to vitiate our efforts in that great outdoor sport, in which all good nations are participating, called "walloping the Kaiser."
>
> And so, as we said, we don't want to be cheered up that way. We don't need it. It won't do any good to try to cheer us up, because we *are* cheered up. We have suffered no real hardships in camp. The people back home have been bending beneath the burdens of heatless, wheatless, meatless, lightless, nightless careers, but we, here in camp, have thus far not been touched by the cruelties of war. Kitchen police, forsooth, is not a form of entertainment, but it never wiped out a company of soldiers yet. As a matter of fact, if we felt any more chipper we'd be spending our evenings fox-trotting across the drill grounds singing "This is the life!"
>
> Hell is paved with good intentions. But we aren't taking that road to-day. Undoubtedly the folks who insist upon cheering us up with promises of an early ending of the war are well intentioned. But their vision could be improved.

In a sort of *apologia* for officers, Private Walter A. Davenport tells some of the tortures to which the aspirant to a commission is subjected in the Officers' Training-Camp:

> You may make permanent note of the fact that about the easiest job that Uncle Sam doles out to his able-bodied nephews is that of private—buck or first class—under an efficient disciplinarian. Of course, you can call this all didactic bunk and

say a few more uncomplimentary things about it, but try to take it from me: the chap who gets his commission in this school that Major-General O'Ryan is supervising has accumulated something besides avoirdupois. . . . . . .

We are told that the conditions are thus and so—that the enemy, for instance, is in possession of Greenville or Spartanburg and that it is up to us to rescue the captured towns and destroy the invaders.

Student Whoozis is given command of the company. The enemy, either simulated or represented, has his outposts flung across the hills adjacent to and bordering upon the National highway in the direction of the town he is looting. It is Student Whoozis's business to so deploy and otherwise manipulate his forces that the enemy's outposts will be unable to perform their functions of security and our army will be in position to occupy those heights and natural strong points that command the captured town.

It is then accepted as reasonable that our army may drive the impudent invader back and into the sea or wherever it may be convenient to place him.

This may or may not be interesting to those folks who have no part in the game. But certainly it is fascinating to those participating. And it goes to demonstrate just what the students are doing. It makes no difference whether in this or any other war these tactics are employed. It is wholly out of place to argue meticulously that this is a war in trenches and that open-field and above-ground maneuvers play no part therein.

A problem is a problem. The man who shows no promise of mastering the simple problems given him in the O. T. S. exhibits little aptitude for a successful mastery of the prodigious tasks that will fall to his lot in France.

Within the past two weeks we have been subjected to a second mental research and have been compelled to demonstrate that we are entirely sound of wind, arm, and leg. We have been called before another psychiatrist and asked numerous personal questions, all of which tended to wring from us possible secrets regarding our mental cohesion. What was the extent of our academic education? Were we nervous? Excitable? Irritable? What sort of work produced our meals and cigarets before we enlisted? Had insanity occupied a prominent place in our family history?

Most of us left the neurologist quite convinced that we had manifested a sufficient number of mental aberrations to warrant our immediate transfer to the Matteawan home-guards. Personally, I assured the doctor that I was not abnormally nervous. At the same time I gnawed off a finger-nail.

We were then informed that each student must execute a running broad jump of fourteen feet, a high jump of four feet, a standing jump of seven feet six inches, the hundred yards dash in fourteen seconds, and a heave of the hand-grenade of thirty-five yards.

Did you ever try to jump fourteen feet in hobnailed brogans and tight O. D. breeches? The rest of the efforts seemed easy enough. The writer of this story was never considered seriously for a place on the Olympic teams. I never had just cause for annoyance therefor. By Herculean effort I cleared the bar four feet from the ground. In a totally unprecedented effort I hurled myself seven feet six inches through the air from a standing position. But the fourteen feet were hard to negotiate.

There seemed to be something wrong. I

What It Costs To Feed a Man

A big man at average work can be well fed on 3000 calories per day. The calory is the standard ration unit.

In Quaker Oats those 3000 calories would cost just 14 cents. In other foods the cost would be as follows:

In Eggs,	**$1.33**	**In Halibut,**	**$1.00**
In Round Steak,	**.81**	**In Potatoes,**	**.70**
Broiled Chicken,	**3.40**	**In Bread,**	**.24**

So eggs—for the same food units—cost nearly ten times what Quaker Oats costs. Meats, on the average, cost eight times as much. The average mixed diet costs four times as much.

You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one bacon-and-egg breakfast.

Then in Quaker Oats you serve complete nutrition. Every needed element is there. You serve the greatest of the grain foods, measured by every standard.

You serve the most flavory, most delightful cereal which Nature has created.

Serve in big dishes. Make it the entire breakfast. A multiplied cost can buy nothing comparable.

Then see what flavor it adds to your flour foods. Every pound thus used saves a pound of wheat, and it makes the foods more inviting. See the recipes in each package.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Use Quaker Oats because of its wondrous flavor. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the rich plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These luscious flakes cost no extra price.

And they have made Quaker Oats the favorite oat food the world over.

12c and 30c per package in the United States except in far West and South where high freights may prohibit

Quaker Oats Bread

1 ½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

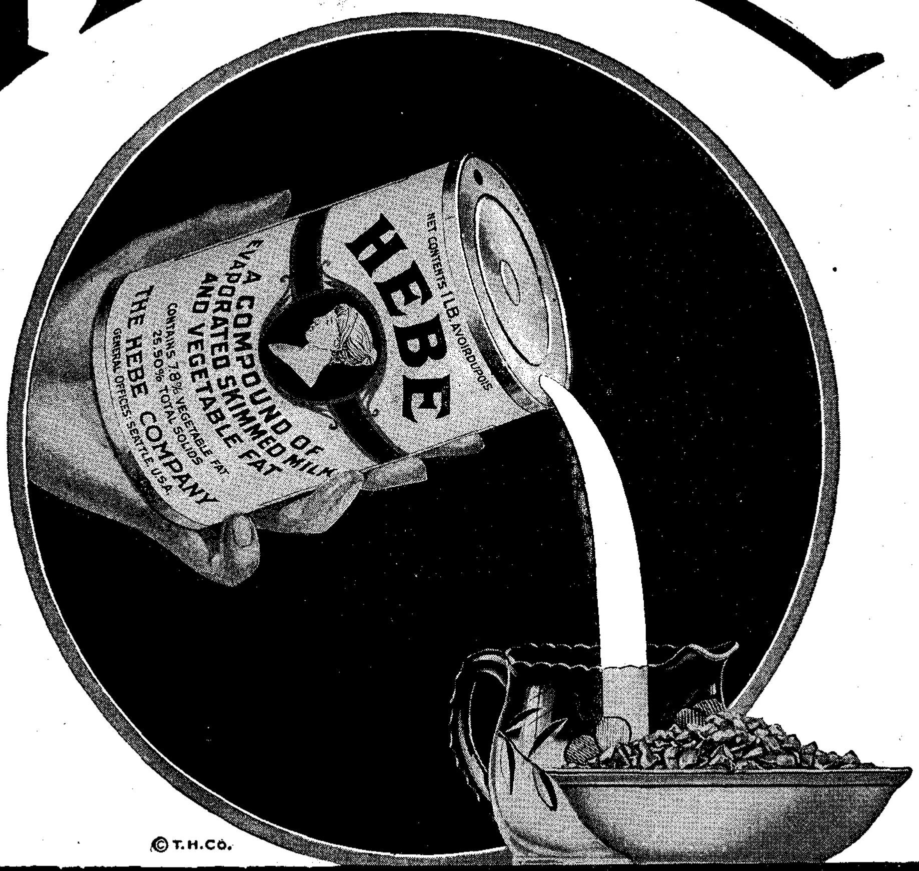
Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

HEBE

PATENTS PENDING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A COMPOUND OF EVAPORATED SKIMMED MILK AND VEGETABLE FAT
CONTAINS 7.8% VEGETABLE FAT 25.50% TOTAL SOLIDS
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HEBE has its own place as an economical, satisfactory, healthful feature of the food supply of your home. Combining the healthful properties of evaporated skimmed milk with the nutritious fat of the cocoanut, it is ideal for cooking as well as for use over cereals, with coffee, etc. It has the approval of domestic science experts and is used by thousands of housewives.

Hebe has been tested and recommended as follows:—

for Coffee

Hebe gives coffee a tempting, golden-brown color and enhances its flavor. Hebe helps to make delicious cocoa and chocolate.

for Cooking

Dilute Hebe with pure water to the richness desired. Use it in all recipes for soups, oyster stews, gravies, sauces, creaming vegetables and fish, making custard, cookies, puddings, desserts, etc.

for Cereals

Pour Hebe diluted, or undiluted if preferred, over corn flakes, wheat flakes, puffed grains, porridge, oatmeal, etc. Cereals cooked with Hebe are most appetizing.

You may live in a section where Hebe cannot be obtained. As production increases, the needs of your section will be supplied through your local retail grocer.

THE HEBE COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Guaranteed to be pure and wholesome

recall making a furious dive and landing in a fearsome heap far, far away. The marker announced with a fine display of scorn that my wild flight amounted to ten feet two inches.

Just previous to this Titanic effort, Student Burrell had cleared seventeen or twenty feet without taking off his coat nor removing his hat. He called me aside and told me that my legs were all wrong; that I should fold them up beneath me and then, when I felt myself descending, to shoot them out in advance of my body.

I rehearsed the formula a few times and had another go at the fourteen feet. I made it. I leapt as tho bound for the horizon. I passed trees and many tents in my flight east. My impressions, upon landing, were that I had overestimated the distance and had passed Charleston and was in the Atlantic.

When they fished me out of the mud-hole into which I had plunged and stretched out the tape, they discovered that I had flown fourteen feet, one inch.

Under the department caption, "Incinerator," appears "A Soldier's Letter to His Sweetheart," which throws valuable light upon certain military intricacies. The initials following "Bill's" signature betray the writer as Lieutenant Edward Streeter:

Dere Mable:

How was I to know that Broggins was a dog?

It takes a woman, Mable, to get things all balled up. I aint agoin to say much about this tho cause the joke was mostly on you. I forgive you and I wont hold nothin against you . . . . . .

So now when the wars over we can get married again just like we was goin to. Ill have more time then. I guess thats all I will have but we dont need much money cause I dont care much for luxuries anyways. Simple, thats me all over, Mable.

You can send back all your stuff that I returned an you can make me more if you want to. I wont have much use for them now with the hot weather comin on but it might be a comfort to you to make em. An you can put the picture of me pointin to the flag back on the mantle piece. I guess you didnt burn it up like I told you to, eh Mable?

Well, Mable, what do you think Ive done now. Ive gone back into the artillery. The captain hated to let me go. He said the artillery colonel was a friend of his. I guess thats why he finally said all right. It wasnt that I was scared of the infantry. I guess you know that I aint scared of anything that walks on two legs except the measles. The artillerys really more dangerous than the infantry cause you stand in one place so they can get a good line on you while in the infantry your running round all the time.

Seein the Captain was so jealous of me I thought a fello with brains would have more chance over here. I tried to transfer as an officer but the Captain said I better go over as a private and as soon as they saw what kind of a fello I was theyd fix me all right. He seemed to wake up a little when he saw I was goin. Im goin to put in my application for an officer as soon as I get a chance.

I didn't go back to the same battery I was in before cause youll remember that the Captain and I didnt get along very well. Couldnt seem to agree on nothin. I thought it would be pleasanter for me an him to if I went to another battery.

It almost seemed like they was waitin for me cause the day after I came over they hitched up the horses and drove the cannons out to the range. Its kind of hard to explain to a girl like you what a range is. The only way I can explain it is that it aint nothin like a range. There aint nothin here but mountains and mountain ears. We can fire all we want without hittin nothin but the mountains and once in a while maybe one of the mountain ears. But they say there so tough they dont mind it a bit. Thats a funny thing about artillery, Mable. The object seems to be not to hit nothin. The day we got out here I heard the Captain say "Well Im glad were way out in a place like this where we dont run no danger of hittin nothin." All I said was "I like to see a fello careful Captain, but if thats all your worryin about you needent have taken so much trouble." The longer I know Captains the less I understand them.

There are other interesting articles, among them one on the camoufleurs in training, and there are sketches and photographs of camp activities, verses, and pages of news and personals from the different divisions that would delight the heart of a country editor with their "Who is she, Eddie?" and their "It's always hard the first six years in the Army, isn't it, Sergt.?" At random we pick these freely scattered brilliants:

Private Meyer was amazed to hear from Charlie Ward that John Bunny is now with Barnum and Bailey. Wake up, Meyer, or they will be including you in their party, too.

The sixth section is again in trouble. A set of harness is missing. Corporal Bain, when asked if he expected to recover it, replied: "No, they didn't even leave a trace." Take him away, sergeant, he's a dizzy.

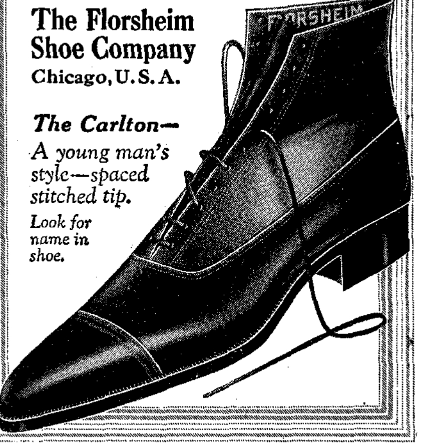
"In what way does Germany resemble Holland?"

"It is a low, lying country, and damned all around."

No, we are not camped on Baffin Bay, but at Glassy Rock. We believe our French instructor. He says: "Ze Flandaers, he have notheeng on zis. Ze mud, he make very fine shocla' puddin'."

Will the gentleman who appropriated fifteen jars of jam from our kitchen one rainy night last week be kind enough to invite us to his party? We like parties, and we also like jam, so be a good fellow and come across with an invitation.

A "Y." secretary's education is never completed and during the past week among the many new pointers gained by the secretaries in this unit is the fact that it is unwise at times to ask the men at our meetings to pick out their favorite songs. On Sunday afternoon two secretaries were conducting a service at the stockade, and to give the meeting an atmosphere of *camaraderie* the secretaries asked the men to pick out their favorite song in the Red Service Book. With almost unanimity the audience shouted "187." The secretaries turned to 187 only to find "In the Prison Cell I Sit." Again at one of the evening services in the building the religious secretary asked for a number of a song. Just at this minute several nurses from the Base Hospital entered the rear door to attend the meeting, a dozen or



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Ask for The Florsheim Shoe—see the Styles of the Times. Booklet of Military scenes on request.

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The Carlton—
A young man's style—spaced stitched tip.
Look for name in shoe.

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Tiny Nasal Filter aids breathing, stops snoring. Useful for Colds, Catarrh and Asthma. *50c postpaid.*

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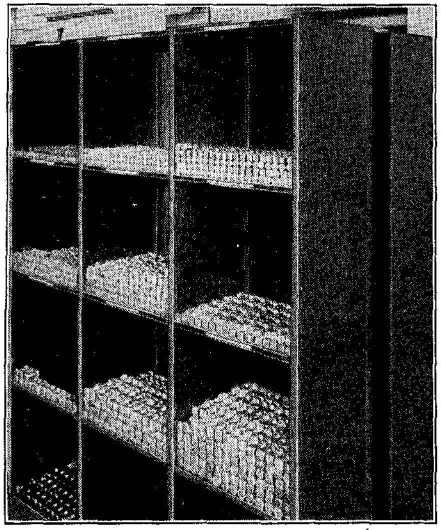

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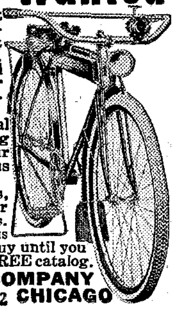

more voices shouted out "202," which turned out to be "Good Night! Ladies!"

WEATHER FORECAST

1ST TO 3RD, MILD PERIOD—Fair days and fresh, very fresh!

4TH TO 9TH, VARIABLE PERIOD—Sudden changes in weather: sunshiny, cloudy, fair, rainy, windy, calm, sleety, rotten.

10TH TO 19TH, VARIABLE PERIOD—Sudden changes in weather. Sudden changes in underwear. Both uncomfortable.

19TH TO 31ST—Epidemic in camp of strange disease, dangerous because physicians are unable to isolate the germs. There are so many of them that physicians can't get one alone for a minute. Disease *indicated* by *following* symptoms: tired feeling, irritation of the imagination, loss of ambition, distress while working, enlarged desire to lie down and dream.

Going to the Captain without the first sergeant's permission—Over the Top.

During the recent rainy spell the junction of "Columbus Avenue" and one company street resembled a sea of mud. "Albany Wire" Hanahan was seated in the mess-hall reading "The Adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh." Glancing toward the roadway he noticed a young lady, marooned on a log, hesitating before plunging into the mire. "Obeying that impulse" he laid the book aside and wading out to the lady in distress, he volunteered to carry her across the ditch and his services were accepted.

N. B.—He has since been decorated with the Order of Knight of the Bath

WAR-WORK IMPROVING WOMEN'S HEALTH

WHILE the war-god cuts short the life of one, he prolongs the years of another; while he lays some on the bed of pain and suffering, he restores others to health. It might be naturally supposed that the heavy labor on railroads and in factories might weaken the health of the women who have gone from the lighter to these harder forms of toil, but the opposite is true. The work is improving their health, and it's no mere guesswork either. Statistics prove it. Says Mr. Judson C. Welliver, London correspondent of the New York *Sun:*

> Perhaps it takes a bit of an imagination to conceive such a thing, but the war has been a blessing to millions of people in this country. More than that, despite the tens of thousands of deaths and maiming of the fittest men it has probably produced a decided improvement in the average physical standard of the people. These observations reflect the conclusion of the report on national insurance covering the administration of the law during the last three years.
>
> Altho the people of England are doing vastly more work and on the whole better work per capita than they ever have done before, at least under the factory system of production, the amount of sickness has been steadily reduced from the beginning of the war, the number of days lost from productive efforts has persistently diminished, the product per capita has increased almost unbelievably. Finally, the statement that the average physical condition of British men, women, and children has vastly improved is confirmed by the most casual observations of the people as they are seen day by day.
>
> The whole explanation may be given in two words: better wages, which means improved food-conditions, at least sufficient money to buy the food necessary to sustain the physical body.

To make it clear, he recalls the days before the war, when the health of Britain was sagging so rapidly as to cause alarm. He says:

> The average physique of the British people had been observed for a long time to be seriously deteriorating.
>
> Several times it was necessary to lower the physical standard for admission to the Army to fill the ranks. That, too, was in the old days of the "contemptible little army," when it might reasonably have been assumed that as only a small number of men were needed they might easily enough have been found of the desired standard.
>
> Medical men and social workers compelled attention to this increasingly alarming situation, and several years ago a commission was set to work to study the progressive physical deterioration among the mass of people.
>
> It is a common observation nowadays among these war-weary people that nobody's memory is long enough to present a good picture of the "good old days" of peace and happiness. It is true. But it is also true that nobody's memory is good enough to depict the conditions of squalor and the everlasting pinch of actual hunger in which millions of people lived absolutely without fault of their own. It is true that the drink evil was fearful and was constantly getting worse.
>
> An English laborer's family in those "good old days" breakfasted on tea, bread, and butter. For dad there would probably be a "relish" in the shape of a kipper or a bloater. Meat save as a Sunday luxury occasionally was unknown. The children might be lucky enough to get an egg apiece on Sunday morning with their breakfast. But that would only be when eggs were cheap and plentiful in midsummer.
>
> Occasionally the menu would be varied by the substitution of a cheap jam for butter; bread and butter or bread and jam; never bread, butter, and jam.
>
> Dad on his breakfast of bread, butter, and kipper went away to his twelve hours of heavy work, if he was lucky enough to have any work at all. Mother might be fortunate enough to have a job as charwoman or as washerwoman. The boys and girls, just as soon as they were old enough to do anything, went out with their breakfast of bread and butter to shop or factory or the streets, to work as messenger-boys, sell papers, do anything that would bring in a few pennies to the family exchequer.
>
> The home from which the family went out to daily labors by which England became great, rich, and powerful might sometimes consist of two rooms at a rent of $1.25 a week. The kitchen was also living-room and dining-room. Sleeping-quarters were afforded by the other room, with perhaps one or two members of the family compelled to sleep in a warm corner of the kitchen.
>
> When lunch-time came mother ate the "snack" if at home and the small children lunched on a stew of butcher's scraps, bullocks' cheeks, sheeps' heads, and other bits that were unsalable for any other purposes, dear at the low price at which they sold. There would be some potatoes and onions in the stew, and it would be miserably made, for among the most pathetic incidents in working-class life was

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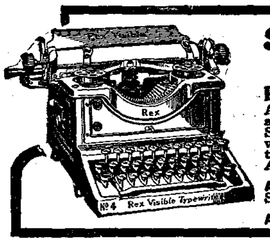

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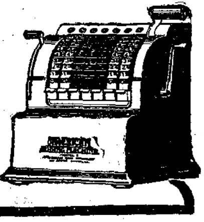


the pitiful ignorance of how to prepare food.

If mother was lunching out she had a slice of bread and butter, and possibly a piece of cheese. Along with this quantities of tea and a dole of "fish and chips." The fish were undersized or otherwise unsalable cullings from the market, cleaned casually indeed, cut into slices, dipt in batter and fried in grease. They were at least as near absolute indigestibility as possible. A halfpenny worth of fish, a similar portion of chips—potato chips—and then as a luxury a quantity of pickled cabbage—pickled not in good respectable vinegar, but in acetic acid.

On such a diet everybody of course suffered from indigestion. There was not enough of either the heat-giving or the bone and muscle-building elements to maintain the body in health. The whole family were anemic, sallow, and suffered from catarrh. Rickets, bronchitis, intestinal troubles, and every infectious disease known to children or adults was part of the regular routine of life.

The breakfast menu would be substantially repeated when the small children went home from school about 4:30. Quantities were never excessive, but usually altogether insufficient. Dad went home later from his work, and he and mother dined on fish and chips, as already described. Before going to bed the children might get a slice of bread and butter if times were good and the family not too large.

The other day the general committee of the Supply of Fish and Chips Merchants, contemplating the problems of their business arising from the shortage of greases in which to fry their products, presented figures showing that even today 2,000,000 of fish and chips are served daily in London.

No particular wonder that the physical standard of England had degenerated alarmingly! The royal commission decided that something must be done about it, and one of the results of its investigations was the national insurance act.

Every person sixteen years or more of age paying income tax on less than $800 annually comes under the insurance act. Manual workers earning even larger sums also are included. The insurance act is self-supporting. The employer contributes six cents weekly and the employee eight cents to the fund. This makes an aggregate of approximately $7.50 annually for each man, while the contribution for women, being slightly less, works out at $6.50 each per annum. Out of this fund the panel doctors are paid $2 per annum for each beneficiary of the fund, in consideration of which they are to provide medical advice for the year. Medicines are provided and prescriptions made up also at the expense of the same fund.

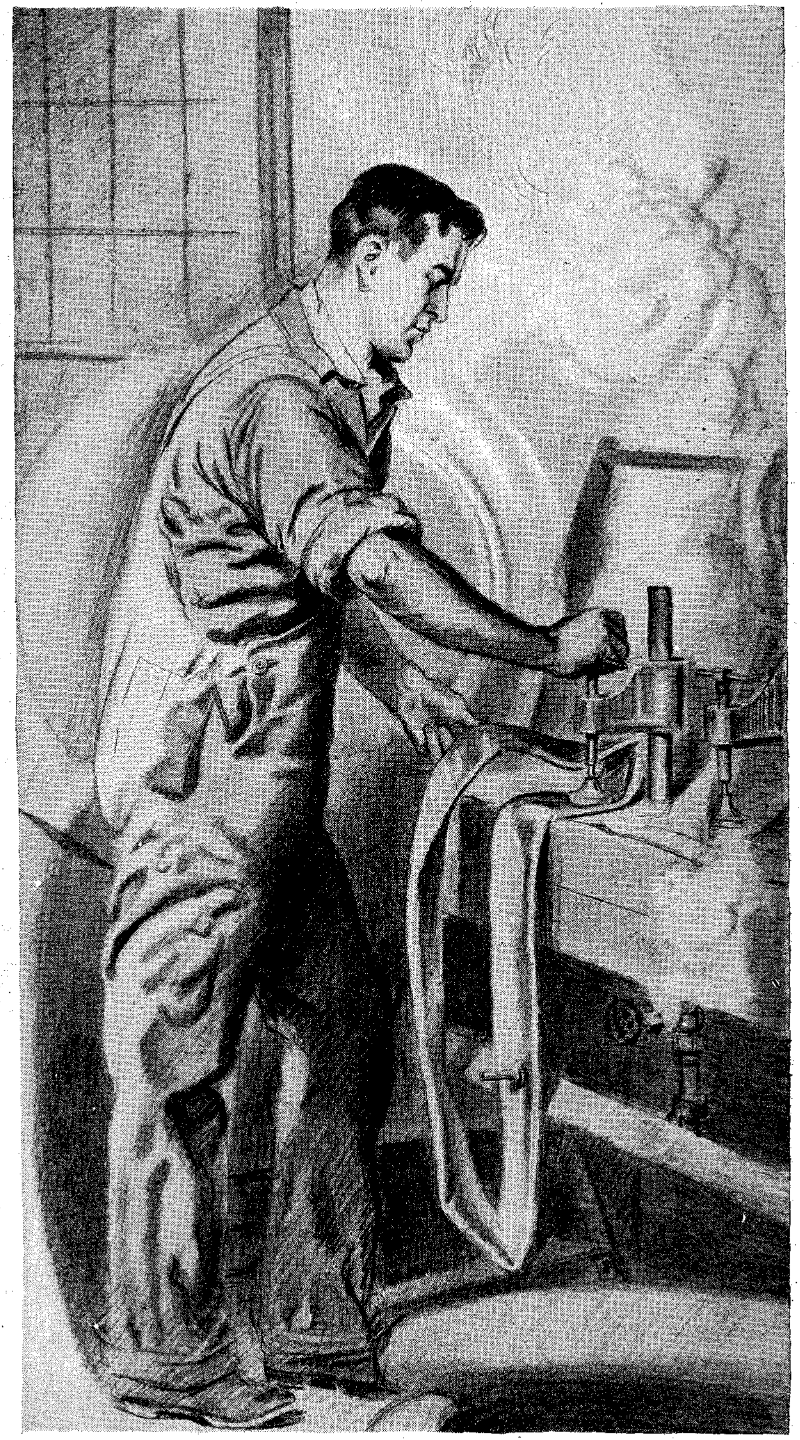
The woman's section of the insurance scheme soon went bankrupt simply because an astonishing state of affairs was discovered regarding the physical health and condition of the women. The really healthy and vigorous woman of the working class was the rare exception.

In case of sickness the man was paid $2.50 weekly benefit from the fund on presentation of the proper certificate from the physician. Women were paid $1.85 weekly sick benefit.

One of the developments was that inasmuch as the sick benefit was actually equal to the wages for which many women worked there was constant temptation

Why Empire Red Tubes last as long as the average car itself

2. *The Story of the Puncture and the Repairman*



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But it's not always his fault, by any means.

In vulcanizing the puncture, he has to use heat. Some tubes get all the heat they can stand when they are first manufactured, and this additional application is too much for them.

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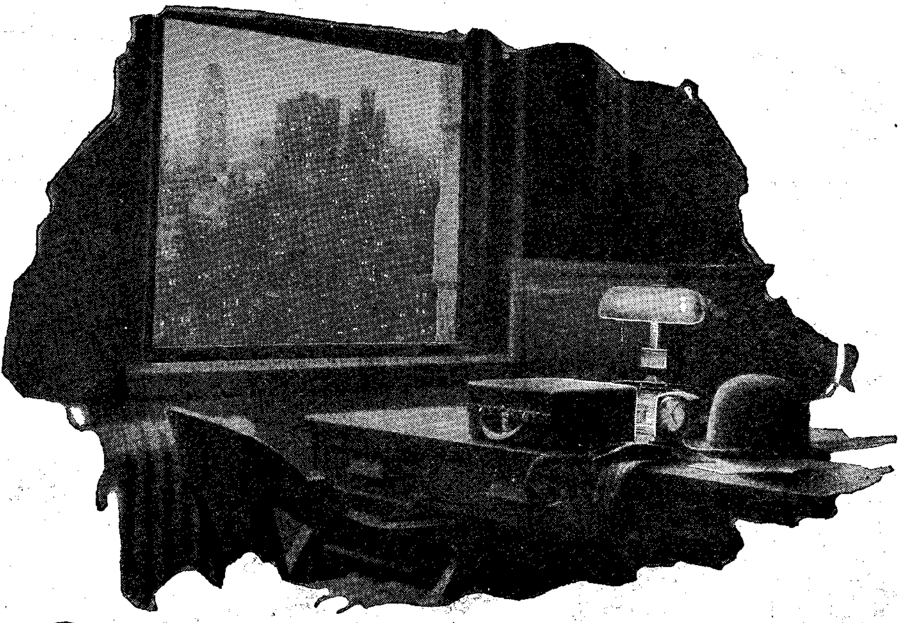

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to be sick and enjoy a vacation at the expense of the fund.

There were special provisions of benefits for consumptives, for the permanently injured or disabled, and a variety of the other benefits. This general suggestion of what was attempted by the insurance act carries the story now to a consideration of what the war has done for the working people of the country. The annual report on the subject sets forth that from the beginning of the war sickness among both men and women has rapidly and steadily decreased. This is particularly true of the women. When the system was inaugurated the prevalence of illness among women was so general that all the actuarial calculations on which the scheme had been based were found worthless. Demands on funds were far greater than had been anticipated.

The war changed all this. The call for sick-funds for women dropt rapidly, as these figures clearly reveal:

It is worth while to observe just what has happened. In 1914 the average cost for all women getting the benefits of the fund was five cents a week. In 1915 it fell to three cents, in 1916 to two cents, and altho the figures for 1917 have not been made up it is certain that there has been another important decrease.

In other words, the average sick benefit for women has required only about one-half as much money as it did in the first year of the war; and this in face of the fact that this particular class of women, millions of them, in city and country, in the factory and on the farms, in the shipbuilding plants and munition-works, are to-day almost literally doing the work of England.

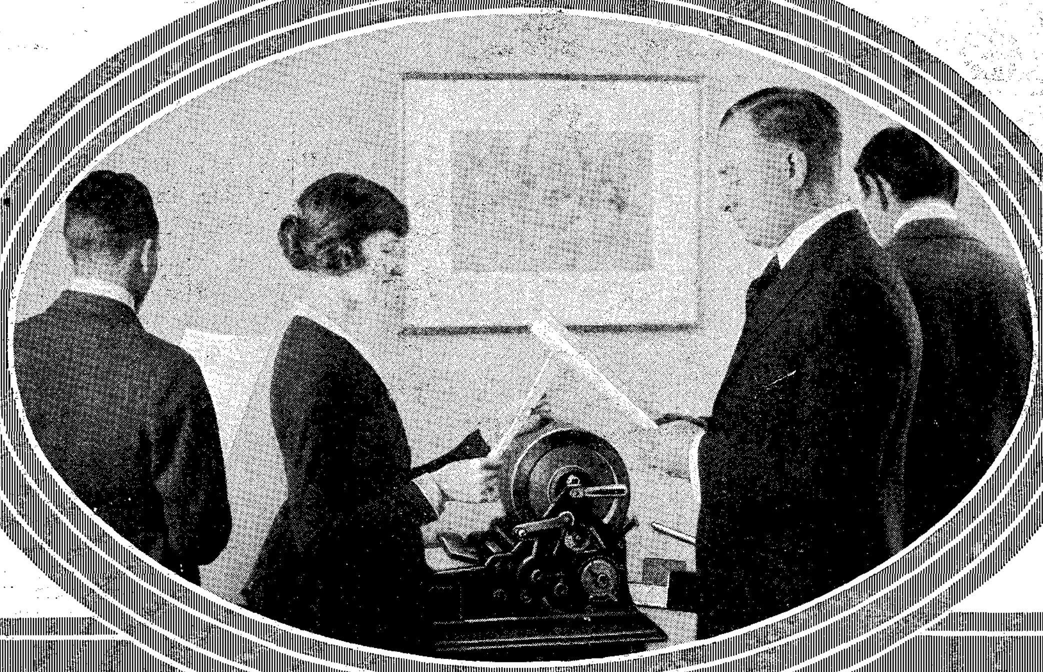
They have been able to do the work which the men formerly did and vastly to improve their health while doing it. They have worked regularly, long hours, at unaccustomed tasks, many of which four years ago would have been presumed utterly impossible for women. They have frequently throughout large establishments demonstrated their ability to turn out a larger product of work, even heavy work, than the men turned out before the war!

And doing this, accomplishing what almost anybody would have set down as the impossible, they have improved almost beyond belief in health and general physique.

This, be it remembered, is the conclusion presented by the annual statistical report of the administration of the insurance fund.

The commissioners even venture to generalize a little. They are so imprest with the excellent results of giving people good food and all they want of it that they write in their report as follows:

"During 1915–16, as a result of the war, there has been little unemployment and wages have considerably risen. The fall in the rate of sickness during these years seems fairly to confirm the view that there is a close connection between industrial activity and sickness claims. It seems evident that the right policy to be adopted in regard to heavy sickness claims is less to be found in provisional special grants by which the expenditure may continue to be supported than in the securing of industrial conditions under which wages are high enough to insure a sufficiency of good food and due attention is paid to the welfare of the worker."



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THE SPRING DRIVE OPENS WITH A BARRAGE OF BLOSSOMS

THE spring drive is on!

The army of invasion is laying down a barrage of sunshine and blossoms, while poets are reported in the offing headed for Newspaper Row. The New York *Tribune's* correspondent with the victorious troops reports the hordes of winter in full retreat. Writing from "Somewhere in Manhattan" he says:

> Trailing arbutus was seen on a well-known avenue. Its appearance, altho of small strategic value in the fight against coal bills and the high cost of rhinitis, was the signal for a great outpouring of joy on the part of the populace of the winter-ravaged city. Women bent over and kissed the fragile blossoms when they could not afford to buy them, and many a proud lover on the way to purchase roses at four dollars a dozen for his sweetheart yielded to a sudden sentimental impulse and bought her arbutus at thirty-five cents a bunch. These are the little "human-interest" things which are recognized as being of the highest importance in keeping up the morale of the nation.
>
> It was announced that certain persons had been overheard spreading the story on the tops of busses that the arbutus was from the far South, and therefore not a true indication of spring in these parts. These were denied by the home office. All persons were warned that those stories were only part of the subtle propaganda carried on by winter, in an effort to terrorize our people by making them think spring was never coming.
>
> In view of the prevalence of this terror the authorities made public last night certain other announcements which had been kept secret up to this time. They permitted it to be known that reports from their field-marshals up in Westchester County declare whole gardens to be entirely cleared of ice and snow. What ice remains is deeply entrenched on north-facing slopes, or in a few dark corners from which the sun scouts have been unable to drive them as yet. Several detachments of new green grass have advanced on the sunny slopes facing toward the south, particularly along the Bronx River. In the swamps are many listening-posts manned by pussy-willows.

Observers report that some of the best work of the spring campaign is being accomplished by the persistent advance of the battalions of tulips and daffodils. The *Tribune's* correspondent in the field writes of this strategic movement:

> These daring little plants have penetrated often as far as half an inch from their trenches, quite indifferent to the dangers of snow and wind and freezing temperature. On one occasion a young crimson tulip-plant thrust his head above the embankment of dead leaves and was struck down by a snowball thrown by some children scuffling in the snow rift which lay just beyond in No Man's Land—that strange and unlovely barren covered with dead grasses, old orange-peel, and gray-blue chunks of melting ice.
>
> The tulips sent wireless appeals for reenforcements of sunbeams, and two days after the sacrifice of the crimson tulip that entire sector was free of enemy snow-drifts. One of the most satisfactory elements of this victory was the fact that the children, always neutral between the joys

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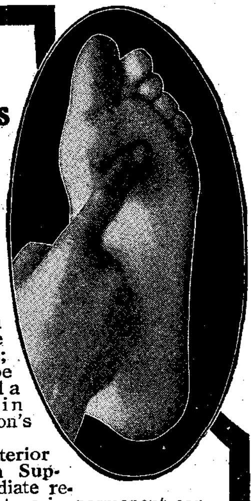

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of snowballs and skating and the promises of marbles and maple-sugar, had been won by the story of the smashed tulip and had knelt down and patted the tiny growing things lovingly.

Large numbers of wild geese were seen flying north over Great South Bay some two weeks ago, but the authorities did not put much confidence in them, dismissing them with the remark that that was all one could expect of geese. Recently, however, there has been much activity among bird scouts of a more reliable nature. The starlings, crows, and woodpeckers, which have been with us all winter but inactive, are flying far afield, and bring reports of large areas already tinged with the warm yellow and red of waking willow-trees. Some even declare that in the swamps the red maples are hanging out their crimson flags to welcome the return of spring."

BURGLARY AS A TRADE LOOKING UP, SAYS FAMOUS DETECTIVE

THESE are the days of specialization, and the lure of modern scientific methods of efficiency has enmeshed even the votaries of the gentle art of house-breaking, and your really up-to-date safe-blower is a marvel of chemical and mechanical skill, so we are told in an interview with William A. Pinkerton published in the New York *Morning Telegraph.* The article opens interestingly:

> Employing methods and means of the very latest scientific value, the old-time skilled bank-burglar is again working at his old trade, says William A. Pinkerton. The veteran detective's conclusion is based upon a careful study of a series of robberies in the suburbs of Chicago, especially that of the Summit State Bank, which resulted in a haul of $40,000, of four-sevenths of the pay-roll of the Corn Products Refining Company, contained in two suitcases and one grip and left at the bank overnight for safe keeping.
>
> This was the thirteenth bank robbery in the environs of Chicago within a period of a month or six weeks.
>
> "It isn't the yeggmen," Mr. Pinkerton said recently. "These new robberies are the work of the old bank-robbers. They seem to have just come to life again after many years of quiescence.
>
> "The work is not that of one gang, either. It seems to me there are several groups of men at work.
>
> "I have been afraid for many years that some of the old fellows would see the value of acetylene and begin to use it. My attention was called to it first about eight years ago, when a Birmingham, England, paper gave a lengthy description of the work of a gang of crooks who have been operating over there. I was imprest with the possibilities of the acetylene tank and torch, and thought sooner or later they would be put to the uses that have now been adopted by the bank-robbers.
>
> "There was a man, a very intelligent fellow, who had reformed and gone into business. I remembered him when I was on one of my tours of the country, and I took the English clipping to him and asked him what he thought. He led me to where a steel-framed building was being constructed and pointed to the men using acetylene torches to cut great, heavy steel beams as if they were paper. I called his attention to the weight of the tanks and apparatus. 'Oh,' he said, 'they

will get them lighter after a while.' And they have. He afterward went back to his old ways and fell into our hands, I am sorry to say.

"These fellows are operating in Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois. But it is not one gang, I am sure. It is difficult to say where they make their headquarters. But one thing is certain: They eventually will be caught.

"These crooks are very quick to 'catch on' to any new thing. The yeggmen read in a scientific paper a government report of the uses of nitroglycerin—the 'soup' of the safe-blower—and they immediately began to work with it. They overplayed themselves sometimes, blowing the whole fronts of stores away when they used an overcharge. One case in Arkansas I remember. A blasting concern kept its dynamite in the town bank's safe for purposes of safety. A gang of yeggs worked the safe and blew the whole place, and themselves included, into bits.

"The new bank-robbers have to carry quite an equipment. Their acetylene tank weighs between 200 and 300 pounds. Carrying it through the streets requires an automobile, the greatest help to the hard-working burglar and bank-robber ever invented.

"We protect about 12,000 banks through the country. I am happy to say—see, I am knocking wood—that we have not yet had one of these robberies. The nearest was the Stock Yards Bank, but that was a plain 'stick up' and not the work of regular bank-robbers."

How modern methods enabled some enterprising burglars to make a rich haul from a supposedly well-protected bank is then detailed, from which it would seem that the outlaw is still a little bit ahead of the defender of society in the matter of accomplishing his purpose—

The Summit Bank robbery was timed so that the cracksmen could begin work while James Wren, sole policeman of the village, was on duty in another suburb known as Argo.

A heavy, iron-barred back door was wrenched loose by use of the crowbar and the wooden door within was crusht open.

Once inside, the robbers proceeded in a manner which indicated they knew just how to work. Instead of blowing open the massive door to the money vault, they pried open a steel door leading into the bookkeeping vault.

Then with pickaxes they attacked the foot-thick reenforced concrete wall between the bookkeeping and money vaults. A hole was made and a charge of dynamite exploded, which blew away the concrete, leaving an aperture a little more than a foot square.

They then were confronted by the three-quarter-inch twisted steel bars with which the concrete was reenforced. Apparently they had expected this, for the acetylene burner was brought into play and two of the bars cut through with the flame.

The bandits crawled through the hole and were in the money vault. On the floor, in plain sight, was the suitcase containing $33,677. They did not touch this, however, but pried open a steel door and entered a smaller compartment, where they found a grip and a suitcase which held about $40,000. These they obtained and escaped.

The robbery was discovered by Jeremiah Hlavacek, a bookkeeper, when he came to work shortly before eight o'clock in the morning.

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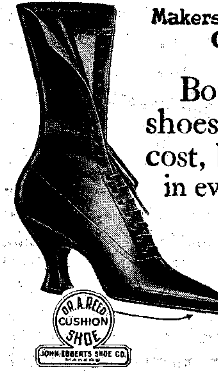

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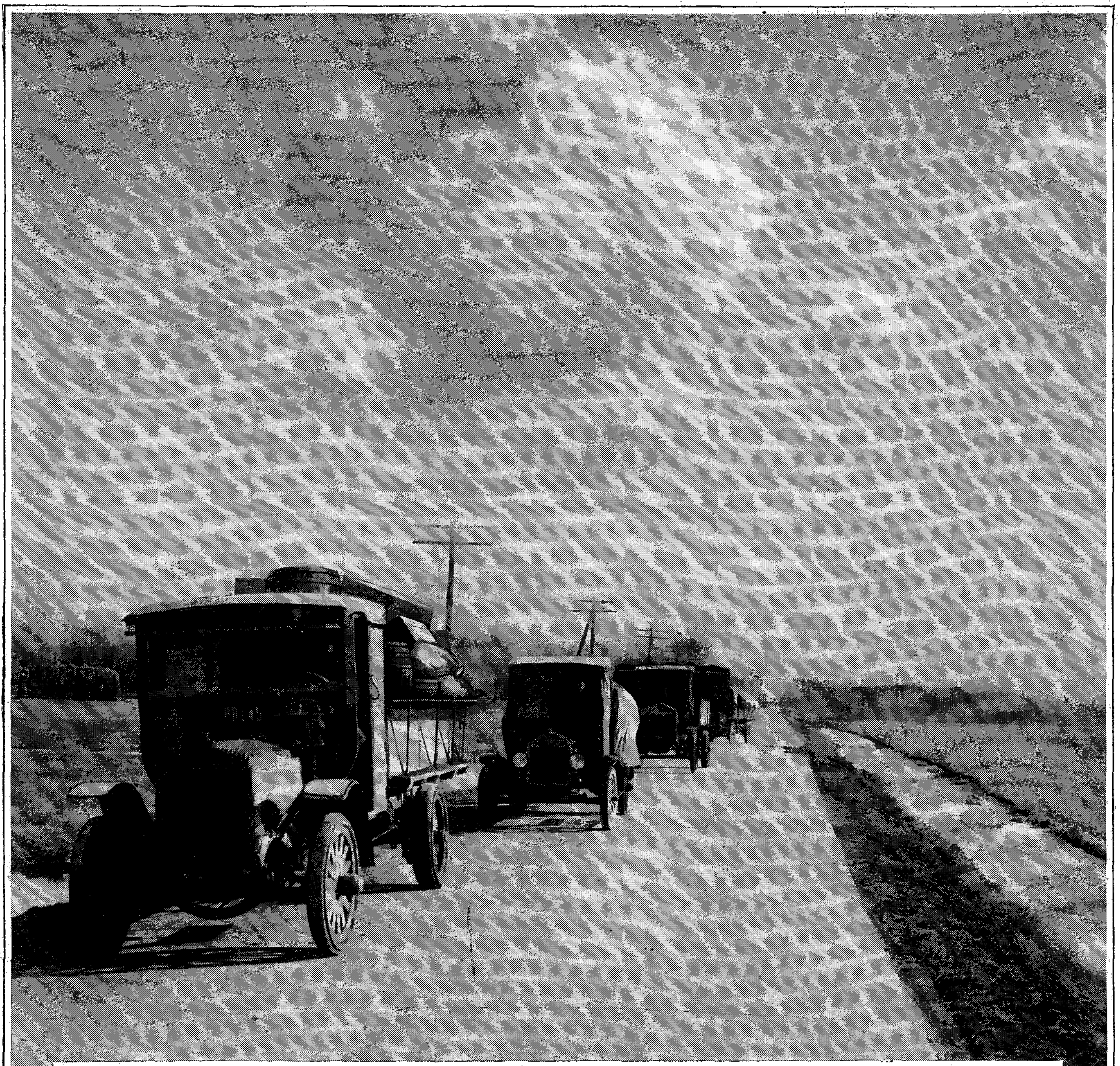

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Strategically Weak.—"Is she able to keep a cook?"

"Pecuniarily, yes. Diplomatically, no."—*Boston Transcript.*

Unsatisfactory.—REDD—"Didn't I see you out in your new car to-day?"

GREENE—"Yes; I was out for a trial."

"Was the trial satisfactory?"

"No; the judge fined me $10."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Legal Contradiction.—"There is one thing in a lawyer's profession which is different from any other."

"What is that?"

"The longer he is at it the more he has of a brief career."—*Baltimore American.*

Remembered Those Waists.—"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish, sir?"

"Doesn't matter, just so they don't button in the back."—*People's Home Journal.*

Thrifty Suitor.—HE—"I am a poor man, you know."

SHE—"When we are married I can learn to cook, dear."

HE—"Hadn't you better practise while your father is supplying the raw materials?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Helps the Labor Crisis.—"So you approve of the Government's action in taking over the railroads."

"Yep," replied Mr. Growcher. "I approve of that and prohibition for several reasons, one of them being that now a lot of people can quit lecturing on the subject and go to work."—*Washington Star.*

And Don't Swear.—Reginald bought an evening tie, and, wishing to be immaculate, asked the shop-assistant to tell him the correct way to tie a bow.

"Well, sir," said the obliging assistant, "you hold the tie in your left hand and your collar in the other. Slip your neck in the collar and cross the left-hand end of the tie over the right, with the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left with the right and the other with the other. Reverse hands and pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end through the loop with your unengaged hand and squeeze. You will find the bow tied and all you have to do is to disentangle your hands."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

His Life's Mystery.—There is a man in Bozeman, Mont., who will probably go through life bewailing the injustice of the draft board that certified him for service, despite the fact that he presented a letter written by his wife to prove that he had a dependent family. Here is the letter:

"Dear United States Army: My husband ast me to write a reckomend that he supports his famly. He can not read so dont tell him. Jus take him. He ain't no good to me. He aint done nothing but play a fiddle and drink lemmen essense since I married him, eight years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eatin'. Take him and welcum. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this but take him."—*New York Tribune.*

Landlady No Poetess.—EDITOR—"I can't use your poem, but you might leave your address."

BARD—"If you don't take the poem I sha'n't have any address."—*Boston Transcript.*

His Real Accomplishment.—A little boy was on his knees recently one night, and auntie, staying at the house, was present.

"It is a pleasure," she said to him, afterward, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak so earnestly and seriously, and mean what you say, and care about it."

"Ah!" he answered, "ah, but, auntie, you should hear me gargle!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Dad Was Wise.—When the conversation turned to the subject of romantic marriage this little anecdote was volunteered by H. M. Asker, a North Dakota politician:

"So you were married ten years ago. Took place in the church, I suppose, with bridesmaids, flowers, cake, and the brass band?"

"No; it was an elopement."

"An elopement, eh? Did the girl's father follow you?"

"Yes, and he has been with us ever since."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A Truthful Scot.—A lawyer was examining a Scottish farmer. "You'll affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal. Let us be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one. Be good enough to tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like to know what meal it was?" said the Scotsman.

"Yes, sir; I should like to know," replied the counsel, sternly and impressively. "Be sure you tell the truth."

"Well, then, it was just oatmeal."—*Rochester Times.*

Well, You Try It!—The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time Paddy stood thinking, then, "About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer.

"You mean 'as the flow cries!'" corrected the man of law.

The judge leaned forward. "No," he remarked suavely, "he means 'as the fly crows.'"

And they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong somewhere.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A Sporting Compromise.—A canny Scot owned a wonderful badger it was reported no dog could tackle. However, a friend of his had a dog he proposed to back against the badger, and a match was in due course made for £100, to come off in two months' time.

As the time drew near there were rumors that all was not right with the dog, and the Scot's friends were making sure of victory for him.

Imagine their surprize and disgust when they heard that McTavish had accepted £50 as a compromise in lieu of the £100.

"You've been done, Mac," said one of them. "That dog is so mangy and unfit he could not kill a rat."

"Ah, ah!" said McTavish, "I dare say, but my badger is dead."—*London Globe.*

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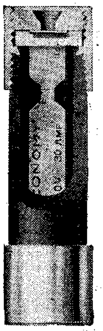

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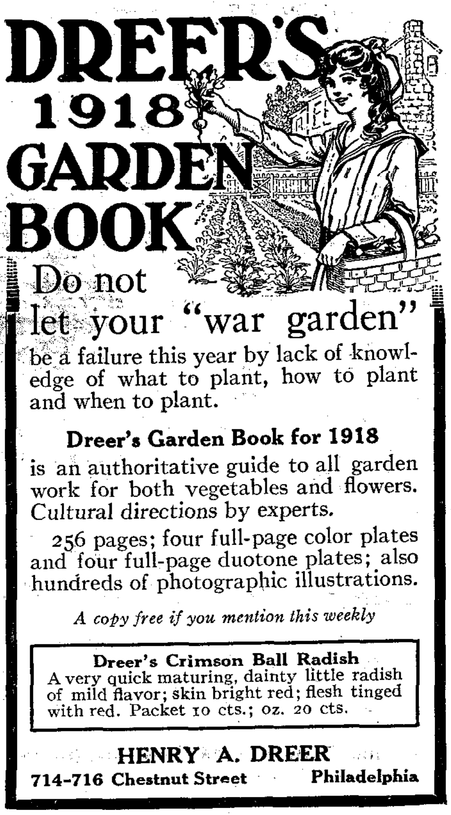
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

March 6.—The Ship-building Labor Adjustment Board grants increased wages and an eight-hour day with time-and-a-half pay for overtime in all wooden shipyards south of Baltimore and all steel-yards south of Newport News on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

March 7. — Washington dispatches announce that in order that the Kaiser may retain no vantage-point in America at the close of the war the United States Government will sell all German property in this country beginning with the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd steamship piers in Hoboken, owned by New Jersey corporations whose stock is held by German aliens closely affiliated with the Berlin Government.

The Senate passes the War-Finance Corporation Bill with a fund of $4,500,000,000 by a vote of 74 to 3.

Washington dispatches state that in a country-wide round-up of "draft slackers," by agents of the Department of Justice, thousands of young men are being arrested. In Pittsburg the jail is full and the Government has been forced to rent an armory to hold the prisoners.

Secretary McAdoo announces that more than $12,000,000,000 worth of insurance has been written on the lives of American soldiers, sailors, and nurses by the War-Risk Insurance Bureau.

Washington announces that troops and supplies are moving to France on schedule time, and that the transportation requirements of the Army are being satisfactorily met by the Shipping Board.

March 8.—As the result of the War Department's order that hereafter in the publication of casualty lists from the American Army in France only the names be given, without addresses, date of wounding, or death, or branch of service, George Creel, of the Committee on Public Information, refuses to handle the names in this form, claiming that they will be absolutely without value to friends or relatives. The War Department explains that the elisions are to be made on the urgent request of General Pershing to prevent information of the location of American troops from reaching the enemy.

Washington announces that many wooden ships that are ready for launching on the Pacific coast are held on the ways because union caulkers refuse to allow apprentices to work with them, altho their union numbers only 185 men and fully 600 caulkers are needed.

March 9.—Victor L. Berger, former Congressman from Wisconsin; Adolph Germer, national secretary of the Socialist party, and three others are indicted in Chicago for obstructing recruiting, encouraging disloyalty, and interfering with the prosecution of the war.

March 11.—The Senate unanimously votes to authorize the Federal Government to sell at public auction all alien enemy interests in properties within the United States.

President Wilson sends a message to the Russian people through the *Soviet* Congress pledging the support of the United States in securing complete sovereignty for the nation.

March 12.—The Senate passes the Urgent Deficiency Bill carrying appropriations and authorizations of more than $1,000,000,000. The measure carries a provision for the sale of enemy property in the United States, and for the purchase of the terminals of the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd steamship companies.

Washington announces that 800,000 men will be called gradually during the second draft, which begins on March 29.

The United States extends a credit of $15,000,000 to the Cuban Government for the prosecution of the war. Great Britain also receives another credit of $200,000,000.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

March 7.—Washington announces that American troops are now holding more than eight miles of trenches on the battle-front in France, altho in an air line their frontage is only four and a half miles.

March 8.—A dispatch from the Headquarters of the American troops in France states that the first complete unit of the American air-service has appeared in the field and for the first time in the war an American observation balloon, fully manned and protected by Americans, was sent up.

A dispatch from the American Army in France states that the enemy's first line and a town beyond, where German troops were concentrated, were effectively shelled. There was also much aerial activity reported, American anti-aircraft guns driving off several enemy planes.

March 9.—The American casualty list as given out in Washington shows the following: Killed in action, 19; died from gas, 2; died in aero accidents, 2; died in automobile accident, 1; died of disease, 13; severely wounded, 26; slightly wounded, 36.

March 10.—Secretary of War Newton D. Baker arrives at a port in France and proceeds at once to Paris. His length of stay has not been determined, but he will visit the firing-line and attend the War Council.

American troops on the Lorraine front resist a heavy concentrated bombardment, the enemy firing almost a hundred gas-shells into an American battery position. The rapidity with which the gas-masks were adjusted saved the men from even a single casualty.

The weekly report of the General Staff of the War Department at Washington states that American troops now occupy the trenches at four different points on the front in France. The troops have been almost constantly engaged.

A dispatch from the American Army in France states that more than fifty French war-crosses have been distributed among the American troops along the Chemin des Dames for the gallant part the men played in eleven engagements.

A vigorous bombardment of towns, roads, and communicating-trenches of the Germans opposite the Toul sector by the American artillery with excellent results is reported.

Rome announces that the Italian military medal for valor has been awarded to Maj. Guy Lowell, of New York; Capt. Henry B. Wilkins, of Baltimore, and Capt. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., all members of the American Red Cross.

March 11.—Paris dispatches state that the first wholly American raid is made in the sector north of Toul, and the surprize of the Germans was complete. The Americans penetrated the enemy's first and second lines, inflicting many casualties in killed and wounded and returning to their own lines safely with considerable booty in supplies and munitions.

A Washington dispatch states that the

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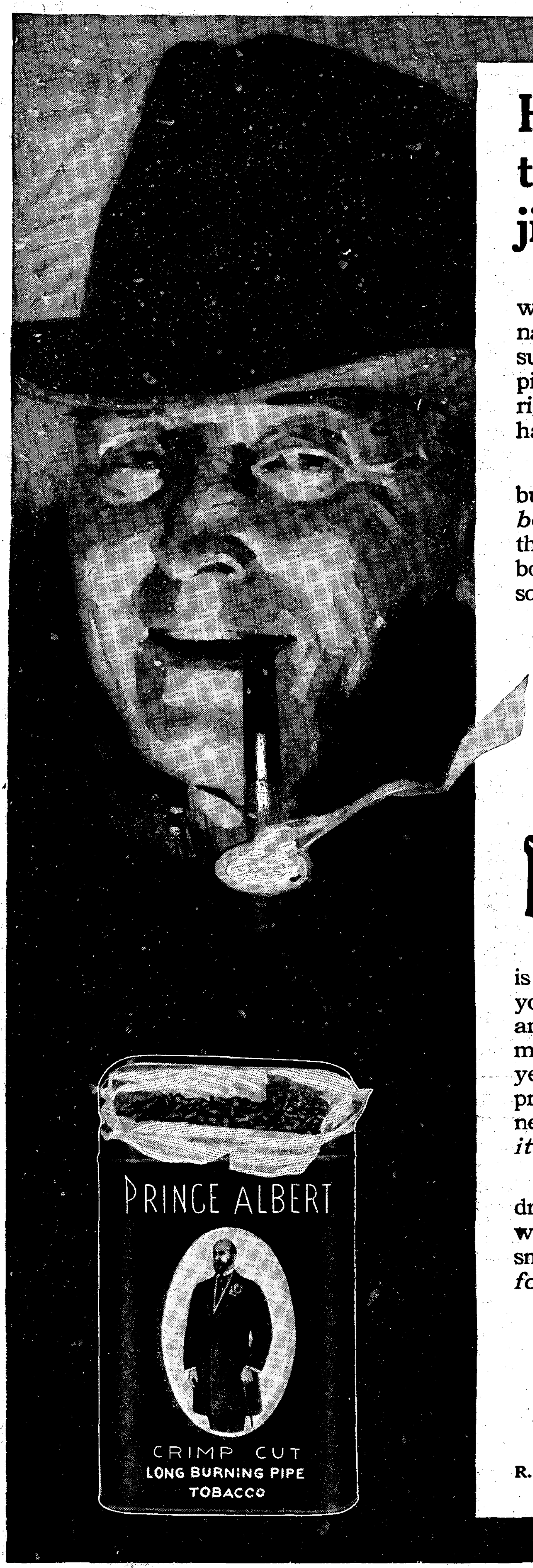

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latest casualty list in France, as received from General Pershing, contains the names of Lieut. John H. David and thirty-one privates killed in action, five men who died of wounds, five men killed in accidents, two dead from other causes, eleven dead from disease, five severely wounded. Lieuts. Ralph M. Davenport and Stephen C. Markoe and twenty-six men slightly wounded. Three men previously listed as missing are reported as prisoners of war in Germany.

A delayed dispatch from the American Army in France states that the American troops, cooperating with the French, carry out three raids opposite the American sector in Lorraine. Two were executed simultaneously, the Americans penetrating to the enemy's second line. They remained for forty-five minutes in the trenches blowing up dugouts and returned with quantities of material and valuable papers.

A dispatch from the American Army in France states that Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., of Westbury, L. I., serving with the Lafayette Escadrille, disappeared while pursuing an enemy plane toward the German line. He is believed to have been captured.

Washington announces the death of two United States Navy airmen in an accident at the naval aviation station in France.

Secretary of War Baker reaches Paris, where he is greeted by Generals Pershing and Bliss, Ambassador Sharp, and French officers representing Premier Clemenceau.

March 12.—A cablegram received at the home of Corporal Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., in New York, states that the young aviator is a prisoner "somewhere in Germany."

A Washington dispatch states that seven general officers of the United States Army, five of them now commanding National Guard and National Army divisions, have been found to be physically unfit for duty overseas. They will be assigned to other duty.

Following is the latest casualty report of American troops in France given out by the War Department at Washington: Killed in action, 8; died of wounds, 1; died of disease, 6; died of undetermined causes, 2; severely wounded, 2; slightly wounded, 21.

Paris reports that an American detachment successfully carried out a surprize attack on the German trenches south of Richecourt. The Americans east of Lunéville again raid German positions. Going far beyond their objective they engage in hand-to-hand fighting, using their automatic pistols and rifles.

THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FRONTS

March 6.—London dispatches report increased artillery-action and numerous raids on the fronts in France and Flanders. English troops raid enemy trenches near Bullecourt, taking a few prisoners and several machine guns. Other raids by the British were made north of the Scarpe and near Lens. An official report states that in the night raid on March 4 the British troops reached the German second line, killing at least forty of the enemy. A German raid was repulsed southeast of Gouzeaucourt. Berlin reports that the Germans repulsed a strong British attack near Waasten, while storming detachments are said to have penetrated the French trenches northeast of Verdun and brought back twenty-eight prisoners.

General Maurice, Chief Director of British Military Operations, in his weekly talk with the Associated Press, states that the Germans now have sixteen divisions more than the Allies in the West, and he warns that the superiority of the Allies is diminishing, and that the major preparations of the enemy for an offensive may now be said to wait only local preparations.

March 7.—London dispatches announce that German raids are increasing along the entire battle-fronts in France and Flanders, but so far have been repulsed. Berlin reports that in an attack on the Belgian front near Dixmude 117 prisoners and some machine guns were captured. It is also asserted that 19 Entente airplanes and 2 captive balloons were brought down by the Germans on March 6.

March 8.—London dispatches announce that the most important enemy attack since the Cambrai drive was delivered on the Ypres-Dixmude sector, and extended over a mile of front. The English forces were pushed back, but by counter-attacks reestablished their lines, General Haig reports.

March 9.—A London dispatch states that the new activity on the Flanders front is increasing. For the second time within twenty-four hours the Germans attack the British lines on a wide front, advancing to north of Poelderhoek, where they capture 200 yards of trench. After severe fighting the British win back the lost ground and repulse another German raid east of Neuve Chapelle.

March 10.—London reports that minor raids follow the severe fighting on the British front in Flanders, in which German prisoners are taken.

March 11.—London reports severe German attacks all along the line in France and Flanders. The heaviest assault was made on the British in the Armentières sector. The attack was repulsed.

March 12.—A London dispatch states that a terrific artillery battle is raging along the sectors held by the British in France and that the indications point to the probability that the long anticipated German offensive is ready for launching.

Paris reports state that the Portuguese troops won their most signal victory since entering the war in repulsing a large German raiding party near Laventie. The enemy suffered heavy casualties.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

March 6.—Italian official dispatches received in Washington indicate renewed possibilities of an Austro-Hungarian drive on the Italian front.

March 9.—A Rome dispatch states that greater activity on the Italian mountain front is reported. Aircraft bombard a large supply-station of the enemy near Orderzo.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

March 6.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that a preliminary peace treaty has been signed by Roumania and the Central Powers under the terms of which Roumania cedes the Province of Dobrudja as far as the Danube River to the Central Powers, and undertakes to further the transport of German troops through Moldavia and Bessarabia to Odessa.

March 7.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that official announcement is made in Berlin of the signing of a peace treaty between Germany and Finland, which forbids land cession without Berlin's consent, while Germany undertakes to secure the recognition of Finland's independence by all the Powers.

March 8.—A delayed dispatch from Jassy, Roumania, states that on the pretext that the Roumanian reply to the Austro-German terms was two hours late the Austrians terminated the armistice.

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When the Roumanian submission was received, and the negotiations resumed, new and harsh conditions were imposed, demobilizing the eastern Roumanian divisions and demanding free passage for Austro-German forces through Galatz to Odessa.

The Armenian Information Bureau in London reports that the Turks in reoccupying Armenia have massacred every male, including babies, in Samsun, and similar atrocities are reported in other villages.

SITUATION IN RUSSIA

March 6.—Notwithstanding the statement given out at Bolshevik headquarters in Petrograd that fighting had ceased on all fronts, a London dispatch states that Ensign Krylenko sent a message to the German and Austrian commanders asserting that their troops continued fighting and urging that hostilities cease.

London dispatches state that Petrograd is being abandoned by the Bolshevik Government and Moscow is proclaimed the capital of Russia. The possibilities that Russia will yet fight instead of accepting the terms of the Central Powers are said to be growing.

March 7.—A Petrograd dispatch states that German troops are now only from three to four days' march from the Russian capital, and it is doubtful if there will be any determined resistance when they finally arrive.

March 8.—A dispatch from The Hague states that the Wolff Bureau, the semi-official German agency, says in a dispatch that the Germans have acquired a direct through route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan. At the same time a delayed Petrograd dispatch announces that the movement in favor of ratifying the agreement with the Central Powers is gaining ground and that there is little doubt that the Lenine following will carry the day at the Moscow Congress of *Soviets* on March 12. Petrograd is reported as being rapidly evacuated. A London dispatch states that a Bolshevik announcement asserts that Yamburg was recaptured by the Russian revolutionary forces on March 5.

March 9.—Petrograd newspapers announce that the Bolshevik Government has granted complete freedom to the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, who has been under arrest at his home. He was designated by Emperor Nicholas as regent.

A dispatch from Petrograd states that the *Pravda*, the Bolshevik organ, prints a dispatch from Irkutsk stating that Prince Lvoff has constituted a new Russian Government in the Far East. It has its seat at Peking, and awaits the landing of Japanese troops in order to enter Siberian territory with them.

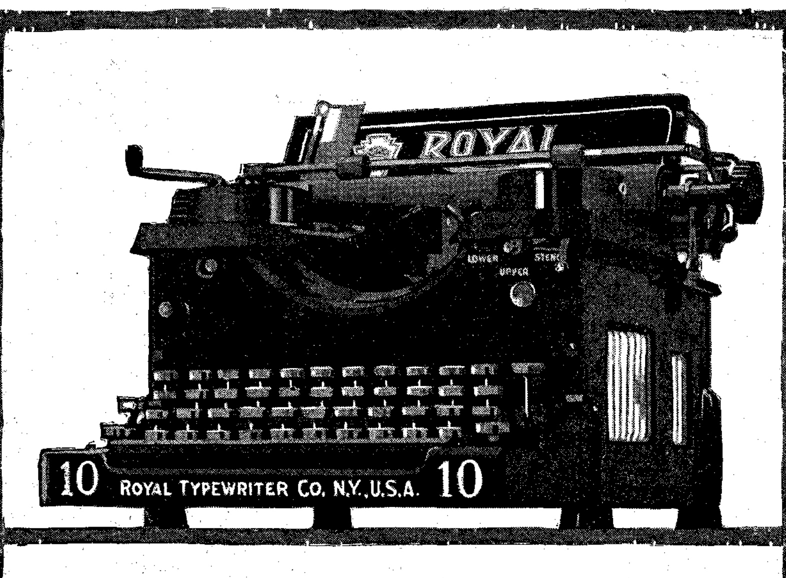
A London dispatch states that Leon Trotzky, Foreign Minister of Russia, has resigned, and that Ensign Krylenko, Bolshevik Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian armies, retired several days ago.

London reports that a Russian wireless message states that peace has been concluded between Russia and Roumania, the latter promising to evacuate Bessarabia.

March 10.—A delayed dispatch from Peking states that Bolshevik troops with German prisoners as officers are driving General Semenoff's Cossacks eastward along the Manchurian frontier.

THE JAPANESE SITUATION

March 6.—The London *Daily Mail* prints a dispatch from Tientsin, quoting a message from Port Arthur, which states that the arrangements regarding Japan's



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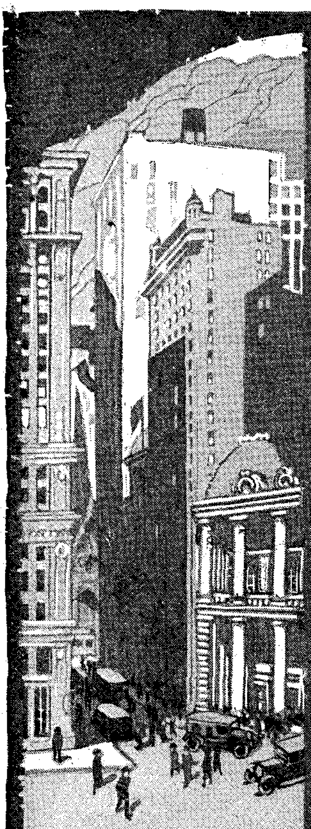

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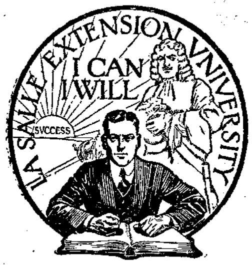

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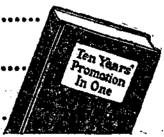
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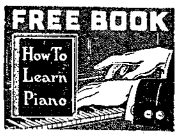

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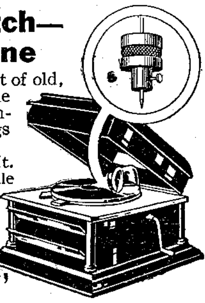

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intervention in Siberia have been made by the Allies. Disordered conditions in the border areas are reported, and fighting is said to be in progress between the Buriat Cossacks and the Bolsheviki. The Constitutional party in Japan is said to oppose the moving of troops by Japan except in the case of more serious developments.

March 11.—A Peking dispatch states that China has signified her intention to cooperate with Japan in protecting the Allied interests in the Far East.

March 12.—According to Entente diplomats in Washington Japan has come to no decision regarding the Siberian expedition. It is reported from London that negotiations are going on between the Japanese and the Siberian Governments and that the Japanese newspapers consider the situation acute.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

March 8.—A London dispatch states that the British forces in Palestine have advanced three miles on an eighteen-mile front.

March 10.—An official communication issued in London states that the British have occupied Hit in the Mesopotamian drive, the Turks retiring seven miles up the Euphrates.

March 11.—London dispatches announce that the Turkish garrison of Hit retired to Khan Baghdadi, twenty-two miles above, on the Euphrates. During the retreat they were attacked by British airplanes which inflicted heavy casualties.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

March 8.—A London dispatch announces that in an air-raid on the city during the night 11 persons were killed and 46 hurt, while it is feared that 6 more may be buried in the ruins. Lena Gilbert Ford, of Elmira, N. Y., is reported among the missing, and is believed to be the first American victim of the German air-raids.

A delayed dispatch from London announces that on March 6, ten German airplanes were downed and ten others disabled. Three British machines are reported missing.

March 9.—The British War Office reports that in the air fighting on March 8, twelve hostile machines were destroyed, and ten tons of bombs were dropt on factories at Mainz.

Paris dispatches state that enemy airplanes again attack the city, destroying lives and property.

March 10.—London states that British aviators drop one and a quarter tons of bombs on the Daimler Motor Works at Stuttgart.

A dispatch from the Headquarters of the French Army states that Captain Fritz Eckstein, the commander of the German airplane squadron that attempted to terrorize Paris, and three companions were killed when their machine crashed into the Compiègne Forest.

A Paris dispatch states that ten or twelve squadrons of bombing airplanes participated in the German raid on Paris on the night of March 8. The casualties were 13 killed and 50 wounded.

Berlin reports that in the last two days twenty-eight Allied airplanes and one captive balloon have been shot down. The *Boelké* chasing echelon is said to have brought down its two hundredth opponent.

London dispatches report aerial activity and heavy bombing of dumps, airdromes, and railway centers of the enemy northeast of St. Quentin. In heavy fighting ten hostile machines were downed and ten others disabled.

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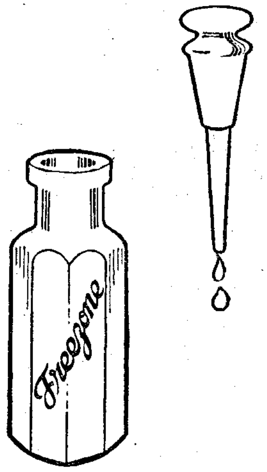

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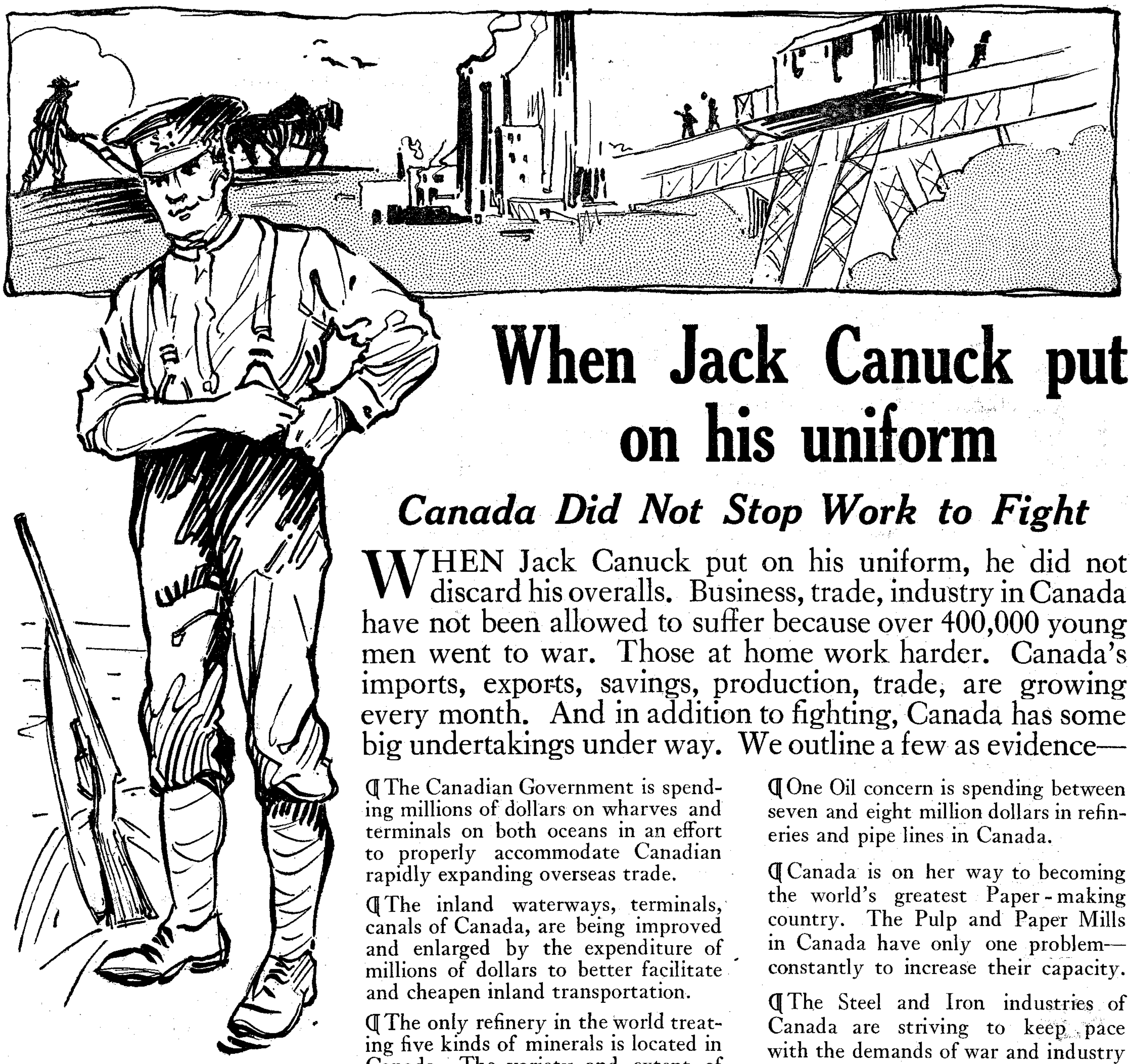

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City	Population	Publication	City	Population	Publication	City	Population	Publication
Halifax	53,000	HERALD & MAIL	Toronto	525,000	GLOBE MAIL & EMPIRE NEWS STAR	Saskatoon	21,054	PHOENIX STAR
Montreal	650,000	GAZETTE STAR	London	60,000	ADVERTISER FREE PRESS	Calgary	56,302	ALBERTAN HERALD
St. John	55,000	STANDARD	Winnipeg	175,000	FREE PRESS TRIBUNE	Edmonton	53,794	BULLETIN JOURNAL
Quebec	100,000	TELEGRAPH	Regina	26,105	LEADER	Vancouver	97,995	SUN
Ottawa	101,795	CITIZEN JOURNAL DAILIES (M&E)				Victoria	45,000	COLONIST

NOTE—This advertisement is one of a series of twelve, all of which contain valuable information and data on Canada under war conditions. They have been prepared in portfolio form. Any of the newspapers named above will send you a portfolio free upon application. Write for it.

Prepared by SMITH, DENNE & MOORE, Limited, Advertising Agency, Toronto and Montreal.

Sticks Best When Spread Thin

CICO* Liquid Paste is a *real* saving in these days of needed economy even in little things. For the thinner you spread it the better it sticks.

CICO is the saving paste for every pasting job. Not only does it go farther, but this new liquid paste never gets hard or lumpy. Take as little on the brush as possible. That's the way it does the best work. Try it.

You see, CICO is one of the

Carter Inx
Quality Products

and it *must* do good pasting.

It's always ready for instant use without filling a mussy water well or working dried paste out of the brush; no fuss or bother. It will do your pasting better than ever before.

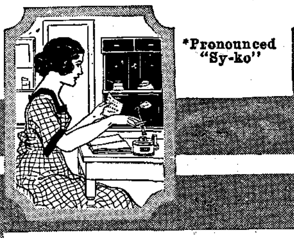
At your Stationer's

The Carter's Ink Company
Boston New York Chicago Montreal
Also manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons. Send for free Carbon Sample

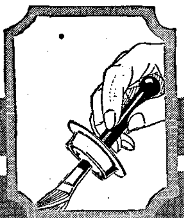
Clippings in an office are best mounted by CICO. Use it for efficiency's sake.

A memory book is only as good as the paste you use. Use CICO and have a neat, attractive one.

CICO
CARTER'S



*Pronounced "Sy-ko"

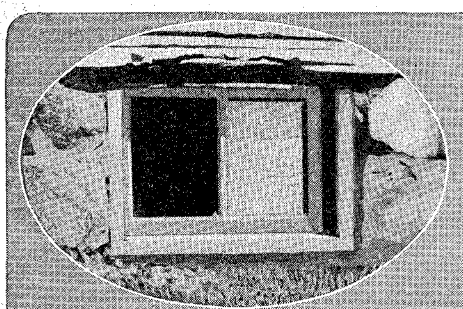


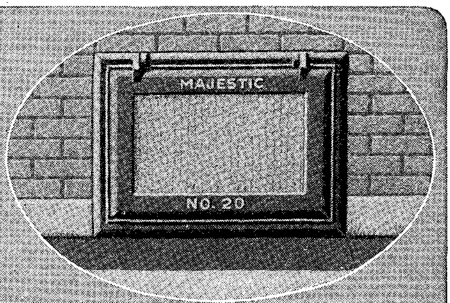
CICO will keep your recipes in a handy book.

This is the adjustable CICO Brush. The handle slides thru the safety cap which keeps the bottle closed and the fingers clean.

Words You Use Incorrectly
are more numerous than you realize. Prove this condition for yourself—and correct it—by examining this book, *Better Say*. It is packed with corrections valuable to every one who would speak accurately. By mail, 25 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY New York

A LITTLE TREASURE FOR EVERY HOUSEWIFE
The Expert Cleaner How best to clean everything in and about the house. Hundreds of useful recipes. 12mo, cloth, 75 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY - - NEW YORK





Make Your Property More Valuable

An unsightly basement window, damaged by the careless coal man, not only spoils the looks of your building, but depreciates its property value.

A MAJESTIC Coal Chute can be installed easily in place of any basement window or built into new foundations. It will outlast the building and increase its value at least $100.

MAJESTIC Coal Chute

locks automatically and protects the side of the building from coal smudge and marring. It is absolutely burglar proof. The glass door can only be unlocked from the inside and gives ample light to the basement. MAJESTIC Coal Chutes are sold by nearly all Building Supply and Hardware Dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you—write for catalog and prices.

The Majestic Company, 805 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.

March 12.—London reports that hostile airships attacked the Yorkshire coast, but no reports of damage or casualties have been received.

The aerial attack on Paris on the night of the 11th killed 34 persons and injured 79. In addition, 66 persons, mostly women and children, were suffocated through crowding into a railroad entrance for shelter. In the raid of the 8th, 13 persons were killed and 50 wounded. In the raid on the 11th 9 enemy squadrons—nearly 60 planes—crossed the French lines. One *Gotha* was brought down in flames three miles from the Château Thierry, the captain and crew being taken prisoners. Secretary Baker and General Bliss, who were in Paris during the last raid, retired to the cellar of their hotel and continued their conference. It was Secretary Baker's first experience with the actualities of war.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

March 6.—London reports the British armed merchantman *Calgarian* torpedoed and sunk off the Irish coast. Two officers and 46 men were lost.

Following is the report of the British Admiralty for the past week: Arrivals, 2,015; sailings, 2,209. British merchantmen sunk by mine or submarine, 18, of which 12 were of 1,600 tons or more.

London reports the sinking without warning of the Norwegian ship *Havna*. The crew of 18 having no time to launch a lifeboat jumped into the sea. The captain and six survivors were rescued by an American destroyer after 50 hours' exposure in an open boat.

FOREIGN

March 6.—A London dispatch announces the death of John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, from heart failure following an operation.

London dispatches state that six hundred Sinn-Fein volunteers have taken possession of the town of Kiltamagh, County Mayo, Ireland.

March 8.—A dispatch from Madrid states that the Spanish cabinet has resigned.

March 10.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that Admiral von Diederichs, who was rebuked by Admiral Dewey for disregarding the rules of warfare in Manila Bay, dies at Baden-Baden.

DOMESTIC

March 6.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels issues an order making Newport, R. I., the summer home of wealth and fashion, "dry" within a five-mile limit for the remainder of the war.

After a stormy all-night session the Wisconsin Assembly concurs in the Senate resolution condemning Senator La Follette by a vote of 53 to 32.

Frank J. Godsol, or Goldsall, who is under indictment in France, is arrested in Washington for the larceny from the French Government of between $3,500,000 and $6,000,000 by forced commissions levied upon American contractors for motors and trucks.

A Chicago dispatch states that fifty-one delegates to the Prohibition National Convention have bolted to the new National party formed by the Socialists who bolted from the St. Louis convention. About one hundred others, including the chairman, Virgil G. Hinshaw, have signified their intention of joining the new party.

March 7.—As a war-measure the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce decides to curtail the production of passenger-carrying cars by 30 per cent. The agreement affects 117 firms and is expected to result in the increased price of pleasure-cars.

Equal suffrage, nation-wide prohibition, and radical legislation favoring farmers and laborers are the chief planks in the platform of the new National party adopted at the convention in Chicago.

March 8.—Deciding that further appearance in America might cause him embarrassment Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, cancels all engagements until after peace is declared.

Fuel Administrator Garfield announces regulations governing next year's coal-supply for domestic uses to be effective April 1. An average reduction of thirty cents a ton from present prices is to be made between April 1 and September 1, and customers will be required to submit to local administrators a certified statement of requirements, supply on hand, and the amount ordered from various dealers, these statements to be filed as near April 1 as possible. Violators of the new regulations, whether dealers or customers, will be liable to a fine of $5,000 or imprisonment for two years, or both.

A dispatch from Corpus Christi, Texas, states that five Mexican bandits, of a force of thirty who raided the Tom East ranch south of Hebronville, were killed by posses headed by Texas rangers.

At the final session of the convention of the new National party in Chicago, David C. Coates, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, is elected chairman of the organization.

March 9.—George von L. Meyer, former Cabinet member and diplomat, dies at his home in Boston.

Because beef and pork were served on Tuesday fifty-seven eating-places in New York City have been ordered to close from midnight on Monday to midnight on Tuesday, and to display a sign in their windows stating the reason for the closing.

March 10.—A tornado that traveled across northwestern Ohio kills five and injures many. Farm buildings were destroyed and the damage is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000.

WARNING!

BEWARE OF SUBSCRIPTION SWINDLERS!

Swindlers are at work throughout the country soliciting subscriptions for popular periodicals. We urge that no money be paid to strangers even tho they exhibit printed matter apparently authorizing them to represent us, and especially when they offer cut rates or a bonus. The Literary Digest mailing list showing dates of expiration of subscriptions is never given out to any one for collection of renewals. Better send subscriptions direct, or postpone giving your order until you can make inquiry. If you have reason to suspect that the members of your community are being swindled, notify your chief of police or sheriff, and the publishers, and arrange another interview with the agent at which you can take such action jointly as may seem proper.

Funk & Wagnalls Company,
354–360 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

McK&R

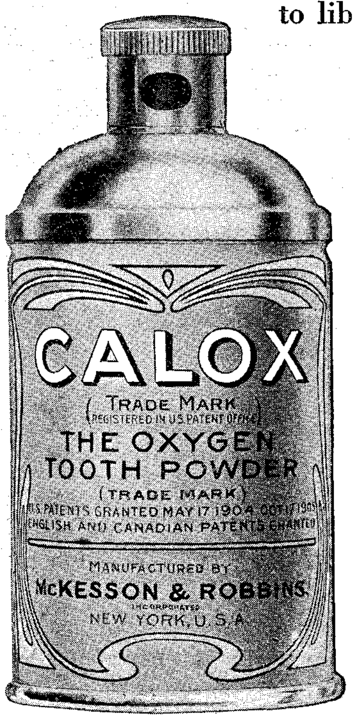
70%
prefer a *powder*

OF 5,000 Dentists who were asked by us to say what form of dentifrice they considered most efficient 70% of those replying stated that they preferred a *powder.*

CALOX
THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER
Cleans-Whitens-Preserves

Here is what representative dentists say—
Names will be furnished on request:

"A powder possesses the best antiseptic and cleansing qualities; it contains the necessary ingredients to liberate Oxygen in the mouth."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MANUFACTURED BY
McKESSON & ROBBINS
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

"Only a powder has the necessary abrasive quality for polishing and cleansing. You can feel it *rubbing* the harmful deposits from the teeth."

The large size contains more than twice as much as the smaller size. A package sufficient for one week's trial and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Powder is Better" will be sent free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
Incorporated
96 Fulton Street - New York

30 and 50 cents everywhere

Your 32 teeth are 32 reasons

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

OUR SHORTAGE IN WOOL AND THE PROSPECT OF HAVING TO WEAR OLD CLOTHES OR SHODDY

GEN. GEORGE W. GOETHALS, Acting Quartermaster-General of the Army, on February 28 sent orders to Boston commandeering certain wool stocks brought into this country through that port under the system of control of imports established by Presidential proclamation at the end of November. A special clause in the import license applicable to wool gives the Quartermaster-General option to purchase all or any part of supplies permitted to be imported within ten days after their receipt. The reason for the issuance of the order now is understood to be failure on the part of the Government to arrange for the release by foreign governments of sufficient quantities of wool to meet fully both military and civilian requirements. While wool imports have increased materially since the Government took control, the expansion has not been of the expected proportions. Lack of tonnage has been in considerable measure responsible.

This action becomes more notable when one is confronted with statistics as to home production of wool and our needs. The total wool production of the country in 1916 was 288,490,000 pounds, of which 244,890,000 pounds was greasy wool shorn from live sheep and 43,600,000 pounds pulled wool. Reduced to the commercial content or "scoured wool" basis there were available 130,755,750 pounds. Following is a table printed in *Commerce and Finance*, which shows the quantity of wool produced in the United States for each of the last ten years:

	Grease Weight, Pounds	*Scoured Basis, Pounds*
1907	298,294,750	130,359,000
1908	311,138,321	135,360,000
1909	328,110,749	142,223,000
1910	321,362,750	141,805,000
1911	318,547,900	139,896,000
1912	304,043,400	136,866,000
1913	296,175,300	132,022,000
1914	290,192,000	131,840,000
1915	288,777,000	131,987,000
1916	288,490,000	130,755,000

Since 1909, therefore, we have been confronted with a gradual decrease in our annual production. We now grow only about one and one-quarter pounds of wool per capita. Should our imports be cut off so that we have to use reworked wool, or shoddy, "there would be just about enough to equip and maintain an army of 2,000,000 men, while the rest of the country would have to dress in cotton or some other textile fabric, as not a pound of new wool would be available for civilian purposes." The writer in *Commerce and Finance* calls attention to the fact that "We are not as happily situated with regard to wool as we are with cotton, corn, oil, and many other raw materials." In fact, we "have been an importer of wool ever since the industry was established in this country." Of machinery, however, we have sufficient to supply all the demands of our people. As to the headings, "Grease Weight," and "Scoured Basis," in the above table, the writer presents an interesting explanation:

"The misleading element in most statistics of the woolen trade arises from the fact that weights are quoted 'in the grease,' that is, in the original condition of the wool as it is clipt from the sheep. This original wool contains a year's accumulation of sand, dirt, grease, fat, and vegetable matter, which the sheep has acquired in the interval between his annual baths. Before wool can be used in any commercial process, this foreign matter must be washed or scoured out. The percentage of loss from the original weight of wool clipt to the scoured weight of clean wool is known as 'shrinkage.' It would be as reasonable to quote the number of tons of copper ore mined as a gage to the copper production, as to quote the pounds of greasy wool as a measure of the quality of actual wool available for use.

"The shrinkage of wool varies over a range of from 20 to 70 per cent., depending on the quality of the wool, the breed of the sheep, the nature of the pasture-land, the climatic conditions, and innumerable other causes. Any attempt to strike an average unless the quality and location are taken into consideration is so hopelessly misleading that in these articles appearing in *Commerce and Finance* all figures will be reduced to a 'scoured wool' basis, thus providing a comparison that is more nearly accurate.

"The fine wool of Montana will shrink about 62 per cent. Similar wool grown in Utah will shrink 66 per cent. Wool of the same quality in Australia will shrink only 45 to 50 per cent., while, again, a wool grown in South America of the same grade often will shrink 70 per cent. In coarse wool the shrinkage varies between 20 and 25 per cent. in England; 25 and 35 per cent. in New Zealand; 30 and 38 per cent. in South America, and 35 and 45 per cent. in the United States. Throughout the United States wool varies in shrinkage from as low as 30 per cent. where the wool is coarse and the sheep have fed on grass, to as high as 70 per cent. where the wool is fine and where the sheep have ranged over a desert country in their search for food.

"Taken as a whole the wool clipt from live sheep in this country will shrink from 59 to 60 per cent., and the wool pulled from the skins of slaughtered sheep will shrink 30 per cent."

WITH OUR HELP FIVE YEARS NEEDED TO RECOVER FROM LOSSES IN SHIPS

Lord Aberconway, who is eminent in British ship-building enterprises, believes that with the help to come from the United States, the shipping losses due to the war will be made up within five years after hostilities come to an end. His views on the subject were contributed some weeks ago to the Glasgow *Herald*, where he said of post-war trade and the great demand that will exist for ships:

"The fact that neutral countries have been deprived during the war of the greater part of their necessary imports of manufactured goods will bring a rush of oversea orders into the market, fully tax the energies of our manufacturers in all export trades, and keep our workers in full employment. Concurrently with this we may expect a big home demand for every class of goods which people have been unable to buy during the war. The devastations of property in France and Belgium will create a similar demand for material for reconstruction purposes, while both at home and in these two countries manufacturers of structural and railway material and machinery of all kinds will have overflowing order-books.

"How long it will take to fill up the losses of the last three years no one can

Stability

In our experience covering many years, no investor has ever lost a dollar on First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Notes purchased through the Mercantile Trust Company.

First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Notes

combine security with an attractive yield. Each issue is secured by first mortgage on improved property, whose ground value alone often exceeds the loan total. All property and titles must satisfy our own experts in every respect. Having approved the security, we then buy the entire issue of notes. Banks and other careful investors throughout the country, who want to be safeguarded against forgery or over-issue, are finding these notes doubly attractive, because they receive the original notes, certified by us to be genuine.

Under the plan of issue, $500 or multiples thereof can be invested, maturities can be selected and investments diversified. Interest—5%, 5½% and 6%.

Write for our current investment list No. 105

Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal Reserve System

Capital and Surplus $10,000,000
Saint Louis

United Light & Railways Co.

CHICAGO
DAVENPORT GRAND RAPIDS

Preferred Stock Dividend No. 30
Common Stock Dividend No. 13

The Board of Directors have declared a dividend of one and one-half (1½%) per cent. on the First Preferred Stock and a dividend of one (1%) per cent. on the Common Stock, payable out of the surplus earnings on April 1, 1918, to stockholders of record at the close of business, three o'clock in the afternoon, March 15, 1918.

Common Stock transfer books, for purpose of Annual Meeting, to be held at ten o'clock in the morning, March 15, 1918, will be closed as of noon March 2, 1918, and will remain closed until adjournment of meeting.

First Preferred and Common Stock transfer books will reopen for transfer of stock certificates at the opening of business March 16, 1918.

March 2, 1918. L. H. HEINKE, Secretary.

U. S. ORDERS

with

Marlin Arms **Downey Shipbuilding**
Scovill Mfg. **Curtis Aeroplane**
Remington Arms **Westinghouse Elec.**

require high-speed crucible steel from the

CENTURY STEEL CO.

We offer a limited amount of treasury stock at par ($10) to yield 10%.

Send for Particulars

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52 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

R. MORGAN ELLIOTT & CO.
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6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 77. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

AND HOW TO MAKE THE APPARATUS, a handy manual for the amateur or the expert. Shows how to make, erect, and control every part of a small working wireless plant. *Cloth, illustrated with helpful diagrams, by mail, 53 cents.*

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave. New York

Salesmen!

A STEADILY EXPANDING NATIONAL ORGANIZATION offers high-grade salesmen a chance to establish themselves in fine, clean, profitable, permanent business yielding from three to ten thousand dollars annually; opportunity afforded to work into important executive positions. Experience in calling on grocers and butchers very desirable. Applicants must be now employed in a position which they have held for at least one year, and able to prove that they have been and are successful in their work; they must be between the ages of 25 and 45; and of such high character that they would have no difficulty in furnishing fidelity bond. Address for full particulars:

"D. D. K.," Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Daily Expense Slip

Salesman S. J. Hendrickson

City Deposit Date 9/12/17

Hotel-Number of Days 1	3	00
Meals-B. 75 L. 1.20 D 1.80	3	75
Telephone Calls		30
Telegrams		60
Cars-Taxis 5-5-70		80
Baggage	1	00
Railroad to N. Y.	12	87
Tips 10-10-25		45
Laundry	1	50
Entertainment	1	20
Postage		10
Total	25	57

Unusual expenses should be explained on back of this slip

"Here Jim, Here's the Way to Keep an Expense Account"

"WHEN you wait until the end of the trip to figure out your expenses, you waste an hour or two on the job and generally lose money. I always found a difference I could not account for, and had to make up out of my own pocket, until I learned the trick every treasurer knows—*to balance my cash at the end of each day.*

"Whenever practical through the day, I jot down items of expense as they occur; then every night I make out a regular expense slip. All the items are there in black and white—to remind me of expenses I am apt to forget. I don't have to wonder where the money went. I can account for every cent I spent that day, and at the end of my trip, five minutes suffices to turn in an account that is accurate and *right.* The Treasurer and I hit it off bully now, and I know I have saved money. Moreover, I have been able to check some little extravagances and work in a few economies as a matter of patriotism these days."

When a firm gives printed daily expense slips to its traveling men it furnishes them a dignified and easy way to be continuously accurate in expenses.

As all legitimate expenses are itemized, it is not necessary to resort to the blanket-expense device wherein the generous salesman loses money and the tight-fisted one lowers his efficiency by stinginess.

Book-keeping and cost-keeping are simplified by these paper-gauges on expenses. These expense slips, like all office forms on Hammermill Bond, are uniform in size for easy filing and of a distinctive color for identification at a glance.

Hammermill Bond is made in twelve colors and white, and in three finishes, which produce a bond, a ripple, and a linen effect. Hammermill Bond comes in all standard weights.

Hammermill Bond is "the Utility Business Paper"—a real quality paper at an economical price. Your printer can obtain it quickly.

We have prepared Hammermill Portfolios especially adapted to almost every general classification of business. They are so replete with suggestions that printers (who may have the full set on application) have found them useful in selling printing by disclosing the extent to which paper and printing can meet business needs.

Send for *your* portfolio. It will show you how you can use Hammermill Bond in your own office. You will be able to see and feel the paper and you will find actual printed forms directly applicable to your business.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

W.L.DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3 $3.50 $4 $4.50 $5 $6 $7 & $8

FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes before they leave the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. You can save money by wearing W.L.Douglas shoes. The best known shoes in the world

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

BOYS SHOES
Best in the World
$3 $2.50 $2

The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. This is your only protection against high prices for inferior shoes. BEWARE OF FRAUD.

Sold by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for them. Take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
161 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas "beating out" sole leather, a laborious process necessary at that time to harden the leather to lengthen its wear. While engaged in this labor he mashed his finger with the hammer, the marks of which remain to this day.

Copyright, W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY
By Paul Dubois, M.D. 12mo, Cloth, 64 pages. 50 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., NEW YORK

THE TROUBLE WOMAN. A clever short story by CLARA MORRIS. Small 12mo, 60 pages. Illustrated. 40c net. (Hour-Glass Series.) Funk & Wagnalls Company, Pubs., New York.

Striking Books by Sir John Foster Fraser

SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER, the man who has toured the world studying the fascinating and unusual sides of many countries, and is now on a lecture tour in this country, has given us some of the most thrilling and enlightening travel-stories published. Here are some of this genial globe-trotter's extraordinary books.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

A most interesting narrative which shows Russia from the inside. It describes the developments resulting from the war, and the probable future of Russia when the war is over. Russian commerce and trade opportunities, the spirit and character of the people, and the other phases which give an intimate understanding of the nation, are vividly described. "If you want to know all about Russia, read this book," says the *Chicago Tribune.*

Cloth bound, Illustrated, $1.50; by mail, $1.62

THE AMAZING ARGENTINE

Argentina, the land to which the world is now looking for much of its food, is here described in all her phases. Her people, her industries, her food supplies, her amazing progress and wonderful future, are all portrayed with the accuracy and fascination of one who knows his subject intimately from personal contact.

Cloth bound, Illustrated, $1.50; by mail, $1.62

PANAMA AND WHAT IT MEANS

A stirring and authoritative work on the greatest engineering feat of modern times, the building of the Panama Canal. The author describes in graphic language the transformation in sanitary, social, and political conditions since the American occupation. Probable changes that will be effected in the Pacific and the Far East are also ably discussed.

Cloth bound, Illustrated, $1.75; by mail, $1.87

THE CONQUERING JEW

The author went around the world—and then wrote this book about the Jews in America, France, England, Russia, Germany, China, South America, etc. He describes the remarkable case of this race, resident in every country, active in its social and business life, adopting its language and even nationality, and yet remaining a distinct nation.

Cloth bound, $1.50; by mail, $1.62

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

say, but probably at the end of three years, after peace is declared, there will be a serious setback to home and export trade in ordinary manufactures. But there is little doubt that in ship-building prosperity of considerable duration is assured. There will be a demand of unprecedented magnitude from ship-owners in Great Britain for merchant tonnage of every class. From ship-owners in neutral countries, who have been piling up fortunes during the war, the demand will also be very great, and it is pretty certain that neutrals will be willing to pay much higher prices per ton than British ship-builders would ask or receive from their compatriots.

"In ordinary prewar times the output of British yards was, on the whole, greater than the demand. The result was that prices were low and profits small. Ship-building was a poor trade. The tramp builder would have been content with £9 per ton as the top figure. To-day the standard single-deck steamer being built for the Government works out, with extras, to about £16 a ton on gross dead-weight carried. There is little prospect of such a reduction in the price of labor and materials for some years after the war as will enable builders to accept lower figures than these. On the contrary, trade conditions rather point to a possible increase in many cases, tho, owing to the recent great development of steelworks, plates and angles must fall from to-day's prices. Competitive contracts will not be heard of for some years to come and tonnage of every class will be built on the 'time and lime' basis—namely, net cost of labor and materials, with working charges and profit, which may vary from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent.

"It is clear, therefore, that ship-builders, if trade resumes its national course, ought to make money after the war, tho owners may gain in respect of more economical working. Employment and wages will be steady and good. The policy of the Government in the case of shipyards and all controlled establishments has been not only to maintain but to develop the working efficiency of the plant employed. The result is of course cheaper production in many directions, tending to neutralize the effect of abnormally high wages and cost of materials.

"Five years before the outbreak of the war the world-tonnage launched, exclusive of ships of war, amounted to about three million tons per annum. During 1915 and 1916 about half of this total was constructed, while the year 1917 fell short of this average. The British output of merchant ships in 1913 was 1,920,000 tons. Tho official figures can not be obtained, it may be safely assumed that during the war the deficiency in production of cargo- and passenger-boats alone has amounted to four million tons. To this must be added the loss of tonnage due to enemy action and wastage of the ordinary sort. It is not too much to put this at six million tons since the beginning of the war, and this gives the figure of ten million tons gross which have to be made good in addition to such increased output as the current necessities of post-war trade may require.

"As it is quite impossible to make good these losses in any short period after the war, it would be prudent to spread them over ten years for the purpose of calculation. Assuming that the prewar output of tonnage will be maintained, three million tons each year will be required to make good losses at sea, vessels scrapped as obsolete, and fresh demands of commerce. It is therefore probable that in all ship-building countries there will be a period of high production and prosperity for ten years after the war.

"It is obvious that, even with a simpler type of merchant ship and with the help of the new Government yards, our British ship-building resources of berths, machinery, and men will be insufficient to meet excessive demands, tho probably there will be no shortage of steel. But the German shipyards will be at work again. Large orders for new vessels have been already given by German-owning companies, and work is said to be well advanced and instalments paid. And a new and highly important factor will come into our calculations—namely, the rising ship-building industry in the United States.

"Much capital has been recently sunk in shipyards in America, and many establishments have been created for express purpose of constructing standard ships. The builders design and produce one type of ship only, which leads to quickness and economical output. During the year 1915 about 38 million dollars were invested in this way; in 1916, 60 million dollars were so invested; while during the first eight months of the present year no less than 245 million dollars were spent on new shipyards. The output of ships, which in prewar days reached a total of about 250,000 tons gross, amounted in 1916 to 554,000 tons. At the present moment there are under construction in the United States 237 vessels totaling over 1,200,000 tons; 433 ships of two million tons are said to have been contracted for, and there is talk of a vast additional tonnage to be placed at the earliest practicable moment. It has been contended that the United States alone will be able to launch during 1918 over two million tons. Much larger figures than these have been put forward from American sources. They are probably exaggerated, and take no account of the fact that skilled labor and trained technical control may not be ready to hand, but the general situation in the States must materially affect any calculations based on the limited capacity of British yards to meet the swollen demand for new tonnage.

"It is therefore probable that the contribution of the United States to the shipping trade of the world will shorten the time during which the arrears and losses due to the war will be wiped out. Instead of ten years which British yards would have required, five years (supposing that ship-owners place their orders regardless of price) may be the period which should bring about equilibrium. It may therefore be asked why a sanguine view should be taken of the future of British ship-building. The answer is that British ship-building has always maintained and always will maintain a commanding position in the world's markets for speed, efficiency, and cheapness of production, and unless Government interference is prolonged, or the demands of labor become unreasonable, it is not likely that we shall lose our preeminence in this respect. During the next few years of feverish demand prices will be of little relative importance, but once the period of equilibrium is reached the ship-owner will decline to pay the high price per ton which the American ship-builder will be compelled to ask, owing to the far higher cost of labor and material in the United States."

A RAILROAD WITH 100,000 STOCKHOLDERS

Since the war began, notable changes have taken place in the number and character of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In the month before the outbreak the company had 90,359 stockholders, 14.88 per cent. of its stock being held abroad, and the average holdings, both foreign and domestic, being 110.51 shares. For a full year after July, 1914, the number of stockholders continued to increase, and the average holding to decrease at about the same rate as had been noted for some years previously. Foreign holdings in that period were very little disturbed. In September, 1915, after eleven months of the war, the number of stockholders, however, had risen to 94,119 the average holding had declined to 106.09 shares, and the amount held abroad was 14.29 per cent. of the total stock outstanding A writer in *The Wall Street*

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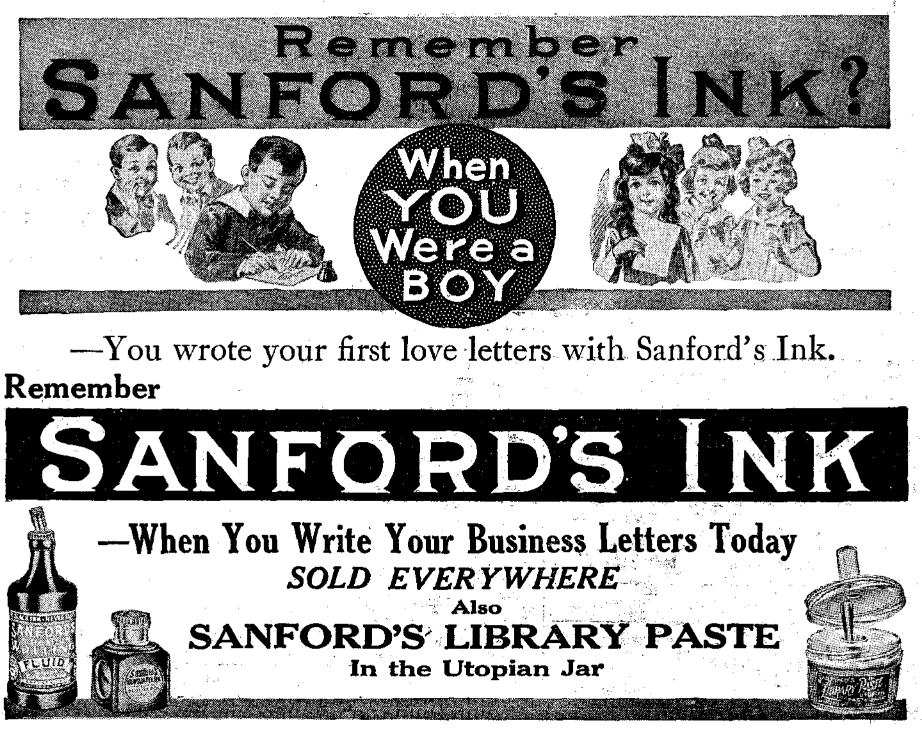
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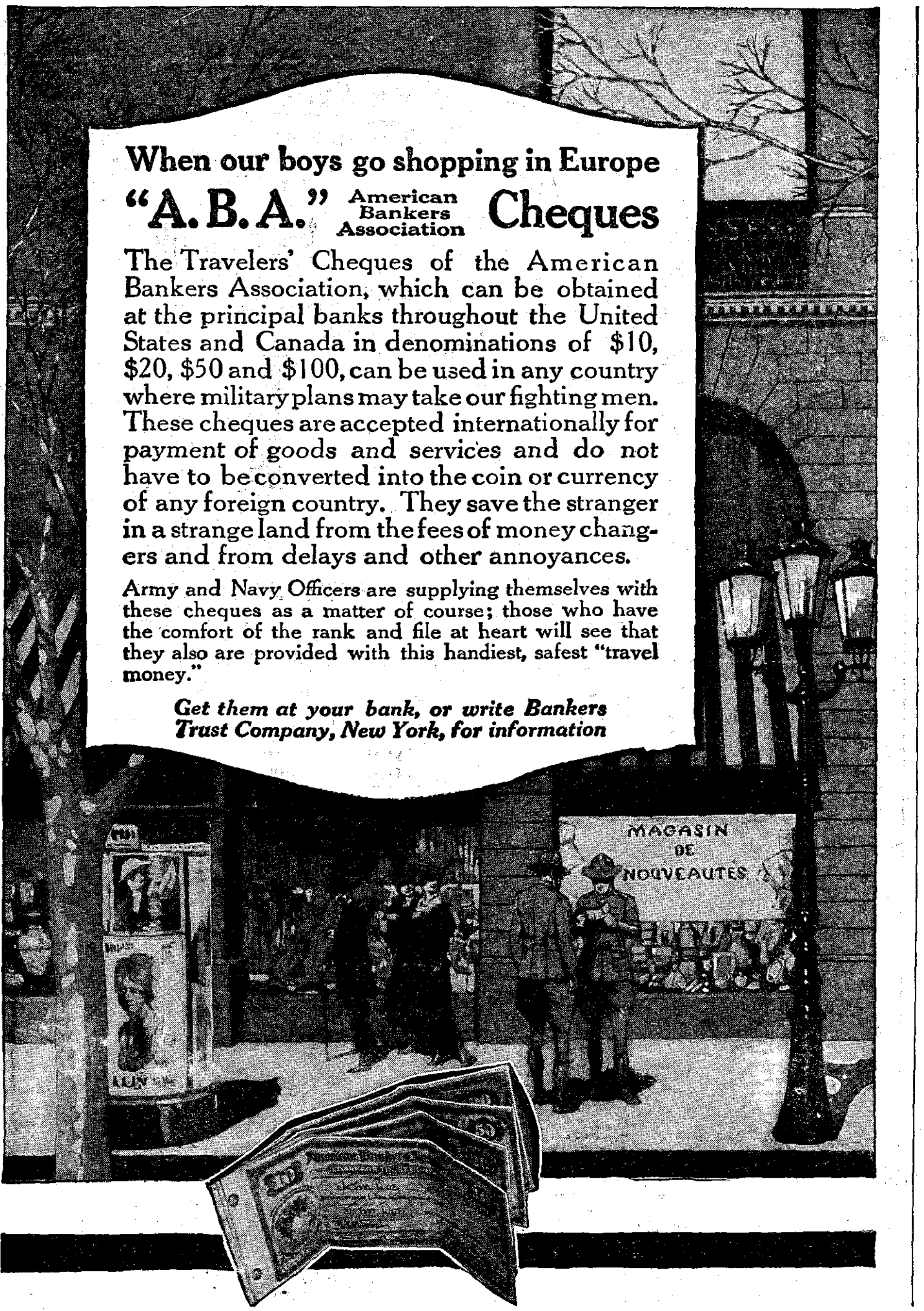

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Journal, noting these facts, says this condition continued without much change until July 1, 1916, when there were 94,217 stockholders, the average holding being 105.98 shares, and 13.22 per cent. of the total stock remaining abroad.

It was in the next few months that a marked change occurred. By October the foreign holdings had fallen to 3.71 per cent., the number of shareholders had declined to 89,821, and the average holding had risen to 111.17 shares; these changes "reflected the banking operations which were being carried on in connection with the flotation in this country of the secured loans of the Allied Governments." In four months nearly 10 per cent. of the total stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad, or not far from $50,000,000 worth, came back to this country as part of the collateral placed behind the Allied bonds. These shares were registered in the name of a relatively small number of trustees, which accounts for the drop in the total number of stockholders and the rise in the average holding.

October, 1915, marked "the lowest point in the total number of stockholders, altho the foreign holdings still continued to decline gradually until at the present time they represent only 2.1 per cent. of the total outstanding stock." Since October, 1916, other important and interesting changes have taken place, "but of a very different character from those just stated," including a rise in the total number of stockholders from 89,821 to 100,038, which is the largest ever recorded. The average holding has declined from 111.17 shares to 99.82 shares, while the foreign holdings have still further declined to a trifle over 2 per cent. of the total. As the collateral behind the Allied loans has probably been fully liquidated, "the figures seem to indicate that the period of liquidation has extended from October, 1916, to the present time." In other words, in the last fifteen months "from 50 to 60 million dollars worth of stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad formerly owned abroad has been liquidated in this country and has gone permanently into the hands of more than 10,000 new stockholders." It is further interesting to know that this wider distribution has effected a reduction

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of approximately 10 per cent. in the average holding. In this process of liquidating the price has declined from $58 per share in the opening of October, 1916, to $40.25 on December 19, 1917, but has since recovered to about $44 per share. Following is a table which shows the fluctuations in the number of stockholders, the average holding, and the per cent held abroad at different dates since 1914:

Date	*Total Stockholders*	*Average Holding*	*Per Cent. of Total Stock Held Abroad*
July, 1914....	90,359	110.51	14.88
Sept., 1915....	94,110	106.09	14.29
June, 1916....	94,217	105.98	13.28
July, 1916....	90,772	110.00	5.27
Oct., 1916....	89,821	111.17	3.71
Jan., 1917....	100,038	99.82	2.10

THE PRESSING WAR-DEBT PROBLEM

That real necessity has risen for "some far-sighted financial policy which will provide for an adjustment of wealth to public necessities and will bring about a correct balance between taxation and borrowing with a view to equalizing burdens," is declared by a Washington correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce* as a conclusion more and more entering into the calculations of Entente statesmen. The problems confronting them are of the greatest seriousness and are such as must be met and settled by each country individually. Owing to the rapid growth of debt in all countries, the financial outlook "becomes more and more serious every month." For leading countries the debts in round numbers, at or near the close of 1917 are given by him as follows:

	Debt Before War	*Debt Since War*
	—000,000s Omitted—	
Great Britain................	$3,450	$24,000
France.......................	6,360	15,230
Russia.......................	5,100	20,160
Italy........................	2,800	5,900
Germany......................	1,160	24,280
Austria......................	2,640	10,190
Hungary......................	1,340	3,780

From these figures it appears that in round numbers the debt of the principal belligerents before the war was 23,000 million dollars; while since the war they have incurred a debt of about 104,000 million dollars, or an aggregate of 127,000 millions, which represents "an extraordinary growth, one that before the war would, according to experts, have been deemed to be impossible, or at least out of the question." Within the past two years war-debts have more than doubled. In fact, the war is, if anything, "increasing in costliness, both direct and indirect, as shown by the greater numbers of men withdrawn from productive occupation, while indirectly the losses suffered by capital seem to be in danger of increasing out of all proportion, due to the losses suffered through insufficient outlay for maintenance." Other points in this writer's comments on present conditions are as follows:

"The ultimate test of the situation as it will be after the war is seen from a comparison of debt with wealth. In the following compilation is shown the estimated wealth and income existing in the chief belligerent countries before the opening of the war:

	Income	*Wealth*
	—000,000s Omitted—	
Great Britain................	$10,500	$80,000
France.......................	6,000	70,000
Russia.......................	6,500	50,000
Italy........................	4,000	25,000
Germany......................	10,500	87,000
Austria-Hungary..............	5,500	40,000

"This shows in round numbers a total of wealth before the war of 352,000 million

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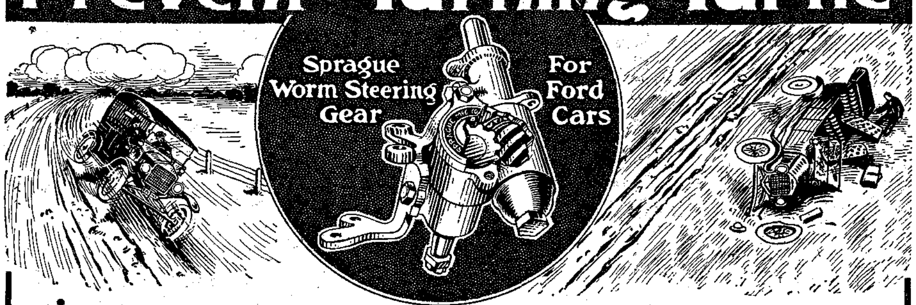

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dollars, while income was 43,000 million dollars. As already seen, the debts of these countries are now a good deal more than a third of their estimated wealth before the war, while there has probably been a material reduction in the actual wealth itself since the war. In addition, the growth of debts in cities and other civil divisions must be borne in mind. If the war should last two years longer, with debt increasing and wealth decreasing at the present rate, the question of carrying the obligations would, it is believed, become much more than proportionately serious, because the growth in debt charges would advance much faster than the capacity to provide for them.

"It must be borne in mind that the familiar suggestion that taxes be increased in order to keep down the growth of debt is proving to be inapplicable and out of the question. In the first place, the increase of taxation in some of the foreign countries has already apparently been carried to the limit and little more can be secured by that means. Moreover, with the withdrawal of all the able-bodied members of the population, the taxation of incomes becomes much less productive than before. With the effort to encourage saving it is out of the question to take away through taxation a large share of the economic inducement to save. The result is proving to be in all the belligerent countries that the war is being financed on a borrowing basis. The terms of loans have, moreover, now grown so unfavorable that the inflation of the currency is more and more being resorted to. There is not a belligerent country to-day in Europe that has not increased its paper currency several times over. Some have increased it by eight or ten times its original amount, thus, in effect, borrowing without interest and creating an added debt to be carried on short term, and paid off (presumably) in some form after the war. Continuous resort to the issue of currency and enlargement of bank credit is consequently expected and the issue of bonds will undoubtedly go on whenever and wherever wealth can be tapped in that way. How to meet these obligations after the end of the war and what will be the result of any policy of disposing of them that may be adopted is now looked upon as possibly the most serious economic political and financial *post-bellum* problem of the world at large."

HOW FAR EACH STATE SHARES IN OUR WAR-COSTS

Some interesting data as to the share which each State of the Union has had in taking our Liberty Loans and paying war-taxes were given recently by *The Wall Street Journal.* It appeared that the per capita subscriptions of certain Northern States were as follows: New York $135.4, Massachusetts $83.8, Rhode Island $63.5, Connecticut $62.9, Pennsylvania $57.3, New Jersey $46.6, and New Hampshire $41.0. Among the far-Western States California contributed $58.4, Arizona $44.7, and Montana $41.6 per capita. Among the Middle-Western States the list was led by Ohio with $51.5, followed by Illinois with $43.7. Among the Southern States Alabama contributed per capita $6.7, Arkansas $7.6, Florida $9.8, Georgia $7.6, Mississippi $6.6, New Mexico $8.8, West Virginia $25.4, Virginia $23.1, Texas $14.5, and Louisiana and Kentucky $14.0 each. The per capita contributions to the Second Liberty Loan, by sections, were as follows:

Eastern States	$88.5
Northeastern States	67.7
Pacific States	41.5
Mid-Western	39.6
Western States	18.2
Southern States	12.7

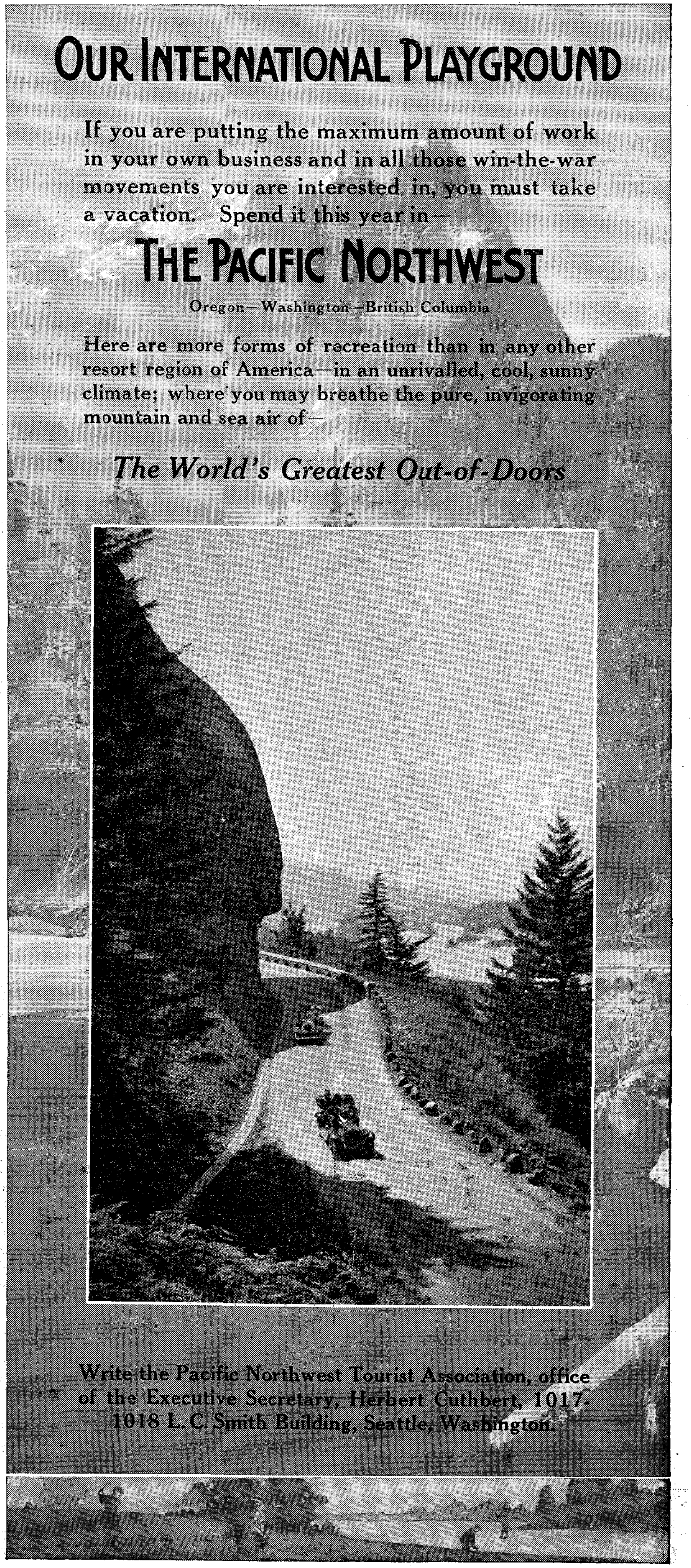
In the matter of taxation alone the palm was won by Delaware. Its contribution for corporation, income, and other taxes totalled $18,218,000, or $84.7 per capita. This was due to the heavy taxes paid by the du Pont Company under the munition-manufacturer's tax, the State's contribution under this tax being $11,131,500. Kentucky, however, had a heavy tax contribution of $19.5 per capita, mainly due to the liquor-tax collections. She beat New York's tax contribution of $18.2 per capita by a small margin. The sectional per capita contributions on corporation income and other revenue taxes in 1917 were as follows:

Eastern States	$13.7
Mid-Western States	8.8
North-Eastern States	6.9
Southern States	4.3
Pacific States	4 3
Western States	2.3

Following is a table presented by the writer to show the population, subscriptions to the Second Liberty Loan with per capita and total taxes paid for year ended June 30, 1917, with per capita by States (last three figures in dollars being omitted):

States	*Pop.*	*Second Liberty Loan Sub.*	*Per Cap.*	*Total Taxes Paid 1917*	*Per Cap.*
Maine	774	$25,840	$33.3	$1,407	$1.8
New Hampshire	447	18,327	41.0	1,234	2.8
Vermont	365	11,256	30.9	657	1.8
Massachusetts	3,790	317,799	83.8	29,796	7.8
Rhode Island	614	38,983	63.5	4,942	8.0
Connecticut	1,279	80,514	62.9	12,681	9.9
N. E. States	7,269	$492,719	$67.7	$50,717	$6.9
New York	10,436	$1,413,045	$135.4	$189,944	$18.2
New Jersey	3,000	140,336	46.6	24,783	8.2
Pennsylvania	8,700	497,372	57.3	83,403	9.5
Delaware	215	8,314	38.6	18,218	84.7
Maryland	1,390	54,343	39.0	13,475	9.6
District of Col	385	23,561	61.2	2,575	6.6
East'n States	24,126	$2,136,971	$88.5	$332,398	$13.7
Virginia	2,225	$51,373	$23.1	$10,971	$4.9
West Virginia	1,408	35,804	25.4	3,466	2.4
North Carolina	2,445	27,531	11.3	30,898	12.7
South Carolina	1,625	17,921	11.0	792	.5
Georgia	2,875	22,046	7.6	2,178	.7
Florida	915	8,978	9.8	2,192	2.4
Alabama	2,330	15,641	6.7	1,303	.6
Mississippi	1,960	12,072	6.6	549	.2
Louisiana	1,830	25,693	14.0	13,930	7.6
Texas	4,470	66,045	14.5	7,316	1.6
Arkansas	1,785	13,572	7.6	620	.3
Kentucky	2,415	33,873	14.0	47,117	19 5
Tennessee	2,310	31,591	13.2	3,451	1 5
Sou'n States	28,503	$362,140	$12.7	$124,783	$4.3
Ohio	5,210	$268,304	$51.5	$51,342	$9.8
Indiana	2,855	81,403	28.5	36,603	12.8
Illinois	6,210	271,731	43.7	88,213	14.2
Michigan	3,110	115,530	37.1	18,765	6 0
Wisconsin	2,570	86,941	33.8	16,238	6 3
Minnesota	2,305	79,504	34.4	10,052	4.3
Iowa	2,240	82,923	37.0	2,591	1.1
Missouri	3,480	122,226	35.1	22,313	6.4
Mid. W. States	27,980	$1,108,567	$39.6	$246,117	$8.8
North Dakota	780	$10,230	$13.1	$388	$ .5
South Dakota	730	12,864	17.6	432	.6
Nebraska	1,330	33,317	25.0	4,839	3.6
Kansas	1,930	30,104	15.5	3,455	1.7
Montana	480	19,996	41.6	1,816	3.7
Wyoming	190	5,692	29.9	340	1.8
Colorado	1,025	23,017	22.4	3,184	3.1
New Mexico	445	3,945	8.8	494	1.1
Oklahoma	2,335	28,998	12.4	6,880	2.1
West'n States	9,245	$168,163	$18.2	$21,828	$2.3
Washington	1,615	$41,024	$25.4	$2,378	$1.4
Oregon	873	25,027	32.1	1,167	1.3
California	3,135	183,371	58.4	23,775	7.5
Idaho	475	10,833	22.8	474	1.0
Utah	446	15,322	34.3	1,745	4 0
Nevada	119	2,870	24.1	173	1.4
Arizona	270	12,092	44.7	915	3.3
Alaska	92	1,070	11.6	99	1.0
Pac. States	7,025	$291,609	$41.5	$30,726	$4.3
Hawaii	225	$5,724	$25.4	$1,534	$7.0
Porto Rico	1,225	....	.....	761	.6
Philippine Islds	8,750	....	.....	507	.0
Grand Total	114,438	$4,565,916	$39.9	$809,393	$7.0

The writer explains in conclusion that the total subscriptions to the second loan were $4,617,532,300, while the footing of the above amounts is $4,565,916,850, the discrepancy being due to the fact that "certain subscriptions were reported in bulk without allocation as between several States."



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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"T. E.," Tenafly, N. J.—The Lexicographer does not know who originated the apostrophic soliloquy, but the splendid lines to which you refer were written by Robert H. Davis in July, 1911. They run:

> "I am the printing-press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.
>
> "I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all time.
>
> "I am the voice of to-day, the herald of to-morrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.
>
> "I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.
>
> "I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.
>
> "When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.
>
> "I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.
>
> "I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.
>
> "I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.
>
> "I am the printing-press."

In imitation of this an equally good soliloquy, "I am the Newspaper," was printed in 1915 over the signature of Joseph H. Finn. It runs:

> "Born of the deep, daily need of a nation—I am the voice of Now—the *incarnate spirit* of the Times—Monarch of things that Are.
>
> "My 'cold type' burns with fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that *girdle the earth*. I drink from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am *born again* with every morn——with every noon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new *world's event*.
>
> "Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on.
>
> "I am Majestic in my Strength—Sublime in my Power—Terrible in my Potentialities—yet as *democratic* as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny.
>
> "I am the consort of kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the *epitome* of the World's Comedy and Tragedy.
>
> "My *Responsibility is Infinite*. I speak and the world stops to listen. I say the word and battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace and the war-lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of *Public Opinion*. Rightly directed, I am the Creater of Confidence. A builder of happiness in living. I am the Backbone of Commerce. The Trail-Blazer of Prosperity. I am the Teacher of Patriotism.
>
> "I am the *hands* of the clock of *Time*—the *Clarion Voice of Civilization*.
>
> "I am the Newspaper."

Mr. Davis's "Ode" has served as a model for many other themes. He wrote an "Ode to Piracy" on the same model which appeared in *Agricultural Advertising* for January, 1915. If there be truth in the maxim that "imitation is the sincerest of flattery," the author of the original has certainly received full measure, for the model which he set was copied over the land and adapted to suit "The Colyum," "The Phonograph," "The Cash Register," "Wool," "Holiday Outing," "Pianos," "Alcohol," "Tobacco," etc.

Some time ago the Editor of *Printers' Ink* drew attention to the wide-spread epidemic of the "I am" style of advertising composition, the credit for originating which he gave to Mr. Davis, but altho a great admirer of originality, the Lexicographer finds himself at a loss to know how to prove that egoism is of such modern date. As Mr. Grenville Kleiser might say, "I am agitated by conflicting emotions," indeed, "I am alarmed," when I see "I am unable" to give full credit to the brilliant author of "I am the Printing-Press" for originating the egoistic method of presentation. It may be found in English literature as far back as 1382, when it was used by Wyclif. For other current examples, one has but to turn to Mr. Grenville Kleiser's "Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases" to find many of which there is little doubt the advertising "pirate" will make good use in due season.

To such as believe that "there is no new thing under the sun," the Lexicographer offers the following—a soliloquy delivered when a certain *Ghost* well known to fame walked abroad. It was penned in 1602:

"I am thy father's spirit
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away.
But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine."
—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act i, sc. v.

There is also Walt Whitman's ode to "Myself," written before 1855:

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born herefrom parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

I am not an earth nor an adjunct of an earth,
I am the mate and the companion of the people, all just as immortal and fathomless as myself.

I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise,
Regardless of others, ever regardful of others,
Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man,
Stuff'd with the stuff that is coarse and stuff'd with the stuff that is fine.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

Tennyson also tried his skill in the "Voice of the Peak":—

"I am the voice of the Peak;
I roar and rave for I fall.
A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and West:
They leave the heights and are troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest."

And he immortalized "The Brook" in the following lines:

"'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rime,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.
'I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.'"

Longfellow also adopted the style (1863):

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever."
—*Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

"I am Lustration; and the sea is mine!
I wash the sands and headlands with my tide;

By me all things unclean are purified,
By me the souls of men washed white again;
Even the unlovely tombs of those who died
Without a dirge, I cleanse from every stain."
—*The Poet's Calendar.*

Then, there are Shelley's lines on "The Cloud":

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change but I can not die."

"K. L. B.," Seattle, Wash.—"Kindly advise if there is such a word as *obliviate*. If so, kindly give definition."

The word *obliviate* is obsolete. It means "To forget; commit to oblivion."